LETTERS

FROM

ITALY.

VOL. II.


BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTERS

FROM

ITALY,

DESCRIBING THE

Manners, Cuſtoms, Antiquities, Paintings, &c. of that Country,

In the Years MDCCLXX and MDCCLXXI,

TO

A FRIEND reſiding in FRANCE.

By an ENGLISH WOMAN.

Lady Methwin or Methuen

The SECOND EDITION, reviſed and corrected.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MDCCLXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTER XXX.

Florence, Jan. 1ſt, 1771.

IF I was writing to a Frenchwoman, I ſhould take care to avoid wiſhing her a happy new year; as in that polite nation ſuch a wiſh is ſuppoſed to imply a poſſibility of the year proving unhappy, and they even eſteem this compliment as a kind of *memento mori* when one adds, and many of them: but to you I repeat, in the old Engliſh faſhion, our ſincere wiſh, that this year may prove a moſt happy one to you, and may a long ſucceſſion of annual ſuns gild all your proſpects, your happineſs ſtill, if poſſible, increaſing, and augmenting with them.

We ſhall quit Florence in a day or two; therefore this is the laſt letter you muſt expect from our reſidence here. We were yeſterday to ſee the *Palazzo Pitti*, which has a communication with the gallery and the old palace: the corridor that joins them was contrived by Coſmo the Firſt, in order to procure a free egreſs and regreſs from one to the other, with eaſe and privacy.

The Palazzo Pitti is ſo called from a Florentine gentleman, who built it for himſelf in the year 1460; Palazzo Pitti.

1460; but being afterwards reduced in his circumſtances, Coſmo the Firſt purchaſed it, and reſided there with Leonarda of Toledo, his wife; ſince which time it has been always inhabited by his ſucceſſors. The architecture I think heavy; you may form a pretty competent idea of it from that of the Luxembourg at Paris; the plan of that palace being taken from this. Wings are added to it by Coſmo. The apartments are grand, and finely decorated; the mouldings gilt, alſo magnificent tables incruſted in Florentine work; but the pictures are what I mean particularly to dwell upon; for there are but few ſtatues.

Apartment below. Pietro da Cortona.

In the apartment below, or the *rez de chauſſey*, a room, to the right, has its cieling painted by Pietro da Cortona; the ſubject repreſents a young man, who quits the arms of *La Volupté* at the remonſtrances of Virtue; he is repreſented by Hercules: the ſymbols of pleaſure ſurround the young man. Round this middle piece are eight paintings, fan-faſhion; one repreſents Seleucus, who reſigns his wife to Antiochus. Another, the continence of Scipio. A third, Potiphar's wife, *&c.* and theſe different pieces are admirably well compoſed; the architectural ornaments, which ſerve as frames to them, in an excellent taſte. The ceilings of the firſt five rooms, namely the ornaments, are all decorated by the ſame maſter, with a ſurpriſing variety and ingenuity in the choice and invention. The ceiling of the ſecond room is by Ciro Ferri, from the deſigns of Pietro da Cortona;

2d Room. CiroFerri

Cortona; the ſubject a young man in the clouds, between Apollo and Poetry.

Four paintings adorn the Attic of this ſaloon; the ſubjects allegorical, and reſpect the arts. The Attic of the ſame.

The ceiling of the third room is by Pietro da Cortona; the painting has a fine effect; it ſhews the arms of the Medici triumphant, and ſurrounded by guardian genii: the border of the ceiling repreſents a naval combat. Theſe paintings are of a clear, diſtinct, and vigorous colouring. 3d Room. Pietro da Cortona.

In the fourth chamber is another ceiling, which (probably by its tone of colouring) is the execution of Ciro Ferri; it repreſents the *apotheoſis* of a hero, to whom Hercules has lent his mace: Jupiter is crowning him. 4th Room.

In the fifth room is another ceiling painted by Pietro da Cortona: this is inferior to the others; the ſubject, Hercules on the pile. In one of theſe rooms is the following remarkable picture by Rubens: Mars is repreſented as dragged from the arms of Venus by the Fury, or Dæmon of war; Venus in vain endeavours to detain him, the Cupids weep, the Dæmon treads under foot a robuſt man, ſuppoſed to repreſent Agriculture; women and children are put to flight by Fear; the temple of Janus is fallen to the ground: on the fore-ground is a woman crowned with the mural crown, and who, by her cries and lamentations, endeavours to prevail with the Dæmon to deſiſt. This is a fine picture. 5th Room. Pietro da Cortona. Rubens.

Anti-chamber.

In the anti-chamber to this apartment is the portrait of a famous dwarf: it is well executed, as a picture, by Nicolo Caſſano.

Nico'o Caſſano.

In the great ſaloon, called the Imperial, are eight paintings in freſco on part of the wall, which ſo well imitate bas reliefs in marble, as to be almoſt a deception. In other parts of the ſame ſaloon are painted in (I think) ten great compartments, the repreſentation of theſe ſubjects: The Fall of the Arts in Italy, expreſſed emblematically by Harpies, Satyrs, Time, and Mahomet, who are occupied in deſtroying the productions of the moſt celebrated Artiſts. The ſubject of another compartment is the Deſtruction of Parnaſſus; here Sappho appears laſhed by a Fury, Pegaſus torn to pieces by Vice, the moſt famous poets oppreſſed and tortured by Satyrs and Harpies; the former are endeavouring to ſeek refuge in the Houſe of Laurento the *Magnificent*, where Homer is the firſt who gains a ſafe retreat.

In another compartment appears Virtue, taking refuge at Florence by the orders of Pallas, who ſhews herſelf from the ſkies: Virtue is received by Tuſcany, aſſiſted by Generoſity; one offers her hand to conduct her and the other poets to the houſe of Laurento of Medici, whither ſhe is inviting many philoſophers who form her train; amongſt whom appears Empedocles mourning for his loſt works: theſe three are by Gio. da San Giovani.

Gio. da S n Giovani.

In another diviſion, Apollo appears to lead the Muſes to the friendly protection of Laurento, who is ſurrounded by many learned men his cotemporaries or favourites: their reception is announced to the world by Fame. This is by Cecco Bravo. Cecco Bravo.

In the other compartments are the following ſubjects: Laurento, by the wiſdom of his government, has cauſed the gates of the Temple of Janus to be cloſed; Bellona conſoles herſelf upon the occaſion, Mars is taking his leave, and Peace is deſcending from heaven to crown Italy with a wreath of olive: this is by the ſame maſter. Religion, accompanied by an angel (who holds the Scriptures), ſhews to Laurento the heavens, from whence proceed rays of light to conduct him in all his enterpriſes. In the air appear the rewards promiſed to his poſterity by a *tiara* and two crowns borne by angels: by Octavia Vannini. Octavio Vannini.

Laurento having founded in his garden of St. Mark a ſchool for painting, ſculpture, and architecture, his ſcholars preſent him with their eſſays: Michael Angelo is diſtinguiſhed from the others by the buſto of a fawn: his production is executed in marble without the help of a maſter.

In another pannel, to ſhew the rewards due to Merit, Liberality appears ſitting at the foot of a laurel; at her ſide is Prudence and two children; one of which leans on a book, the other

ſtrikes the ground with a lance. Theſe two laſt are by the ſame maſter.

A Platonic Academy is repreſented as eſtabliſhed by Laurento in his country-houſe at Correggio. The ſtatue of Plato is placed on a pedeſtal, with theſe inſcriptions: *Platonem laudaturus et ſile et mirare*; and lower down, *ſal in mente, mel in ore:* Eloquence and Muſic are on each ſide of him. In a corner is Geometry; near her, Philoſophy, who has overthrown Error. This is by Franceſco Turino.

Franceſco Turino.

Another compartment repreſents the death of Laurento. The three Fates are introduced in this picture: Atropos has ſcarcely divided Laurento's thread of life, when Mars appears already deſcended upon the earth, from whence Aſtrea, Peace, and Fame are retiring: the Arts are endeavouring to make their eſcape on all ſides, and in their confuſion let fall various complimentary medals ſtruck in honour of this great Prince.

The two rooms *en ſuite* from this apartment contain no paintings worthy of obſervation. Beyond theſe you enter a ſaloon, in which is a fine bath of *verd antique*.

Bath of verd antique.

In the apartment named after the Electreſs Anne Palatine, is a picture by Solimene; the ſubject St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read. There is a noble ſimplicity in the character of the Virgin; but this piece upon the whole is not correct: it is framed in ſilver very well wrought, to imitate a gar-

Solimene.

a garland of flowers. A Virgin and Infant, by Carlo Dolci, of fine colouring. Carlo Dolci.

The ſtair-caſe, though the architecture is noble, appears to be on too ſmall a ſcale for ſo large an edifice as this palace. The apartments on the firſt floor are magnificent, but not ſo large as to appear waſte and dreary: they are diſtinguiſhed by different appellations taken from the ſubjects repreſented in their ceilings; as the Saloon of Venus, of Apollo, of Mars, of Jupiter, of Hercules, *&c.* Pietro da Cortona and Ciro Ferri have exerted their genius in repreſenting on theſe ceilings ſeveral allegorical ſubjects taken from ancient hiſtory, and from the heathen mythology, applicable to the political hiſtory of the Dukes of Florence, and which would take up a volume to explain. I only wiſh you then to believe that they have great merit as paintings; that they are *ſymbolical*, *myſterious*, that I got a pain in my neck from looking up at them, and was tired to death at hearing them explained. I think you have had enough of ceilings in my deſcription of thoſe below ſtairs. Pietro da Cortona. CiroFerri.

The pictures the moſt to our taſte that adorn theſe ſaloons, are a St. Anthony at handy-cuffs with the Devil, by Salvator Roſa: a ſpirited piece. A fine portrait of a Pope, by Tiziano. Adam and Eve weeping at the Death of Abel, by Tiarini. St. Philip de Neri invoking the Virgin and Infant: the compoſition and characters are fine, particularly the Infant Jeſus; by Carlo Maratti. Salvator Roſa. Tiziano. Tiarini. Carlo Maratti.

Guercino. ratti. Apollo fleaing Marſyas, by Guercino. A picture repreſenting a Nymph ſurpriſed by Satyrs,
Rubens. of Rubens. Four Battle-pieces, hiſtorical, of the houſe of Medicis and Bourgignon: they are well done; but it is a ſubject I do not think ſucceeds on canvas: the beſt of them is that in which is a view and anticipation to us of the frightful mountain *Radicofani*, of which I ſhall be better able to judge when we reach it; it lies between
Raffaello. this city and Rome. A fine picture by Raffaello; the ſubject a Virgin, the Infant, and ſeveral Saints. A portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, by
Vandyke. Vandyke; this is an admirable picture. The
Paul Veroneſe. Pilgrims of Emmaus, by Paul Veroneſe. Abel
Carlo Lotti. dead, by Carlo Lotti; the drawing fine. The
Raffaello. famous *Madonna della Sedia*, by Raffaello; this capital picture can never be ſufficiently admired: it is finiſhed to the laſt perfection: in our opinion this is the only repreſentation we have yet ſeen of the Virgin which ſeems to bear a probability of its being like the original; truth, innocence, and all the virtues are aſſembled in her modeſt countenance; the child reſembles her, but I think it not ſo greatly finiſhed as the Madonna: it is to be wiſhed Raffaello had draped the Virgin with more ſimplicity; her clothing is like that of an Eaſtern Princeſs, and the great chair in which ſhe is ſeated, adorned with velvet and gold fringe, reſembles the furniture of a Cardinal's palace. A portrait of a boy with thick hair combed down upon his forehead; the colouring fine; but the

body

body not of the ſame maſter: this portrait is given to Vandyke. The portrait of Paul Veroneſe, by himſelf. Two ſmall pictures; being the repreſentations of two parables; one, of the *labourers of the vineyard*; the other, of the woman *ſearching for a loſt piece of ſilver*: theſe are by Feti, and very good. A portrait of Raffaello, by Andrea del Sarto. A Holy Family, by Palma Vecchio; in this picture is introduced a monarch offering the globe of the world to the Infant Jeſus. Another Holy Family finely done, in which St. John brings a lamb to the Infant, by Rubens. A portrait of a Lady in crimſon ſattin; the drapery beautiful; by the ſame. The Fates, by Michael Angelo; this picture is much blackened. A fine portrait of a Lady dreſſed in black, by Paul Veroneſe. A Magdalen emaciated by faſting and prayer: it is a very ſingular picture; ſhe is draped in crimſon velvet lined with fur; by Leonardo da Vinci. A blaſphemous repreſentation of God the Father, ſupported by angels and winged griffins, by Raffaello. An Infant Jeſus aſleep, with St. John watching him; it is a beautiful picture, and finiſhed in the high ſtyle of Wanderwerf, but attributed to Carlo Dolci. Cain ſlaying Abel, by Schiavone. A conteſt for muſical excellence between Apollo and Marſyas; the expreſſion is admirable in this picture; by Carlo Loti. A Battle-piece, by Salvator Roſa; he has drawn himſelf in a corner: the various attitudes of the horſes and warriors are executed with great freedom

Vandyke.
Paul Veroneſe.
Feti.
Andrea del Sarto.
Palma Vecchio.
Rubens.
Michael Angelo.
Paul Veroneſe.
Leonardo da Vinci.
Raffaello.
Carlo Dolci.
Schiavone.
Carlo Loti.
Salvator Roſa.

freedom and ſpirit. Three heads in one picture, by Ruſtichini. A good Bacchante, by Riminarly. A picture over a door, repreſenting a calf as large as the life, extremely well done: alſo another of cocks and hens, by Caſtiglioni. A Deſcent from the Croſs; the Magdalen fine, by Andrea del Sarto. The Supper of Lazarus; the moment the painter has taken, is that of Martha's complaining to our Saviour that her ſiſter does not aſſiſt her in domeſtic concerns: there is a great abſurdity in this picture; one of the company at the table is ſlicing a Bologna ſauſage; by J. Baſſano; its pendant, by the ſame painter, repreſents the Supper of the Phariſee. A Madona in extaſy, by Guercino. A St. John playing with a Lamb, by Ceſaro Genaro. A Sibyl ſhewing the Emperor Juſtinian a Glory, in which appears the Virgin and Infant over an altar, and ſeems to repreſent a viſion: his wonder and eagerneſs of further information is finely expreſſed; the Sibyl is quite inſpired: by Palma Vecchio. A Muſician, who appears to be compoſing muſic; he ſtrikes a chord, while another man and woman ſtanding by him, appear to judge of his performance; it is intereſting, ſpirited, and well coloured; by Giorgione del Caſtel Franco.

Ruſtichini.
Riminarly.
Caſtiglioni.
Andrea del Sarto.
J. Baſſano.
Guercino.
Ceſaro Genaro.
Palma Vecchio.
Giorgione del Caſtel Franco.

There are ſeveral other pictures in this palace, that I make no doubt have their merit; as well as many which I do not think worth noticing; but thoſe I have mentioned pleaſed us moſt. The

ſtatues

ſtatues are very indifferent; the apartments well furniſhed, and clean.

Dec. 29th. We leave *Florence the Fair* to-morrow; and after ſeeing our baggage packed up, I dedicate this evening to you.

The few days we have paſſed here have been employed in viewing the gallery in particular, and the palace of Pitti; and having dined abroad ſome of thoſe days, by which our time has been conſumed, the afternoons were always occupied by the theatre or private aſſemblies, the *caſſino*, *&c.* We have not had it in our power to ſee many of the churches, and thoſe in ſo curſory a manner, through hurry, that I ſhall not attempt to ſay more of them, than that I believe the chapel of St. Laurent will be the fineſt of all poſſible chapels; and that, according to the Florentins, *&c.* the meridian of *Il Duomo* (the cathedral church), is the beſt conſtructed meridian in the world. I know you will not be diſappointed in regard to the churches, as you do not expect impoſſibilities; for the ſame reaſon, and others I ſhall not trouble you with, you will excuſe my not attempting a deſcription of a picture we have ſeen (in private hands); ſuch a picture, of which even your imagination, from any help my pen could give it, would form but a very faint idea. The ſubject is *il pioggia d'oro*. Suffice it to ſay, the beauty of *Danae* could not be excelled by the Venus of Medicis, were ſhe animated. The anatomy, the muſcles, the colouring of the fleſh are ſo natural,

that the picture is very near a deception. A Cupid, with his bow unſtrung, points to the ſhower of gold with great archneſs, which is deſcending in yellow pieces reſembling guineas, from a darkiſh cloud. Every point of this picture is perfectly well done. The only ornament worn by Danae is a bracelet, and a ring on her fourth finger. I have often heard it obſerved by *connoiſſeurs* in Italy, that nothing diſgraces a fine hand more than rings worn on any finger except the third and fourth. It certainly deſtroys the proportions, and gives a gouty or rickety appearance to the hand in general; the firſt and middle finger appear clumſy when loaded with rings. This *chef d'œuvre* is by Tiziano.

Tiziano.

I cannot imagine why the Grand Duke, like another Jupiter, does not purchaſe this beauty with a ſhower of gold; for, in my opinion, neither the Venus nor the miſtreſs of Tiziano in the *Tribune*, are comparable to it in any reſpect. This inimitable piece is in the poſſeſſion of two gentlemen (brothers) of the name of Carignani.

The environs of Florence are beautiful. Tuſcany was the ancient Etruria; a people who originally came out of Aſia: they were conſiderable and powerful long before the Romans. At preſent the country is highly cultivated, divided into farms, and the peaſants appear rich and happy. Some of the high mountains contain mines of alum, iron, and ſilver; alſo quarries of alabaſter, porphyry, and other marbles. The plains are fertile

tile in corn, vines, ſaffron, and all kinds of kitchen-garden ſtuff, in great perfection. Silk-worms thrive here, their produce is a conſiderable branch of commerce to the citizens; it is remarkable that theſe worms breed twice in a year, and even three times; but there is an order from government which forbids the third increaſe; the reaſon is, that it would occaſion a dearth of mulberry-leaves, were the trees to be thrice ſtripped for the nouriſhment of the worms, and conſequently there would few or none remain to feed their cattle, in caſe the fodder ſhould fall ſhort, which frequently happens, as there is here but little paſture-land. The fruits held in the higheſt eſtimation are, the cedars, water-melons, and grapes. Beſides that wine which is known in England by the name of Florence, and which is the *vin ordinaire du païs*, they have a white ſort which is much better, and extremely light and delicate to the taſte. The trees moſt common here, are the cypreſs and the pine; the latter produces a kind of almond or kernel, which are very good to eat: theſe pounded in a mortar, and mixed with the pulp of the white codlin, form a paſte exceedingly good to waſh the hands with. The wood is very reſinous, and if chipped while green, and boiled till one half of the water is conſumed, is excellent for ſprains, wrenches, or any common rheumatic pains in the limbs, uſed as a bath or fomentation hot as it can be borne.

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The peaſants are tall and well made, the women remarkably handſome and very fair; they are extremely clean and well-dreſſed; on days of *fête*, their hair is nicely and becomingly adjuſted, and ornamented with a very ſmall hat elegantly trimmed, worn juſt above the left ear; on the other ſide, a mat of flowers is often interwoven with ſtrings of pearl; they wear ear-rings of five or ſeven drops of pearl ſet in gold, and necklaces compoſed of ſeveral rows of the ſame; they are not the fineſt or moſt correct ſhaped pearls in the world, but ſuch as many ladies in England would not be aſhamed of wearing. They have ſilk *corſets* without ſleeves; their ſhift-ſleeves are puffed and tied with ribbon, the ſhoulder-ſtraps of their *corſets* are ornamented with long ribbons, which wanton in the wind as they walk; the *corſet* is covered with ſcarlet or blue luteſtring, and the petticoat is of the ſame. On working-days, when they bring their goods to market, their hair is entirely concealed by a kind of netted cap of crimſon, ſcarlet, or blue ſilk drawn tight over it, by means of two ſtrings ornamented with taſſels, which are frequently of gold or ſilver. A pretty woman looks beautiful in this odd *coiffeure*. The taſſels, after they are tied, hang careleſsly down on the left ſide, and almoſt touch the ſhoulder. Their *corſets* and petticoats on theſe days are of callimancoe, and their ear-rings and croſs, plain gold.

Proviſions are reaſonable, and the markets well ſupplied. Lalande is extremely particular in his account

account of Florence; his catalogue of illuſtrious and learned men is juſt. I refer you to him for ſome very entertaining and curious anecdotes.

There is but one theatre open at preſent; the performers are wretched, and their plays, if poſſible, worſe; though it is ungrateful to criticiſe, as the *piece* is always in honour of the Engliſh. A crew of Engliſh ſailors are introduced on the ſcene, who ridicule, and in the end beat ſome French characters, which are much *outréed*. The theatre is convenient, but nothing remarkable; it is called the Little Theatre, to diſtinguiſh it from another, where they ſay operas at another ſeaſon are finely performed. The orcheſtra at the Little Theatre is compoſed of good muſicians.

This city is in high favour with young Engliſhmen; who are perfectly at their eaſe during their reſidence here. The ladies in general are of eaſy virtue, and their expences light, as a genteel preſent is from two to five ſequins; it is true, theſe ladies are apt to borrow to ſupply their play-purſes, but the ſums are but ſmall, and bear a certain proportion to the preſents I have mentioned. There are few private aſſemblies; before Sir Horace Mann came here there was not any; but he has been of great uſe in teaching them how to live: his table is elegant, and his polite manners pleaſe every body; none more than his own countrymen. He has aſſemblies alſo. *Monſieur Barbantin*, the French reſident here, has ſhewn

us

us many civilities; we had letters to him from the ambaſſador of his nation at Turin. * * * * * * * * We ſet out for Rome to-morrow; ſo adieu. *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXXI.

Sienna, Dec. 30, 1770.

WE are arrived here in good health and without accident, though obliged to walk up a ſteep paved mountain, which was ſo iced over, that the horſes falling down frequently, induced us to get out of the carriage by way of lightening the draft, which ſucceeded. We did not ſtop any where on the road, not having quitted Florence till late in the morning. The road was over mountains, conſequently one continued aſcent or deſcent. We paſſed two or three ſhallow rivers, not dangerous. There are many agreeable views of the country from theſe mountains, occaſioned by the irregularity of their ſituation. They ſeem to interſect each other, and ſtrike the eye with a pleaſing variety of tints, ſome being covered with vines, others with olives, and others under the plough; now and then a wild uncultivated mountain forms a beautiful contraſt.

Four poſt-horſes were not ſufficient for moſt part of the road, ſo we were frequently obliged to have ſix. To morrow we are to reach Radicofani,

cofani, and to paſs the night there. This town appears to conſiſt of ruined palaces and very wretched houſes for poor people, if we may be allowed to judge from only paſſing through it. Sienna.

If you ſhould meet with any body going to Florence, do not forget to recommend the Vaninis. We had no diſpute at parting, and they have behaved ſo as not only to merit the character of honeſt, but even ſomething more than what is uſually meant by that word; theirs is an honourable honeſty, a rare quality in hoſts. I think we ſhall have no reaſon to complain of the people who keep this inn; they are women, and ſeem much humanized and *ſerviable*. I break off this letter, as a tolerable ſupper juſt now makes its appearance, and I am a little fatigued with the day's journey. No poſt quits Sienna to-night for France, ſo I ſhall take this letter with me, and continue it as I ſee occaſion. Sienna is five poſts from Florence.

Radicofani, the 31ſt of December.

Here we are, and lodged in a palace, which whilom was the delightful ſpot fixed upon for a repoſe from the chace, for princes: but what a palace! oh that it was but an Engliſh ſtable! Here is room enough to lodge the Pruſſian hoſts, regulars and irregulars, and in its *environs*, ſuppoſe, wild boars enough to glut them. Figure to yourſelf an extenſive *ſuite* of rooms, long galleries and paſſages, the ceilings, or rather the

beams, in ſuch aërian perſpective, as nearly to evade the ſight; the walls literally bare and green, from damp; the pavement more rugged than Berkeley-Square, and I believe has not been cleaned for many years. An eternal fog conſtantly enwraps this *cloud-capt tower*, through which the ſun-beams rarely penetrate in his annual courſe. At the end of the above-mentioned dreary waſte, or *ſuite* of apartments, are we. A table of an enormous ſize, which ſeems in a ſtate of progreſſion towards petrifaction, graces the middle of this ſpacious chamber; no power on earth is, I believe, equal to the taſk of moving it from its ancient ſcite. A chimney of amazing ſize, japanned within and without with ſmoke (the fire will not burn, the wood being always damp here), large puffs deſcending into the room, with guſts of cold wind.—Two broken chairs, exceſſively high, and of antique ſculpture in wood—A mattreſs, ſtuffed with the refuſe knots and ends of hemp, covered with ſheets that are wet, and prickly like hair-cloth—The blanket—I ſcarce dare look at it; but, when we are about lying down to repoſe (for to ſleep is impoſſible), I ſhall, by the means of an enormous pair of tongs, endeavour to drag it into a corner of the room, as far as poſſible from the bed—by the glimmering light of the candles, it appears at this diſtance like a map of the world—ſeas—lakes—terra firma—iſlands, and undiſcovered countries, from whoſe bourns I have no intention of returning, as I do not

not mean to explore them—In ſhort, I am in ſo ill a humour, ſo weary, and ſo hungry.—They make us wait for ſupper moſt cruelly.

The winds howl in the paſſages on one ſide, and are re-echoed in another tone from the other ſide: a Frenchwoman would think, *que le grand Diable tenoit le ſabbat ici pour toutes les ſorcieres du monde, & qu'ils alloient tous arriver en loups-garous:* "but to what purpoſe complain?" ſays M——: "there is no help for it, and you muſt "be patient: it is only for one night." I am ſatisfied I am on my journey to Rome, and to be ſure, was it worſe, Rome is an object worth ſuffering ſomething in its purſuit; ſo, till ſupper comes, and to prevent me from ſeeing or hearing ſpirits, I will write on, and inform you, that the road from Sienna hither is in length ſix poſts, the laſt of them execrably bad. The grim inhabitants of the palace, who ſeem as if deſcended from the Cyclops, have juſt been with us to announce the long wiſhed-for approach of the ſupper, which is upon its march from the kitchen.

Supper is over; it conſiſted of a diſh of eggs, which I had ordered to be boiled in the ſhell; but, alas! they were all rotten: then appeared an animal, which I am ſure would have puzzled the moſt ingenious author that ever wrote upon zoology to ſay what ſpecies of winged creature it had been. It had extended legs and wings, was black, and appeared to have been diſlocated alive; they inſiſted upon its being a *poularde*; had they aſ-

ſerted it to have been a griffin, I ſhould have been inclined to believe them; ſome wretched bread, of what date I know not, and ſauce made with ſtinking oil, concludes the bill of fare—the wine poiſonous——the water muddy.——Good night. For me, if ſleep ſhould kindly lend her aid, may I dream of a piece of Engliſh bread and cheeſe, and a draught of ſmall beer. My little barbett is ſo diſcontented and croſs, that ſhe barks inceſſantly at the howling of the wind, and diſdains to eat or ſleep.

LETTER XXXII.

Viterbo, Jan. 1ſt.

WE now come cloſe upon Rome, having paſſed dreadful roads and frightful mountains; but any thing is better than our regale at Radicofani. We reached this place before night; the laſt poſt here from Sienna is a good road.

Two bad accidents happened laſt night; the poſt-maſter, who had himſelf rode as poſtilion to the Roman courier, was killed on a mountain by falling from his horſe; and in another part of the road, the beſt horſe belonging to the poſt-maſter of *Aquapendente* was ſwallowed in a ſlough, where he expired, they not being able to get him out. However, bad as this road is at preſent, it is now better than ever it has been; for juſt before the

the Emperor was expected, the Pope and the King of Naples agreed to repair the roads in their reſpective dominions: we are told, that on the Neapolitan ſide it is much better. We paſſed by the ruins of the ancient Volſium this morning, near the Bolſena: theſe veſtiges are ſo faint, that they appear like a confuſed heap of ruined vaults. For many miles our road lay on the borders of the beautiful lake of Bolſena; the water is tranſparent; it is ſurrounded with hills clothed with hanging woods, whoſe various tints tremble upon its tranſlucent boſom. Two beautiful iſlands riſe from it; one contains a majeſtic ruin: this is about five miles from the ſhore. They told us at Bolſena, that the lake is thirty-five miles in circumference.

The ſoil on the ſides of the road is incorporated with a kind of burnt iron or droſs, which bears ſtrongly the appearance of extinguiſhed volcanos.

The accommodation here is bad and very dear; our ſupper conſiſted of a ſoup, the chief ingredients of which were all ſorts of livers and gizzards, collected from various birds, and of various dates, ſailing after each other in a muddy pool, very unlike the lake of Bolſena; broiled pigeons with oil, and a friture of livers, *&c.*; our ſoup the Barbet condeſcended to taſte. You may be ſure we are in no danger of a ſurfeit this night. To-morrow we ſhall reach immortal Rome; it is only four poſts thither; ſo good night for the preſent.

Rome, Jan. 6th.

Having arrived the ſecond inſtant too late for the French courier, I now reſume my pen, this being the firſt opportunity. We are lodged at Pio's Hôtel, *Strada della Cruce*, *Piazza di Spagna*, are well accommodated, and reaſonably. Our table is ſerved ſomething in the Engliſh ſtyle, at leaſt it affords us three or four homely Engliſh diſhes (thanks to ſome kind Engliſh predeceſſors who have taught them), ſuch as bacon and cabbage, boiled mutton, bread-puddings, which after they have been boiled, are cut in pieces, fried and ſerved with a wine ſauce ſtrongly ſpiced, *&c.* ſo do not imagine we are likely to ſtarve here.

You may, from the commoneſt print, form a very good idea of the entrance into Rome. The town for the moſt part is unpaved, and the houſes in general make a wretched appearance; I do not mean the palaces: there are many fine buildings, whoſe ſplendour is the more ſurpriſing, from their being ſurrounded with miſerable habitations. The part of the town we are in is by much the beſt for ſtrangers, and the accommodation any where elſe extremely bad; for you know one cannot occupy the palaces nor the churches, of which latter there are a plenty.

We have received the utmoſt civilities from the families, to whom we have preſented our letters of recommendation; thoſe who are moſt troubled with us are the Duke and Dutcheſs of Monté *Libretii*; they have undertaken to *ſerve us*, in the polite

polite Italian ſenſe. The Duke is ſon to the Princeſs Paleſtrine, who is now in years and infirm; the Dutcheſs, daughter to the noble Prince *Barromeo* of Milan; they were ſo very obliging as to call upon us the ſame day we ſent our letter, and the next morning. We have been introduced by them to the Dutcheſs of Bracciano, at whoſe aſſembly we were laſt night. The Dutcheſs of Bracciano is of the blood royal of France; ſhe is eſteemed not only a very ſenſible woman, but alſo witty and learned: ſhe is extremely polite, and poſſeſſes evidently a great knowledge of the world. The Duke her ſon is a fine young man of the firſt claſs, ſpeaks Engliſh well, and is lively and agreeable: there was a numerous *converzatione:* from hence they conducted us to the *Conteſſa Carpegna*'s, where there was alſo a brilliant aſſembly: this lady has the manners to appearance of an amiable French-woman. The Cardinal of Bernis came immediately on the reception of our letter of recommendation; he gave us the moſt obliging invitation to his table and aſſemblies. We go tomorrow.

The 7th of Jan. at night.

We have dined and paſſed the evening at Cardinal Bernis's; his niece, *Madame la Marquiſe de Puymontbrun*, does the honour of the table, *&c.* Nothing can be more elegant than his manner of living: he has united the French refinements to the Roman magnificence. There were about fifty

perſons at table, conſiſting chiefly of cardinals. The ladies were *Madame de Puymontbrun*, the Princeſs of *Santa Cruce* and her mother. After dinner more company entered, and we were introduced to the Princeſs *Altieré*, and a Poliſh family who are ſtyled *Princes*; their name *Prezbendowſky:* I could think of nothing but Pottowiſky, and was going to call her ſo more than once. The Cardinal of Bernis being ſubject to the gout, ſtarves at his own table, as he thinks living low the only means of keeping the fit off. He feeds on nothing but herbs boiled and all the juice preſſed out; neither gravy, butter, ſalt, cream, eggs, oil, nor any kind of meat, fiſh, or fowl, does he ever taſte, eats very little bread, and that extremely ſtale. Though he is himſelf thus ſuffering famine, his diſhes are of the beſt kinds, the greateſt variety the ſeaſon can afford in profuſion, and the beſt dreſſed: he knows whether each diſh is as it ought to be by its look and ſmell; and has the moſt hoſpitable manner imaginable; he is extremely cheerful, poſſeſſes a great ſhare of ſpirits, has a brilliant wit, and ready upon the moſt triſling occaſions; *enfin, il eſt petri de l'art de ſçavoir vivre.* It is impoſſible to converſe with him a quarter of an hour, without being ſenſible that he is a man of deep penetration, learning, a great ſtateſman, and perfectly well read in the *belles lettres*; he has a noble air, though not tall, and rather inclined to corpulency; his countenance is ſenſible, and changes with

with his thoughts; his eyes quick and piercing, though not large; and he is marked with the ſmall-pox.

I told you in this letter that we paſſed part of the evening at the Dutcheſs of Bracciano's: As we were there early, before much company was arrived, ſhe was ſo obliging as to enter into a particular converſation with me. We were ſeated on a ſofa, when one of the gentlemen in waiting entered and announced *il Re.* As there were many rooms to paſs before this perſonage could appear, ſhe ſeized that opportunity to deſire me upon no account to ſpeak to, or take the leaſt notice of him, as it was not only what ſhe inſiſted upon in her houſe, but that it was the Pope's order that no ſtranger, particularly Engliſh, ſhould hold any converſation with him. I aſſured her my principles were diametrically oppoſite to thoſe of the Stuart family and their party, adding more of the like ſort; but I concluded with ſaying, that if he ſpoke to me, I could not, as a gentlewoman, refrain from anſwering him, conſidering him only in the light of a gentleman, and ſhould treat him as I would do any other foreigner or native, with that general civility requiſite on ſuch occaſions; ſhe ſtill inſiſted upon my not anſwering ſhould he ſpeak to me, with which I refuſed to comply: I think I was right, my reaſons were theſe: I knew before, that no gentlemen of the Britiſh empire make themſelves known to him, but on the contrary avoid it,

it, except ſuch as declare themſelves diſaffected to the preſent royal family; at leaſt, ſo it is underſtood at Rome. I had alſo heard that he politely avoided embarraſſing them by throwing himſelf in their way: but as I am not a man, it ſtruck me as very ridiculous for me, a woman, not to reply to the Pretender if he ſpoke to me, as ſuch a caution would bear the appearance of paſſing myſelf for being of political conſequence; added to theſe conſiderations, I had great curioſity to ſee him and hear him ſpeak—But to return; he entered, and bowing very politely to the company, advanced to the individual ſofa on which I was placed with the Dutcheſs of Bracciano, and ſeated himſelf by me, having previouſly made me a particular bow, which I returned with a low curtſey; he endeavoured to enter into converſation with me, which he affected by addreſſing himſelf equally to the dutcheſs, another lady, and myſelf; at laſt he addreſſed me in particular, and aſked me how many days ſince my arrival at Rome, how long I ſhould ſtay, and ſeveral ſuch queſtions. This converſation paſſed in French—what diſtreſſed me was how to ſtyle him—I had but a moment for reflection; it ſtruck me that *Mon Prince* (though the common appellation (in France) to every ſtranger whoſe rank as a prince is the moſt dubious) would not come well from me, as it might admit of a double ſenſe in an uncandid mind—Highneſs was equally improper; ſo I hit upon what I thought a middle courſe, and called

called him *Mon Seigneur.* I wiſhed to ſhorten the converſation, for all on a ſudden he ſaid, "Speak Engliſh, Madam." Before I could reply, the Dutcheſs of *Monte Libretti* came up, and pulled me by the ſleeve; I went with her to a card-table at which ſhe was going to play: I declined playing, not being perfect in the games; beſides, you know I hate cards. At my departure, I took leave of the Dutcheſs of Bracciano (agreeable to the cuſtom) and the *Chevalier*, who played at her table, officiouſly civil, roſe up, and wiſhed me a good night. He is naturally above the middle ſize, but ſtoops exceſſively; he appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and ſleepy, which is attributed to his having given into exceſs of drinking; but when a young man, he muſt have been eſteemed handſome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the *contour* of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble preſence, and a graceful manner: his dreſs was ſcarlet, laced with a broad gold lace; he wears the blue ribband outſide of his coat, from which depends a *cameo* (antique) as large as the palm of my hand; with the ſame garter and motto as thoſe of the noble order of St. George in England; upon the whole, he has a melancholic, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen conſtantly attend him; they are of Iriſh extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be ſure. This evening, after quitting the Cardinal's, we were at the Princeſs Paleſtrine's

leſtrine's *converſazione*, where he was alſo. He addreſſed me as politely as the evening before. The Princeſs deſired me to ſit by her; ſhe played with him: he aſked me, if I underſtood the game of *Tarocchi* (what they were about to play at); I anſwered in the negative, upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he deſired to know if I had ever ſeen ſuch odd cards: I replied, that they were very odd indeed; he then diſplaying them ſaid, Here is every thing in the world to be found in theſe cards, the ſun, the moon, the ſtars; and here, ſays he, (ſhewing me a card) is the Pope; here is the Devil, (and added) there is but one of the *trio* wanting, and you know who that ſhould be. I was ſo amazed, ſo aſtoniſhed, though he ſpoke this laſt in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none, but avoided cultivating converſation as much as poſſible, leſt he ſhould give it a political turn. What paſſed afterwards was relative to ſome of the Engliſh manners and amuſements; ſuch as, whether whiſt was in faſhion at London, the aſſemblies numerous, *&c.* I was heartily glad when my viſit was finiſhed.

Before I cloſe this letter I ſhall mention St. Peter's and ſome other particulars. We go from hence to-morrow or the day following; a quiet moment preſents itſelf, and I ſeize it to conclude this long letter. You have ſeen many prints repreſenting the outſide of St. Peter's church, but they

they are all (that I have met with) on ſo ſmall a ſcale, as to give but a very faint idea of the magnificent original. The piazza great court, or approach to the church, is divided into two parts, one of which forms an oval, the other a rectangle; the oval opens as you ſee in the prints, and preſents at once a view of the church in front; this opening has a wonderful effect. The colonade which ranges on each ſide, erected on the oval plan I mentioned, forms a *piazza* (I uſe this word here in the ſenſe it is confined to in England) covered at top; the entablature, *&c.* ſupported by four rows of large pillars; the whole is crowned by a baluſtrade, on which are placed ſtatues of ſaints, *&c.* I think not leſs than thirty-ſix holy perſonages. There appeared to us both, at the firſt ſight of this colonade, a moſt ſtriking fault in the architecture; the pillars, which are of ſtone, ſhow heavy and crowded. This is the more ſurpriſing, as the deſign, *&c.* are Bernini's; all the ſtatues and architecture we have hitherto ſeen of that maſter being univerſally too light. The floor is paved with brick, and at preſent ſo much out of repair as to make walking on it dangerous. The pavement of the open place is of ſtone. In the center ſtands a fine Egyptian antique obeliſk * of oriental granite; it is one entire

* This obeliſk (as alſo ſome others at Rome) is of the moſt remote antiquity, probably from the times of the firſt Kings of Egypt, more than a thouſand years before the Aſſyrians penetrated

tire piece, and, as they told us, meaſures ſeventy-four Paris feet in height; the pedeſtal, and braſs croſs at top included, give one hundred and twenty-four feet from the ſurface of the pavement. To the right and left of this obeliſk are two magnificent fountains. Our *Ciceroni*, while we were admiring them, gave us an anecdote of Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, upon her firſt ſeeing theſe fountains; after conſidering them ſome minutes with ſilent admiration, ſhe turned to thoſe about her and ſaid, "*Ma foi, c'eſt aſſez, c'eſt aſſez, que ces bonnes gens ne ſe donnent pas la peine de les faire jouer d'avantage.*" I could not learn whether they left her Majeſty in the error of ſuppoſing them playing merely for her; but I think it quite worthy the Italians to deſpiſe her benignity upon the occaſion, ſo much as not to give themſelves the trouble to undeceive her.

The water which ſupplies theſe fountains has its ſource in the *Campagna di Trevignano, Lago Sabbatino, et Lago Bracciano.*

The rectangle immediately before the front of the church commences at the extremities of the colonade. Theſe two buildings are decorated

trated into that country: it was diſcovered where the ſacriſty of St. Peter's now ſtands, which was formerly part of the Circus of Nero. Pope Sixtus the Fifth erected it in its preſent poſition. The machines uſed for that purpoſe, and the manner of raiſing it up, *&c.* with a computation of the vaſt ſum expended on the occaſion, have been engraved and publiſhed. I think the calculation of the expence amounts to 37975 Roman crowns.

with

with pilaſters which join on to the church, and in the middle of each is a door. Here are two fine Moſaic pictures; that to the right repreſents St. Peter and St. Paul, and was executed by Calandra: the ſubject of the ſecond is the Converſion of St. Peter; by Pietro Spagna. Theſe ſide-doors open into the grand portico of the church. The great door of entrance, which exactly fronts the middle of the break between the two oval colonades, is elevated upon a kind of terras, which you aſcend by three ſteps of prodigious breadth. This entrance is ornamented with the Corinthian order, crowned by an Attic; above which riſes the ſuperb dome, appearing as at a conſiderable diſtance. The ſteps above mentioned are of marble, compoſed of the antique remains of a magnificent pyramid, called the Tomb of Romulus; at the foot of the firſt ſtep are two ſtatues, St. Peter and St. Paul, by Mino, placed there by Pius the Second. After the ſecond ſtep is a kind of terras, (for I cannot call it a landing-place) where the Pope receives Emperors and Kings in pontifical ceremony, who come to viſit St. Peter's church. The front of the church is adorned with ſtatues, bas reliefs, *&c.* I think I hazard nothing in ſpeaking my real ſentiments to you in reſpect to the front in general, and I know you will keep counſel, if you think me preſumptuous; in truth, there are ſo many ornaments, ſuch twiſting and turning, ſuch cutting and carving, that one fine thing hides another,

and,

and, to uſe a vulgar proverb, there is no ſeeing the wood for trees; the noble ſimplicity which ſhould, in my opinion, dignify ſo vaſt an edifice, is loſt by being thus loaded and confounded in ornaments; and may, perhaps, be not improperly compared to the appearance of a perfect beauty at a maſquerade, in the character of a Nabob's wife. On entering the church, the eye is wonderfully ſtruck with the fine proportions of the iles and chapels, whilſt at the ſame inſtant your attention is drawn off to the vivid and brilliant colouring of the Moſaic pictures which gliſten on all ſides.

The vaſt ſpace of ground this church ſtands upon does not at firſt ſtrike the eye; but the eager curioſity to penetrate to the end of it convinced me moſt feelingly, by the remonſtrances of weary feet, that it occupies a plane of great extent. As to the meaſurements, conſult Lalande, who will inform you with great accuracy.

When you have gained the dome, nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance on all ſides; the eye repoſes on the juſtneſs of the architectural proportions, wanders over the fine Moſaic pictures, and till this enchantment begins to loſe its force by continuation, you ſeem as if ſuddenly tranſplanted into another planet; recovering from this trance, the malignity of our diſpoſition begins to take place, and tempts us to criticiſe. The canopy over the grand altar, which is of gilt bronze, ſupported by twiſted columns, intercepts

intercepts the perſpective view of the middle iſle, and appears (if you can gueſs at my meaning) too heavy and too light at the ſame time; the twiſted columns have wreaths bound round them, which lends a kind of fantaſtic airy lightneſs to the ſolid and ſtrong props of a vaſt braſs canopy.

To give you ſome idea of the great ſize of this church, two angels which ſupport the baptiſmal fount appear on entering it to be about the ſize of our children; and upon a nearer approach, you are aſtoniſhed at the Coloſſal height and ſize of theſe ſeeming infants, which are *chef d'œuvres*; but I have neither time nor patience to enter into a detail of its beauties, ornaments, and proportions, *&c.* and ſhall therefore refer you for a more ample account to abler pens than mine, as I muſt haſten the concluſion of this letter, that I may have time to ſleep before our journey. I wiſh I could ſend you the model in a dream, though I ſhould be ſorry you did not wake before you had examined a fourth part of its beauties. Adieu, and believe, as ever, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

Naples, Jan. 12, 1770.

WE have reached this city in perfect health. But were detained a day and a night longer on the road than might have been expected. Leaving Rome the 8th, we lay that night
Viletri. at Viletri, a wretched place, bad accommodations, and very dear. We were called up at three o'clock next morning, in order not to loſe time unneceſſarily upon the road; but it ſnowed faſt, and the wind was ſo violent, that when we came down to the door of the inn, the poſtilions aſſerted they could not drive, nor would the horſes go forward, the wind and ſnow being right in their faces. Here we waited till half an hour paſt ſix, when the day appeared; and though M——, on my account, wiſhed to put off our proceeding any farther that day, yet my ardent deſire to go forward was ſuch, that I dertermined at all events not to defer our journey, and at laſt prevailed. I dreaded a delay, and pleaded a probability of its freezing upon the ſnow, which, had it happened, muſt have impeded us for ſome days; ſo on we went, and got over the ſnow pretty well, thought it lay ſo deep as to fill up all the ruts and ditches. After we had gone two poſts it thawed; notwithſtanding which, we were obliged
Fondi. to lie at Fondi, from the extreme badneſs of the

roads; and though it ceaſed ſnowing, violent guſts of wind with a furious rain contributed to make the journey ſtill more wearying and diſagreeable.

I have ſo often mentioned the inns on the roads in Italy to be the worſt in the world, that I am tired of repeating the ſame thing; yet I muſt tell you this one is peculiar in that ſtyle. The walls are bare, the pavement nearly as rugged and as dirty as the roads we had juſt paſſed; no ſaſhes in the windows, no glaſs, no paper, but ſome ſhutters ſo out of repair as to admit through their breaches the rain and the ſnow upon our beds; the doors could not be ſhut. Our beds were made of the knots of hemp, without curtains; and their vicinity to the wall was an aggravation of our wretched plight, it being in a manner plaiſtered over with ſnuffy ſpittle, and marbled between *en griſaille*, with what I cannot mention. The only light the inn afforded was that of a ſtinking lamp, ſupplied with train-oil: the proviſions ſtale, rotten eggs, and ſome ragouts of liver and brains ſtewed in oil, out of the ſame reſervoir with that uſed in the lamp. Their demand for our ſupper and beds was a ſequin ahead. As if our unlucky ſtars meant to oblige us to contribute to our own inconvenience and misfortunes, we gave orders to be called at half an hour after two the next morning, intending, if poſſible, to reach Naples the ſame night; accordingly we roſe at that early hour, but not re-

freſhed, being more fatigued than if we had ſat up the whole night. Having advanced about half a poſt towards Naples, we were met by a great mountain, where the unmelted ſnow but thinly covering the ground, was frozen over: the poſtilions ſtopped, and ſaid they could go no farther, the horſes not being able to keep their feet (for in this country they never heard of froſt-nails or rough-ſhoeing to prevent ſlipping) we then propoſed to get out and walk up the mountain, in order to lighten the carriage, and left our courier with the equipage, ſuppoſing they might then be able to follow us. M—— carried the fire-arms himſelf, which conſiſted of a brace of piſtols and a blunderbuſs; it being by no means expedient to leave theſe either in the power of our poſtilions or that of our ſervant. We had not proceeded far before I began to ſlip and ſtumble as the horſes had done. The road up this ſteep mountain turning and winding very frequently, we ſoon loſt ſight of our carriage, but concluded they were coming ſlowly after, when with the greateſt difficulty we had gained the ſummit, having walked about two miles, judge of our ſurpriſe and diſappointment to ſee our ſervant coming after us as faſt as he could, calling out to us to ſtop; when he informed us the poſtilions had not advanced one ſtep from the place where we had left them, alleging it to be impoſſible for the horſes to draw the carriage up the mountain. What did not theſe villains deſerve for ſuffering

us

us to make ſuch an attempt? for I am convinced they never intended to make the leaſt effort to follow us. So we returned as we came, they not having given themſelves the trouble even to turn the carriage about. We got in, not thinking of this circumſtance, and they backed in ſuch a manner, that had it not been for a few ſtones, the remains of a broken wall, the carriage and ourſelves had gone down a precipice, whence we never ſhould have returned. I forgot to tell you, that in aſcending the mountain we met two or three little parties of very ill-looking fellows, though at ſo early an hour; but they eyed the arms, and did not moleſt us: I wiſhed them good morning in as civil Italian as occurred to me. Was not this a moſt odious *promenade* at the point of day, almoſt benumbed with cold, a bitter wind and ſleet in our faces, upon a bleak mountain, *&c.*? As to my complexion, I believe by the time I ſhall ſee you again I may paſs for the Queen of the Gipſies. But to return; we went back to Fondi, in order to wait for a thaw, and had there the ſatisfaction to contemplate the approaching Aurora.

—" Till Morn, wak'd by the circling hours,
With roſy hand unbarr'd the gates of light."

We continued at Fondi till twelve o'clock, and were obliged by the poſtmaſter (who is alſo the hoſt) to pay the ſame poſt over again, but intend to make the proper inquiries at Naples into this procedure. At length we ſet out, the ſun ſhining

bright on the ſnow, and we with ſome difficulty reached *Mola di Gaeta.*

Mola di Gaeta.

Mola di Gaeta is ſituated on the margin of the Mediterranean: here it was that Eneas buried his nurſe, from whom it had its name of Cajeta.

And thou, O Matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the ſhore haſt left they name.
Cajeta ſtill the place is call'd from thee,
The nurſe of great Eneas' infancy.
Here reſt thy bones in rich Heſperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghoſt can have) remains.

Here we had all our trunks ſearched, and were obliged to take up our lodging for the night, our hoſt informing us, that if we proceeded on our journey we ſhould find, two poſts further, a certain river that could not be croſſed but at the riſk of our lives, as night would overtake us ere we reached it, and of courſe occaſion us the greateſt difficulties. They ſhewed us into a room in a kind of tower, which, compared to Fondi, was tolerably clean, but it had the ſame ſort of ſhutters, and was very cold: upon lighting ſome faggots, the chimney ſmoked to ſuch a degree, that we were glad to extinguiſh the fire, and rather bear with the malignity of the weather, than with that of our fuel. Our beds and proviſions were in the ſame ſtyle with thoſe at Fondi. The next morning at four o'clock we quitted Mola di Gaeta, being obliged to leave a ſequin as gage, and to carry a manifeſto with us, declaring that we had no other concealed contraband goods than four

four pair of new ſilk ſtockings; the manifeſto was to be ſhewn when we ſhould arrive within two miles of Naples, in order to avoid the delay of being ſearched there alſo; but this did not avail, for our baggage was opened and tumbled about notwithſtanding, though to no purpoſe, as we had nothing ſeizable, except the before mentioned ſtockings; I miſtake, for I had a parcel of bead work for the Dutcheſs of *Calabretta*; this parcel wonderfully eſcaped their obſervation; indeed theſe ſort of commiſſions are generally troubleſome; I had the precaution to wrapt them up amongſt my linen, which concealed them. As to the road from Rome to Naples, that part (about one half) which reaches from Rome to Terracina is extremely bad; juſt paſt Terracina, and on the Neapolitan ſide, is a dangerous ſtep, the road (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) lying through the ſea; but it is ſoon paſſed: the water there is not very deep, though it riſes ſufficiently high to be above the floor of the carriage, but the bottom is rough: from hence to Naples the road is ſafe and good; the cauſe of this variety is, that when the Emperor was to travel from Rome to Naples, the Pope and his Neapolitan Majeſty agreed to mend and improve between them the roads from Rome to Naples, from conſideration to him. The King of Naples' territory commences at Terracina, and reaches to Naples, and proper orders were given, which have ſucceeded as to that portion of it; but his Holineſs's orders (if any ſuch there

were) have not been carried into execution, which accounts for that part of St. Peter's patrimony continuing ſo much out of repair as to be barely paſſable. I think it lucky that we determined to paſs the carnival here rather than at Venice; for we are told the roads from Rome to Loretto, and from thence to Venice, are much worſe in winter than thoſe we have already travelled. Before I have done with the road from Rome to Naples (though your patience ſhould be exhauſted) I muſt tell you the Dreſs of the men and women of Fondi; the women wear no caps, their hair grows at the will of Nature; and I believe is never combed: the population of their heads muſt be abundant, and the different nations bear the hue of their different complexions; as reddiſh in the red haired, black and yellowiſh in the ſwarthy. The hair behind is formed into a *queue*, with what the gardeners call *baſt*, the filaments which compoſe the coarſeſt matts; it is then twiſted round at the back of the head, and a leaden ſkewer, dignified by the name of a bodkin, thruſt through it; at firſt ſight it appears like a great eel prepared and faſtened together to be dreſſed in the manner called by the Engliſh cooks Spitchcocking. On their backs they carry a coarſe and dirty blanket, which hangs down behind half way the legs; from before deſcends its fellow, but of a ſmaller ſize, paſſing under the arms, and kindly uniting itſelf with the hindermoſt. They have neither ſhift, petticoats, ſtockings, or ſhoes,

Dreſs at Fondi.

and look like ſo many mad furies. The men wear a great looſe cloak, in which they wrap themſelves up to the chin; round their legs and feet are wound ſtripes of very coarſe linen, but no ſhoes. In this elegant attire, both ſexes ſtand in the ſtreet converſing, *et faiſant l'agreable*, all day long. They never work if they can avoid it; now and then, as a piece of gallantry, the men ſearch for and diſlodge ſome of the inhabitants of their miſtreſſes heads. The poſtilions and ſervants of the inn were rather better clad, and had each a large gold ear-ring in one ear, with a pearl hanging from it, and rings on their fingers, made in the preſent faſhion as to ſize, though the metal is generally pewter or braſs; they are intended to imitate a *cameo*, or an *intaglio*, but are extremely like what our ſchool-boys call Dumps.

But let me haſten from Fondi, that I may aſſure you Naples appears to be a moſt charming town; the ſtreets are crowded with people and brilliant equipages; the ſhops filled with all ſorts of merchandiſe; the markets ſtocked with the beſt proviſions in the greateſt abundance. We are lodged in a magnificent houſe near the royal palace; our hoſteſs, who ſeems to be a very good-humoured, civil woman, is the *Marcheſe di Grazze Riale*, ſhe is widow to a Spaniſh Marquis, and has with her a daughter, a young girl: there is no other family in the palace. I need not inform you how it happens in theſe countries, that Marchioneſſes let lodgings, and palaces are turned into lodging-houſes.

houſes. Our apartment, which is the firſt floor, conſiſts of ſo many rooms, that it is a journey from the ſtair caſe to the drawing-room: beſide kitchen, *&c.* we have even a chapel upon the ſame floor; which laſt we intend converting into an anti-chamber for our ſervants, as it lies particularly convenient for that purpoſe. We have already received many civilities from thoſe to whom we had letters of recommendation; but I am ſo weary of this long epiſtle, that I ſhall ſay no more at preſent, than that we have loſt no time to get ſettled, and are already provided with a very handſome glaſs coach, horſes, and coachman (a job you may ſuppoſe), two footmen, a maid for me, a cook and ſcullion-boy, a hair-dreſſer by the month, for M——'s *valet de chambre* cannot dreſs hair. How often have we regretted the having brought him ſo far! but we are not the firſt who have been deceived in ſervants, and you muſt certainly remember the excellent character which induced M—— to take him. Adieu. As ever,

Yours, *&c.*

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LETTER XXXIV.

Naples, Jan. 14th, 1771.

I Wrote to you two days ſince; but do not expect letters every two days, for it will not be in my power to write ſo frequently. The effects produced by our recommendatory letters have been moſt convenient and agreeable: the Duke and Ducheſs of *Termoli*, with their ſon and daughter, have ſhewn us the greateſt civilities. This family have been to ſee us, and treat us with all the kindneſs it is poſſible to expect from near relations, although they are, as you know, diſtant * * * * * * *. Alſo Monſieur P—— (who is, it ſeems, to go to England in a public character) called upon us, and introduced us to his family, his ſiſter, *&c.* They are all polite and civil. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have called upon us, and have done the honours of their place; as offering ſeats in their box at the opera, invitations to their palace, to their concert, *&c.* The Ducheſs of Termoli ſent one of her gentlemen with a meſſage to offer the uſe of one of her carriages, horſes, ſervants, *&c.* during our reſidence here, with a very polite excuſe, accounting for her not going conſtantly with me herſelf to public places, aſſemblies at private houſes, *&c.* from her being in waiting from four o'clock till ten; but that as ſoon as it is in her power, ſhe will do us every kind office. This meſſage is badly tranſlated, and

and has loſt, like other tranſlations, much of the ſpirit of the original. The place this lady holds at court anſwers to our miſtreſs of the robes; the Duke's place to that of high chamberlain. She, in perſon and ſenſe, puts me in mind of the Dowager Counteſs of T——e, is about her age and height, and has certainly been a charming woman; we have received from her a moſt obliging invitation to *Caſſerta*, whither the court will ſoon remove. We have been to the opera, which is very fine, (but I ſhall mention it more particularly in another place) in Monſieur Pigniatelli's box, where we were introduced by his family to ſeveral people. The French Ambaſſador, Monſieur de Choiſeul, has alſo been to ſee us; we have invitations from him to an aſſembly at his palace, alſo to dine, *&c.* and a key to his box at the opera, which he politely offered me. We have returned our viſits, and have been introduced to ſeveral other families, amongſt which are the following: the Princeſs *Giracci Grimaldi*, a Genoeſe; the Princeſs *Potera* and all her family, called the *Monte Leonis*, they are Sicilians; the *Marcheſe Trevico* and her daughter, who is married to a grandee of Spain with ſo hard a name that I cannot recollect it; the Dutcheſs of Palma, the Tannucci family, he is firſt miniſter; and, in ſhort, to ſo many more, that I muſt make a liſt of them, for their very names are moſt difficult to remember. I fear our acquaintance will increaſe, ſo as to become an impediment

ment to our purſuit and examination of thoſe objects which enrich Naples and its neighbourhood. Though theſe foreigners ſeem to vie with each other in hoſpitality and politeneſs, yet we were extremely pleaſed to find a great many Engliſh here. At Mrs. Hamilton's aſſembly, before the Italians came in, I could have fancied myſelf at an aſſembly in London. I ſhall give you here a a liſt of them. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * On being introduced into the drawing-room, I was ſurpriſed at the appearance of two Engliſh ladies, (Mrs. H—— and Lady H——) who were dreſſed as they would have been for a court-day at St. James's: it appeared, that though they had not been at St. James's, they had been at *St. Carlos's*; in ſhort, they had been juſt preſented at court; and I found I had come a day too late, as the ceremony of preſenting was not to be repeated till after the return of the court from Caſſerta, that morning being the laſt court-day. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * You ſee, by what I have told you, the preſenting muſt be done at Caſſerta, however uncuſtomary, the *etiquettes*, *&c.* here demand it: and the Dutcheſs of Termoli, the Tannucci family, and Pigniatelli's muſt certainly be proper judges. I ſhall not cloſe this letter till I have made it more intereſting to you, as I am ſure you wiſh to know how we live, and with whom, as well as what we ſee.

Jan. 18. With the utmoſt joy we have received a pacquet of letters from you. [Here follows

lows part of this letter, which, as it relates entirely to family affairs, is omitted; alſo ſome anecdotes, not thought proper for public peruſal.]

We are not likely to paſs our time in a ſtupid and unintereſting manner, as we have a choice of ſeveral boxes at the opera, the Dutcheſs of Termoli's, the Princeſs Piedimonti's, and the Dutcheſs of Palma's, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned. As to engagements, they are ſo numerous, and for ſuch a time to come, that I know not how we ſhall contrive to fulfil them. Mrs. Hamilton's Muſical Aſſembly, which ſhe gives once a week, is rendered perfect by her elegant taſte and fine performance; it is called an *Accademia di Muſica*; and I ſuppoſe no country can produce a more complete band of excellent performers. I am ſorry this fooliſh affair concerning preſenting at Caſſerta, trifling as it is, ſhould have occaſioned ſo much converſation here, and, till it was ſettled by the Queen herſelf, was very tireſome.—All being at length adjuſted, the Queen will have me preſented to her the firſt *Fête* day at Caſſerta; when that is over, you ſhall hear all about it.

We are moſt agreeably ſituated, having a charming proſpect from our windows, as well as a ſide-view of the King's palace (a very fine building) and a triumphal arch, through which we catch a beautiful glimpſe of the ſea. On the oppoſite ſide, the left, is a great church, and in front

front the magnificent theatre of St. Carlo, which has a communication with the royal palace. The ſtreet we live in is called *Strada di Toledo*, it is extremely broad; we ſee along it till the perpective almoſt meets.

The mount Veſuvius bounds our view; and this mountain is a great amuſement to me at night: I never go to bed without watching and bidding it adieu from my window. It bellows like diſtant thunder, and then throws out flames and red-hot ſtones with *lava*; the appearance altogether is like that of a prodigious fire-work; the fire is ſeldom viſible by day, but a thick ſmoke always riſes from its top.

The weather is ſo warm, we ſit with the windows open. All the flowers of the ſpring are here now in the greateſt abundance, ſuch as jonquils of various ſorts, anemones, carnations; roſes are juſt come into ſeaſon, and ſold for a *bajocha*, (or half-penny) each.

I have already begun to pick up ſome curious things, which I am ſure will meet your approbation, and am in a fair way to have ſeveral more, although at preſent difficult to be procured, comparatively with what they were when Mr. Hamilton made his collection. We are endeavouring to attain all the knowledge we can from the moſt ingenious people here, and from books, in order to render ourſelves, in ſome degree, worthy the inſpection of the cabinet of Portici and the town of Pompeia, on which account

we

we have ſeldom been out as yet till after dinner, as I hope by my induſtry to be able ſoon to accompany M—— in the reſearches after antiquity, without being an interruption to him. Judge yourſelf of the merits of the curioſities contained in the cabinet of Portici, when I aſſure you, upon the beſt information, that many of the articles of that depoſitary were held in the higheſt eſteem by the Romans themſelves in the Auguſtan age; theſe I preſume muſt be Etruſcan, Egyptian, and Grecian rareties and antiques. Adieu for the preſent, for I will not defer ſending this letter to another opportunity, leſt you ſhould be uneaſy, the diſtance between us being now ſo conſiderably increaſed. My next ſhall be more entertaining. I am, as ever, *&c.*

LETTER XXXV.

Jan. the 25th.

I HAVE been ſo much engaged lately, that I am quite weary with amuſements. We have been at a *Fête*, given by the Princeſs Potera to about two hundred people. Their palace is ſpacious, conſequently its grand apartment ſufficiently large for the accommodation of ſo many gueſts. Every thing was conducted with the greateſt order. The company a ſelection from amongſt the principal nobility of Naples. Moſt of the *Engliſh* ſtrangers were of it alſo. One room

was

was for the ball, another for cards, a third for refreſhments, a fourth for ſupper, beſides the antichambers leading to theſe four, which were brilliantly illuminated and lined with attendants. Engliſh country-dances laſted almoſt the whole evening, and but few minuets, none but thoſe who excelled attempting to perform. How happy would it be for the ſitters-by, if this rule was a Perſian and Medean law at certain balls in England. The ſupper was very agreeably managed, in my opinion; it was ready at twelve, and any party that choſe it went together and partook of it; it was then removed, and the table covered again, and the like repeated till three in the morning. This family propoſe giving the ſame ſort of *Fête* once every week during the *Carnival*. The moſt amiable manners adorn each individual of their princely houſe. The young *Princepeſſina*, their daughter, is handſome and well-bred enough to grace a Britiſh drawing-room.

We have alſo been at the Princeſs *Giracci*'s aſſemblies, which are extremely elegant, and the company as numerous as at any in London. Thoſe we know live ſo much in the ſame ſtyle and the ſame ſociety, that by deſcribing one you may form a judgment of all the others; ſo I ſhall proceed to give you the hiſtory of our day at Caſſerta. This ſuperb palace is not yet completed, but will certainly be finiſhed in a ſhorter time than is imagined, if they continue to work upon it as they do at preſent. I ſhall only deſcribe to

you the apartments we ſaw, and the theatre. We had an invitation from the Duke and Dutcheſs of Termoli to dine with them, and they gave us a magnificent entertainment, though their houſe at Caſſerta is but ſmall, being one amongſt many other buildings, contiguous to the palace, hired for the accommodation of the officers of the court, until the palace, its pavilions, *&c.* are completed. They received us in the moſt friendly and hoſpitable manner, much mortified at not having it in their power to offer us an apartment during the time the court ſhould reſide there, but were themſelves ſo crowded, as to be obliged to have double beds in all their bedchambers. At half an hour after five in the afternoon Mrs. Hamilton called upon me to go to the theatre according to agreement * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * In conſequence of a meſſage from the Queen, I then went with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton into the box of the prime miniſter, from whence her Majeſty ſent. The Queen received me moſt graciouſly, I may venture to ſay with a courtly familiarity, as if I had had the honour of being known to her before. Amongſt many things ſhe was pleaſed to ſay (a great part of which I did not clearly underſtand, as ſhe ſpeaks but indifferent French and but little Italian) ſhe wiſhed me to tell her ſincerely how I liked Italy, how I liked France, and whether I knew her ſiſter the Dauphine, and how I liked her; the ſame inquiry in regard to the Infanta of Parma, another

of

of her Majeſty's ſiſters; whether I had been at Vienna, or intended to go thither. The concluſion of the converſation was many civil things, and many kind wiſhes for my being pleaſed with the *Fêtes* of Caſſerta, where ſhe was ſo good as to ſay ſhe hoped to ſee me conſtantly; ſhe then deſired me to accompany her into the pit, and to dance, *&c.* The company preſent in the box, beſide Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, were the Dutcheſs of Termoli and her daughter, the Tannucci family, the Dutcheſs of Palma, the Prince St. Omaro, and ſome lords of the chamber. The Italian ladies I have mentioned are the principal favourites and intimates of the Queen. Her Majeſty is a beautiful woman, ſhe has the fineſt and moſt tranſparent complexion I ever ſaw, her hair is of that gloſſy light cheſnut I ſo much admire; it is by no means red; her eyes are large, brilliant, and of a dark blue, her eyebrows exact, and darker than her hair, her noſe inclining to the aquiline, her mouth ſmall, her lips very red (not of the Auſtrian thickneſs) her teeth beautifully white and even, and when ſhe ſmiles ſhe diſcovers two dimples, which throw a finiſhing ſweetneſs over her whole countenance: her ſhape is perfect; ſhe is juſt plump enough not to appear lean; her neck is long, her deportment eaſy, her walk majeſtic, her attitudes and action graceful: ſhe is a beauty ſo much to my taſte, that I muſt ſay no more of her perſon, *&c.* leſt ſhe ſhould fill up too much of my paper.

As ſoon as her Majeſty, *&c.* were come into the pit, the Queen immediately danced a minuet, and in the higheſt perfection; both their Majeſties were dreſſed *en Savoiarde*, in ſtuff of ſtriped ſattin. Neither gold, ſilver, jewels, lace, or embroidery are permitted to be worn at theſe *Fêtes:* a wiſe and benevolent regulation.

At the time I was preſenting, the Queen and all the company in the box were unmaſked; but when her Majeſty deſcended into the ball-room (the pit) ſhe entered maſked, as did the others. A ſmall black maſk which covers half the face is what every body muſt wear.

There is no precedence obſerved at theſe balls; the King and Queen go in and out promiſcuouſly, which is the reaſon why the company is not ſo numerous as one might expect to find it. None but ſuch as the Queen eſteems proper to receive and converſe with *ſans ceremonie* are ever admitted; and there are many of the Neapolitan nobility, even to the rank of dukes, who can only ſee the ball from the upper boxes. Do not expect a deſcription of the King's perſon, ſuffice it to ſay, he is not *ſo handſome* as his Queen. Any of the company may dance at the ſame time with their Majeſties. There are three or four ſets of Engliſh country-dances, and when the Queen is tired of them, minuets are danced, as many as there is room for at the ſame time. The Queen calls out thoſe ſhe chooſes to dance with; ſhe did M— the honour to order him more than once that night

night to dance with her. His Majeſty is not fond of this amuſement; however, he danced a country-dance in a ſet he commanded, conſiſting of men only, that he might, I ſuppoſe, dance as high and as violently as he pleaſed; but he met with one young Engliſhman who was more than his match, Lord L——, who gave him ſuch a twirl in return, as both ſurpriſed and pleaſed his Majeſty.

I ſhall next give you, as well as I am able, a picture of the theatre, before you partake of our ſupper.

The theatre is in the palace; it is approached through ſpacious courts, and then through large paſſages lined with a double row of guards under arms. The plan is circular, the *proſcenium* appeared to us to cut off about a third from the circle; the boxes are larger than thoſe in any other I have yet ſeen; they are lined, gilt, and decorated with a profuſion of ornaments. The gilding of the decorations through the whole of the theatre is ſo uncommonly bright, that I think ſolid gold of the higheſt poliſh could not ſurpaſs it. The friezes, cornices, pediments, *&c.* are of a beautiful tranſparent marble, reſembling a mixture of agate and oriental alabaſter; the pillars ſupporting theſe ornaments are of the moſt exact proportions and of the ſame materials; the ſtage is finely decorated, and ſo well painted in perſpective, as almoſt to produce a deception; the back ſcene being down, and thoſe of the ſides repre-

ſenting columns, &c. the appearance is that of the inſide of a vaſt ſaloon. The ſtage was covered with the muſicians upon benches, riſing pyramidically one bench above the other, the top of the pyramid is crowned by the kettle-drums. The muſicians are all in a livery, their coats blue, richly laced, their waiſtcoats red, and almoſt covered with ſilver, ſmall black hats, with long ſcarlet feathers ſtuck upright in them: large wax candles are placed between, ſo that they form a ſtriking *coup-d'oeil* upon your entering the theatre: the whole is ſo artfully illuminated, that the effect is equal, and ſeems as if the light proceeded from a brilliant ſun at the top, I imagine this may be accounted for from the reflection of the lights by the high poliſhed marble pillars and other ornaments, into which the light ſeems even to pierce. The pit (which is more like an antique arena) is floored with a compoſition coloured red, very hard, and rather ſlippery; here it is company dance. The boxes are appropriated to the foreign miniſters and great officers belonging to the court. At twelve, the Queen unmaſks, as do all the company in the ſame moment: they then adjourn to ſupper, thoſe who happen to be near the door going out firſt, &c. thus it may happen, that their Majeſties may be laſt, ſo completely is all *etiquette* annihilated here. When the Queen is near the door, all the courtiers crowd about her on their knees to kiſs her hands, which ſhe lends on each ſide in the moſt gracious manner.

After

After mounting a ſtaircaſe, you enter ſeveral large rooms, hung in the Italian taſte with crimſon damaſk, velvet, *&c.* and amply illuminated. The chairs are placed all round againſt the walls, and the company place themſelves as they chooſe. Theſe rooms were ſo full, that there was a double row of chairs ſet back to back down the middle. Accident placed me exactly oppoſite the Queen, who took the firſt chair ſhe found empty. There are no tables in any of the rooms; but every perſon being ſeated, the ſupper is ſerved thus: The beſt looking ſoldiers, choſen from the King's guards, carry about the ſupper with as much order, regularity, and gravity, as if they were performing a military *manœuvre*. Firſt appears a ſoldier bearing a large baſket with napkins, followed by a page, who unfolds and ſpreads them on the lap of each of the company as they happen to ſit; but when it comes to the Queen's turn to be ſerved, a lord of the court preſents her Majeſty's napkin. The firſt ſoldier is immediately followed by a ſecond, bearing a baſket of ſilver plates; another carries knives and forks; then follows a fourth, with a great *pattée*, compoſed of macaroni, cheeſe, and butter; he is accompanied by an *ecuyer trenchant* (or carver), armed with a knife a foot long in the blade, who cuts the pie, and lays a large ſlice on the plate (which has been placed on the lap of each of the company); then a fifth ſolder, with an empty baſket, takes away the dirty plates: others ſucceed in the ſame order,

carrying wines, iced water, &c.; the drinkables are ſerved between each proceſſion of eatables, the reſt of the ſupper conſiſted of various diſhes of fiſh, ragouts, game, fried and baked meats, perigord pies, boars-heads, &c. The deſert was formed into pyramids, and carried round in the ſame manner; it conſiſted of ſweetmeats, biſcuits, iced-chocolate, and a great variety of iced-fruits, creams, &c. The Queen eat of two things only, which were prepared particularly for her by her German cooks; ſhe did me the ſingular honour to ſend me ſome of each diſh.

As ſoon as the Queen perceived that all the company had ſupped, ſhe aroſe, and proceeded to the coffee-room, as did thoſe of the company who choſe coffee. This room is furniſhed like the coffee-houſes of Paris preciſely; the walls covered with ſhelves, on which are placed all kinds of *liqueurs* and Greek wines. Here are tables, behind which ſtand young men in white waiſtcoats and caps, who make and ſerve the coffee and other refreſhments, of which there is a profuſion. —The Queen was moſt gracious to me, and diſtreſſed me by her goodneſs: for there being a great crowd, and finding a chair empty, I ſat down upon it, when turning my head, I perceived her Majeſty cloſe to me: I aroſe; ſhe took hold of me and obliged me to ſit down; and having a diſh of coffee in my hand, it was with the utmoſt difficulty I could prevent the contents of it from falling upon her clothes. —I have often obſerved that

that Princes are exceedingly ſudden in their motions. She was ſo gracious as to commence a converſation; but quickly perceived how much ſhe embarraſſed me by her commands, as I was ſitting and her Majeſty ſtanding cloſe to me, ſhe moſt kindly relieved me, by giving me an opportunity of riſing, pretending ſhe wanted ſomething.

The ball laſted till ſeven in the morning; we quitted it at four, being much fatigued with dancing. I was determined to follow the example of the Italian ladies in one inſtance, that of drinking iced water and iced lemonade when much heated: and what is ſurpriſing, ſo far from feeling any bad effect, I found myſelf conſiderably relieved from my fatigue, and not the leaſt chilline ſs ſucceeded. We returned back to Naples without any accident, and ſlept profoundly for ten hours. We are invited to a *grand Bal Pareè* at the French ambaſſador's, Monſ. de Choiſeul's, and to a ſecond, at the Princeſs Potero's.

I ſhall conclude this letter when I have informed you that this city is famous for a manufacture in tortoiſe-ſhell, which they inlay curiouſly with gold, and are very ingenious at repreſenting any object you chooſe. I have had a comb made for my *chignion* incruſted with gold, to imitate an Etruſcan border, copied from an antique vaſe, which is ſo well done, that we have beſpoke ſeveral other articles: you are not forgot;

got; I ſhall ſend you * * * * by the firſt opportunity, with ſome other trifles.

I believe I forgot to mention, that no gold or ſilver ſtuffs, jewels, or lace, are permitted to be worn at the *Fêtes* of Caſſerta. If I have already ſaid it, I am ſorry to repeat; but I am ſo tired of my own letter, that I cannot read it over again; therefore excuſe my double information, if ſuch it is, and adieu, *&c.*

Jan. 28, 1771.

Though I had concluded my letter, I have yet ſomething to add concerning the *Fêtes* at Caſſerta: there are ſuch precautions taken by the court to prevent improper people gaining admittance, that the tickets have the royal arms engraved on them, and ſome private marks, alſo the perſon's name they are to admit wrote on them; and theſe tickets are received at the pit door by the lord of the court who happens to be in waiting during theſe *Fêtes.*

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LETTER XXXVI.

Feb. 9th, 1771.

I SIT down to write you a long epiſtle, having received your laſt, which I ought to have had ſooner; but the arrival of the poſts are here extremely uncertain; that from France comes ſometimes by ſea, ſometimes by land, ſo that you cannot know when to expect it with any degree of certainty. * * * * * * * * * * * *

In return for the horrible murder of which you give an account, I ſend you another, which happened juſt at the door of this houſe two nights ſince. About ſeven in the evening (when unluckily we were at home) we heard a ſort of confuſed noiſe, which though not loud, alarmed me. I rung and called, at length ſome of the ſervants came to me. They ſaid, the noiſe I had heard, proceed from a little buſtle in the ſtreet—A man who ſold lemonade and iced water to the Lazzeroni, and who kept a ſtall juſt by the door, having had ſome diſpute with his younger brother, had ſtabbed him with a knife, of which he inſtantly expired. The murdered lad was only fifteen years old: the murderer immediately abſconded, none interpoſed to prevent either the murder or the eſcape. The body remained in the ſtall till the next day, when it was removed. Our hoſteſs ſent the mother of theſe ſons a regale of maccaroni

maccaroni ſoup and a pot of chocolate, by way of conſolation for her loſs; and I ſuppoſe ſhe was comforted, as the affair made no noiſe, nor have we been able to learn that any thing has been done in it ſince. Theſe poor people's lives and preſervation would be a very dull and vulgar topic of converſation for the polite *nobleſſe* of this country. What a country is England, where neither maccaroni ſoup or chocolate would ſuffice to comfort a widowed mother for the loſs of a ſon! There would be no time for the *Sieſta*, nor for gallantry, were the murders of Lazzeronis and ſuch ſort of people to intrude upon the attention of the Neapolitan public.

There is here a public entertainment for the people, which the Great condeſcend to behold with no ſmall degree of pleaſure; it is called the *Cocagna*. *Cocagna:* I preſume the *Venatio direptionis*, mentioned by Kennet in his Antiquities, is the origin of this amuſement. This ſport is continued once a-week during the *Carnival*. Oppoſite the palace, a building of wood is erected, the greater part of which is covered over with different articles of proviſion; the ſcenery is varied every week; the deſcription of one will give you a ſufficient idea of the others.—A hill appears exactly oppoſite the palace, from the center of which burſts forth a fountain, and falls into a baſon at its foot; the baſe repreſents incruſtations of rocks and ſhells like grotto-work; ſuch is the appearance from the windows of the palace; but this grotto-

work

work is compoſed of nothing elſe than dried fiſh varniſhed and gilt, and intermixed with loaves of bread ſo well placed as to deceive the eye. On the ſides of the hill (which is covered with green boughs), appear living lambs ornamented with ribands and artificial flowers; in another part are calves and ſome oxen: amongſt the boughs geeſe and pigeons nailed faſt by the wings. On the top ſtands a figure of Apollo playing on the lyre.—Formerly all the creatures were hung up alive, and tied faſt to the wood-work; but now, by this amiable Queen's particular command, the oxen are killed before the *ſport* begins. The guards are drawn out round this artificial hill to prevent miſchief; and at a ſignal given, the mob fall on, deſtroy the building, carry off whatever they can lay hold of, and fight with each other, in great violence and animoſity. The court are frequently in the balconies of the palace, with moſt of the nobility of Naples, to ſee the *Cocagna*. When the Queen firſt ſaw this barbarous amuſement, ſhe was ſhocked at the cruelty of tearing the wretched animals to pieces, whoſe cries pierced the palace, and commanded, as I have already ſaid, that the cattle ſhould not be expoſed alive to the brutality of the populace; but the lambs, geeſe, pigeons, and ſome other poor birds, fall a living ſacrifice to their ferocity: they tear them away unfeelingly from their faſtenings ſo as often to leave their wings behind. We have been to ſee this ſight, as you know ſtrangers ſhould not neglect

gleſt any opportunity of attending upon whatever is new to them; and we ſaw it in the moſt complete manner, being permitted to occupy one of the royal balconies. In the midſt of the riot and confuſion, a Lazzeroni dropped, and was carried off by his comrades; he had received a ſtab in the breaſt by a knife from one of his brethren, who diſputed with him ſomewhat taken off from the *Cocagna*. As ſuch events are common upon this occaſion, no notice was taken of it; but the man died on the ſpot.

This *amuſement* was ſo far from proving ſuch to us, that I believe our curioſity will never again induce us to partake of it: for my part, I was ſo ſick in the ſtomach, that all eatables went exceedingly againſt me; and it was with difficulty that I could ſit down to table at my return.

Were it poſſible to be inſenſible to the cruelty connected with this *Fête*, the ingenuity of the contrivance and workmanſhip with which the *Cocagna*, *&c.* is conſtructed, would excite admiration. A great deal of taſte is diſplayed in varying the ſcene every week. The architects are no other than the *Lazzeroni* themſelves: ſometimes they repreſent Mount Parnaſſus, at other times Orpheus charming the brutes by his harmony, varying theſe by repreſentations of other fables taken from the heathen mythology. It is ſurpriſing how theſe poor people can have acquired any knowledge of this nature.

Since I wrote laſt we have ſeen the cabinet of Portici, or Muſeum, Pompeia, and what remains open of Herculaneum. Pompeia is ſituated eaſt of Naples; the road lies along the ſea-coaſt, and is extremely good; the country the whole way is rich and well cultivated. We paſſed through two villages, one is called *San Giovani Teducio*, the other *Pietra Bianca*. The diſtance from Naples to Portici is ſix miles, it is a large village, and well built, its palace was erected by Don Carlos.

Pompeia, road thither.

Portici.

Was there nothing beſide the Cabinet of Portici and Pompeia worth ſeeing in Italy, I think they would greatly overpay the traveller for all the inconveniencies he muſt have ſuffered from bad roads, inns, *&c.* if ſtill more miſerable than what we have experienced, and that that ſuppoſition was within the limits of poſſibility.

Beſides the theatre, little remains open of Herculaneum at preſent. To ſave the expence of moving the earth or lava to a diſtance, when they had made an excavation, and collected whatever they could find that was curious, they opened another quarter, filling up the firſt with its rubbiſh, and ſo on: all theſe curioſities were depoſited as ſoon as found in the Cabinet of Portici.

The Cabinet of Portici, as it is here called, joins on to the palace, and is properly ſpeaking, part of that building. It contains ſeveral rooms filled with antiquities. There is a work publiſhed by order of government, which is already increaſ-

Cabinet of Portici.

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ed to ſeven or eight large folio volumes, embelliſhed with engravings repreſenting the various articles in this collection; but it is not yet near completed, on which account no perſon who viſits this cabinet is permitted to take any ſketch, note, or memorandum upon the ſpot; ſome few things, however, from memory I ſhall mention in this letter. As to the above voluminous work, I have not time to examine it minutely; but hope when we ſhall be returned home, and that it is completed, for an opportunity of looking into it at leiſure.

To give you ſome idea of this valuable collection, I ſhall mention what appeared to me moſt intereſting, as they occur to my memory.

Palace. The palace of Portici cannot boaſt of beautiful architecture. On entering the veſtibule, the antique equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the ſon is placed on the right, within a great glazed caſe. Balbus appears by this ſtatue to have been about ten years old; his head is uncovered, and his hair quite ſhort; he is habited in a cuiraſs, under which appears a thin garment reaching half way down the thighs; his arms are almoſt naked, though a ſhort kind of mantle faſtened to his left ſhoulder flows downwards, but in ſuch a manner as not to cover them. On his legs are a ſort of ſandals reaching to the ancles; his right arm is raiſed to his head, and in the left he holds the bridle, which is remarkably ſhort. The horſe is without ſaddle or ſtirrup; he

he ſtands upon three legs, the fourth being raiſed very high; and though he does not ſeem ſufficiently in movement, yet altogether it is a very fine equeſtrian ſtatue. The inſcription is M. Nonio. M. F. Balbo. P. R. Pro. Cos. Herculanenſes.

Oppoſite to this is placed another equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the father; eſteemed as fine an antique as the other, but is not in ſuch high preſervation; the head and one of the hands are ſupplied, the originals not having been recovered from amongſt the rubbiſh. The inſcription is as follows: M. Nonio. M. F. Balbo. Patri D. D. Theſe ſtatues were found in the forum at Herculaneum.

The cupola of the ſtaircaſe of this palace is ſo well painted by one Vincenzo Re, that it deceives the eye; but I ſhall defer the deſcription of the habitable part of it for the preſent, and mention only that wing which is the reſervoir of the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeia.

Amongſt the antique marbles, the figures of animals, as well the fabulous as thoſe after nature, are many of them finely done; they were uſed to convey water into the baths; and there is a great deal of humour expreſſed in their countenances, particularly in thoſe of the chimeras, baſiliſks, *&c.* An elegant ſtatue of Diana, in white marble, draped after the purple gowns worn by the Roman ladies of antiquity; the garment is edged with a lace exactly repreſenting Cabinet.

point; it is about an inch and an half broad, and has been painted purple and gilt, great part of which ſtill remains. The ſtatues, buſtos, bas reliefs in in bronze (which are very numerous) are of ſuch exquiſite workmanſhip, that I do not think it is in the power of the moſt able artiſt of this day to execute repreſentations in metal of any kind that can rival or even bear a competition with many of them. I ſhall begin with the ſtatues in bronze, of which I wiſh you to obſerve, that I mention but a very few of the many that demand the moſt accurate attention of the curious traveller.

Druſus and Livia, large as life, found in the theatre at Herculaneum; he is draped in his conſular dreſs, a large ring in *intaglio*, the conſular ſignet on his third finger. Livia has a ring on the firſt joint of her fore-finger (as now worn at Naples); theſe ſtatues are finely executed.

A Mercury, large as life. Another Mercury and two wreſtlers running againſt each other.

The Drunken Fawn (in bronze) large as life, reclined upon a ſkin of wine. Eleven ſuch were found in the theatre at Herculaneum, but have been melted down and coined into ſmall money by order of government. Many other antiques of more valuable metals, raked out of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Stabia, have been appropriated to the like purpoſe.

In the Gallery, or chamber of buſtos of philoſophers and illuſtrious perſons, whoſe identity has for the moſt part been aſcertained by compar-

ing them with medals, coins, bas reliefs, &c. amongſt many of great merit, the immortal Plato is one of the moſt ſtriking: the ingenuity of the ſculptor, in the various curls and natural wreathings of his hair and beard, is wonderful.

Scipio Africanus expreſſes in his countenance the utmoſt dignity, ſenſe, and affability.

A Socrates ſpeaking: ſo very natural, as to ſurpriſe rather too much.

An Alexander; the features and caſt of his countenance ſtrongly reſemble that at Florence: the expreſſion is that of doubt, or anxiety of mind; as if big with ſome arduous enterpriſe; but he does not appear to ſuffer bodily pain.

A young Nero, in marble, of great beauty.

A fine Ptolemy Philadelphus in bronze.

A beautiful wreſtler, in the ſame metal, crowned with laurel: this ſtatue breathes true bravery; not a line of cruelty or revenge in the features, but a modeſt, amiable countenance, without pride, or conſciouſneſs of ſuperior merit.

All the rooms (about ten in number) are paved with antique moſaic, exactly as they found their preſent floors at Herculaneum; theſe rooms being conſtructed of ſimilar dimenſions for their reception, and no two of them are of the ſame pattern. The *a l'y grec* borders encompaſs every different floor, and are curious for their regularity and linear intricacy. One pavement particularly deſerves notice: it repreſents a Roman camp, forming an exact ſquare: in the middle of each

ſide is a gate fronting the center. Towers of three ſtories high, at equal diſtances, encompaſs the whole; they are all alike in ſize, *&c.* except thoſe at the angles, which appear larger and more conſiderable than the others. The ſeats for the muſicians found in the orcheſtra at Herculaneum are curious, the frames and legs being ſtill perfect; they are of bronze and have been gilt; ſome of the gilding ſtill remains; the legs repreſent two ſerpents on each ſide of the ſtool, which forming a kind of a croſs, ſomewhat like two S's, deſcribe the ſerpentine line of beauty, and have a moſt graceful effect. Here are alſo inſcriptions, ſetting forth the names of thoſe who uſed the baths at Stabia; as Licinum, Fauſtinum, Vatiam, *&c.* Amongſt the utenſils in bronze, the ſcales and weights deſerve notice, for the delicacy of their workmanſhip. It appears that the weights commonly uſed were buſtos of gods or heroes ſuſpended by a ring. The ſcales are of various ſizes, beſides a great many inſtruments for weighing, like thoſe called in England ſteel-yards; to which the weights reſembling human figures ſeem to have belonged. The moulds for ices, and various inſtruments for ornamenting paſtry, *&c.* clearly prove the luxury of thoſe times to have far exceeded in fertility of invention that of our day: a great variety of ſtrainers pierced in the moſt curious manner, and which are frequently found in pairs, one fitting into the other: but for what uſe deſigned, is not

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eaſy to determine; many of them are in ſilver, others in bronze. Here are culinary utenſils of more various ſhapes and ſizes than you can find in the beſt furniſhed modern kitchen.

One of theſe rooms is built and furniſhed in exact conformity with a kitchen which was diſcovered entire; it contains a number of articles, many ſo complicated, that their uſe does not clearly appear; each veſſel is of bronze, and of fine workmanſhip: upon the whole, it ſeems indiſputable that the ancients employed more refinements in their entertainments than the moderns, and muſt have ſerved up a much greater variety of diſhes than we do. The dreſſers, ſtew-holes, ſtoves, boilers, fiſh-kettles, *&c.* reſemble ours, though they ſeem to have been better contrived. The lamps to light the apartments, and the *candelabres* to ſuſtain them, ſhew a ſurpriſing fertility of invention and execution; ſcarcely any two lamps are alike, amongſt ſome hundreds of them. Here are alſo tunable bells of different ſizes for their cattle, reſembling thoſe in England called *tintanabula*; alſo keys, letters to ſtamp with, perhaps to mark linen, *&c.* inſtruments of agriculture, chirurgery, and mathematics, *&c.* Another article for culinary uſe, which would be very convenient and agreeable in England is, a kind of portable kitchen, which does not exceed the ſize of a commodious plate-warmer; in the center is a vaſe for water, under it a furnace for fire, with an invention for broiling meat at the

ſame time that it heats the water; this vaſe has a double bottom and three little fleus, or chimneys, for carrying off the ſmoke; the double bottom admits of ſtewing any thing in the manner called by the French *à la braiſe*. This would be a moſt convenient machine for thoſe who like to eat in parks or gardens: cups and ſaucers in ſilver, of ſuperior ſculpture to any I have ever ſeen, and reſembling in make thoſe now uſed for tea and coffee; they have handles, ſo curiouſly contrived as to balance them, and prevent their overturning, however careleſsly held when full *: baſkets for deſerts in metal; many veſſels gilt and ſilvered. I intended to have been ſhort upon theſe matters, in order to proceed to more extentenſive objects than domeſtic utenſils, *&c.*; but I muſt and will tell you, that here are two loaves of bread entire, marked with theſe words, *Segilio e Granii*, E. Cicire; alſo ſeveral kinds of corn, nuts, eggs, almonds, figs, dates, oil quite dry and hard; jars of wine, which, though black, hard and looking like pitch, ſtill retain a vinous fragrance: they are dated, and marked Herculaneum. A piece of purple ſtuff folded, which when touched, falls to powder, and a great quantity of ſewing ſilk of the ſame rich dye. I was cautioned againſt touching it by the perſon who ſhews the collection, but placing my finger on it ſuddenly, it took a ſufficient im-

* It is thought the ancients uſed theſe for warm water, which they drank as we do tea and coffee.

preſſion

preſſion to prove the effect to be as above mentioned. I wiſhed to have been permitted to rub my finger (as a little remained on it) upon a piece of paper, juſt to bring with me an idea of the colour: but beſides a ſharp, though civil reprimand, for my curioſity, he inſiſted peremptorily on my not carrying off an atom; "for," ſaid he, "it is a curioſity no monarch upon earth can boaſt the poſſeſſion of, beſides my maſter, the King of Naples."

The inſtruments of muſick I particularly obſerved are the following; the ſeringa, or flute of ſeveral tubes, formed of bone, and which you frequently ſee as the inſignia in painting, if not always, accompanying the god Pan and the Satyrs: the *Crotali*; theſe are like baſons, or deep ſaucers with broad brims; they were ſtruck againſt each other, and are of braſs. The *Siſtrum*, in ſhape like a horſe-ſhoe, croſſed by ſeveral wires paſſing through holes, and ſo made as to admit their ſlipping from ſide to ſide; when this inſtrument is waved by the hand, the wires produce a loud noiſe: the *Tibiæ*, or double flute; this is made of metal. I ſuppoſe you are ſtruck with an idea of the neceſſity the ancients had for more capacious mouths than the moderns; but I conjecture there muſt have been ſome kind of reed, which communicated with the ends of theſe pipes or mouth-piece, through which the breath might with eaſe be conveyed. The *tripods*, and all the inſtruments for ſacrifice, are of ſurpriſing

execution and elegance; their borders exceed the *goudronée* of any plate I ever ſaw. In the armoury are many ſhields, iron boots, ſpears, *&c.* on the firſt are hiſtorical repreſentations in bas relief; the ſubjects of thoſe I remember are, Sinon taken priſoner appearing before Priam; Caſſandra about to be aſſaſſinated; Pyrrhus going to kill Priam; Helen reſtored to Menelaus; Eneas bearing Anchiſes, Creuſa holds by one of his arms, Acchates by the other; a Pallas upon a pedeſtal; various tools, and inſtruments of iron have ſuffered conſiderably by the fire; but the bronze is in perfect preſervation; fiſhing-nets and hooks (of various conſtruction) ſtill entire, though blackened; dice loaded, for the purpoſes of cheating, we ſuppoſe; ſeveral compaſſes of proportion; a ſmall ivory ſkull, admirably well done and hollow within; glaſs jars, like thoſe now uſed for pickles; goblets, phials, bowls, a box in the form of a book, containing what appears to have been an ointment; ink-horns of a cylindrical ſhape; wooden pens, one in particular incloſed in a very ſmall neat box with a ſliding cover; both box and pen are made of a brown wood highly poliſhed and exquiſitely finiſhed. The ink in the cylinders is ſtill black, quite dry, and ſome of it in powder: tablets with hollows for the wax, but theſe are empty; the ſtylus; one ſort is pointed at one end and flat at the other, evidently to eraſe, or rather ſmooth over, fill up, or correct what had been erroneouſly

wrote

wrote with the ſharp end; M—— immediately recollected a paſſage in Horace which explains this uſe of them, *Sæpè ſtylum vertas, &c.*——, whom you frequently ſee, will explain this to you. Another ſort, like a blunt chiſſel, ſeems plainly intended to lay on the wax ſmooth and even: and *etui* (entire) filled with theſe ſtyluſes; looking-glaſſes about the ſize of a ſmall plate, of a white poliſhed metal, much dulled and ſullied probably by the heat of the fire; they are mounted in ſilver, which is doubled down round the rim in angles or points, like old-faſhioned lace: a vaſt variety of urns, and other veſſels; many of which are of the moſt delicate earthen ware, not glazed, but of a texture and colour ſuperior to the old red china tea-pots, and much thinner than Engliſh cards, or than even thoſe of France. Amongſt the veſſels urn-faſhioned are ſome with ſeparations within, called by the ancients, as M—— informs me, *Gliraria*, and ſeem intended for the feeding and fattening of dormice, eſteemed by them a great delicacy: a ſmall buſto of this earthen ware; the noſe and other features reſemble the maſks for punchinellos of this day; but this buſto is the real repreſentation of thoſe unfortunate creatures who, for the *amuſement* of the *great*, were tortured into idiots from their earlieſt infancy; the heads were preſſed or ſqueezed, until their foreheads became narrow, and the ſkull high and rather pointed than round; the ears continually pulled till they

ſtuck

ſtuck out from the head, and ſquared with their faces; the noſes underwent ſome other torture, to make them monſtrous; the other features are proportionably hideous. Thus you ſee it was once the faſhion to form fools for the amuſement of their fellow-creatures. I hope this kind of cruelty may never be revived again in the world. What puniſhment can be deviſed adequate to the crime of impriſoning a human ſoul, diſlodging the reaſon, deſtroying the ends for which the inlets to the ſoul, the organs, were given, and being the cauſe of bringing into contempt our fellow-creatures? But let me quit this odious ſubject. I obſerved a very curious quadrant engraved on ſilver, in the ſhape of a ham; the tail of the hog forms the ſtyle.

Here are medals in great abundance, and ſome extremely rare. For many reaſons I ſhall not mention more than two of them, which I am informed are indubitable originals; one of Veſpaſian, ſtruck upon the occaſion of the taking of Jeruſalem, and a medallion of Auguſtus in gold.

Alſo ſeveral beautiful Cameos; that which repreſents Phaeton conducting the chariot of the ſun, has great merit; the ſtarting and ungovernable movements of the horſes are finely expreſſed; this is a Sardonyx, and as large as a crown-piece, but of an irregular ſhape. A Jacinth ſet in a ring of gold, quite plain, and ſeveral Intaglios, are extremely curious, both for their workmanſhip

manſhip and devices. The famous Cameo the King of Spain left here on his quitting Naples, is of a ſmaller ſize than moſt of the other antiques; it repreſents the face of an old man of a groteſque countenance, with a long beard, (I take it for a Silenus) and is highly finiſhed; every curl and wave of the beard appear diſtinctly. His Spaniſh Majeſty left it in the collection, on account of his eſteeming it a *chef d'œuvre* of antique workmanſhip, and would not deprive the cabinet of Portici of ſo great a treaſure; which are ſaid to be his own words, when he took it off his finger, upon taking leave of this cabinet.

Several ſmall ſtatues and bas reliefs well executed in ivory.

The glaſs merits, for its curioſity, to be particularly mentioned; it was not only uſed in veſſels of various kinds, but alſo in windows for panes; is of different thickneſſes, and as tranſparent as that we have at preſent, allowing for a dullneſs and incruſtation on its ſuperficies, which all glaſs acquires by lying under ground any conſiderable time, but is clear where it has been recently broke. In the windows of ſome of the principal houſes diſcovered at Pompeia, panes were found formed of a foſſil, called by the French *piere de la lune*, or *gyps*; this the ancients ſeem to have held in higher eſtimation than glaſs, and it was uſed for the ſame purpoſes.

Here

Here are in preſſes a great number of Deities, ſuch as Lares, *&c.* with a confuſion of allegorical and ſymbolical *inſignia*; a *Sella Curulis*; a ſtate bed, conſecrated to the gods; a bronze altar, *&c.* ſeveral tripods of curious workmanſhip; *lacrimatores* of different ſhapes and materials; a great number of articles neceſſary to the toilette, as combs made of horn like thoſe we uſe; bodkins of bronze and ivory; ſmall vaſes to hold perfumes, and women's ornaments in abundance; bracelets of gold forming two half circles, and faſtenings to them of the ſame metal, curiouſly contrived; ear-rings, chains for the neck, ſet with gems; theſe are but coarſely executed; ſciſſars, needles, and thimbles; and a caſket which was evidently deſigned to contain materials for needle-work. Here are alſo ſeveral fine *Bullas* of gold; *Strigili* in bronze, to ſcrape the ſweat off the ſkin after bathing; and many articles in rock cryſtal, ſuch as eſſence-bottles, *lacrimatores*, and cups.

Eight ſmall paintings on ſtone, repreſenting eight muſes; they are not well done; one of them has by her ſide a *ſcrinium*, or box, ſuppoſed to be uſed by the ancients to hold books, for which purpoſe, by this picture, it ſeems to have been unqueſtionably intended; the ſcrolls, or books, have labels, or ſmall ſlips of paper faſtened to their edges. This repreſentation is eſteemed a great curioſity.

No room in this cabinet is more intereſting in its appearance than the library; in contains a vaſt aſſemblage of manuſcripts; they are pretty thick rolls; moſt of them quite brown, ſome black, and had ſuffered ſo much by the fire, that it was eſteemed impoſſible to unroll them, had not an ingenious man *Padre Antonio Piaggi*, invented a moſt curious method of opening them by degrees, ſo as to be able to arrive at a poſſibility of reading them. A ſcholar of his, *Vicenzio Merli*, is now at work upon them; but the manner is ſo laborious and tedious, and the encouragement ſo ſmall, that it is probable the world may wait long for inſtruction or entertainment from his labours; he is allowed only ſix ducats a month. The firſt roll that was opened proved to be a tract of philoſophy by Epicurus; the ſecond treated of morality; the third againſt muſick, for which reaſon I would have it returned a ſecond time to the flames; the ſubject of the fourth is rhetoric. It is computed that there may be about eight hundred of theſe volumes or rolls in this library, all which are arranged with great order in glazed repoſitories; they were found in book-caſes, part of the mouldings remain, and are ſhewn, not unlike many now in uſe amongſt us. The collection of antique paintings found at Herculaneum, painted on the walls, are preſerved with the greateſt care in glaſs-caſes fitted to their particular ſize and ſhape. The pieces were ſawed out with the utmoſt attention,

having

having been previouſly ſecured from breaking, by frames of wood exactly of their ſize, contrived to hold them tight, and prevent the plaiſter from cracking in detaching them from the walls. Theſe paintings are done in what artiſts ſtyle *diſtemper*. The glow of the colouring, which had been preſerved for more than 1600 years, ſuffered much upon being expoſed to the air, and a kind of whitiſh powder formed itſelf upon them: as a remedy for this accident, a Sicilian, named Moriconi, undertook to varniſh them; this ſucceeded in ſome reſpects, but a new misfortune followed; for the varniſh fretting the colours, which had been laid on with ſome kind of gum, great pieces ſhell'd off; ſo that many of the pictures have been much damaged, others quite ſpoiled. The large ones among them are but few in number: one of theſe repreſents a Theſeus; he is of gigantic ſize, when compared with the other figures in the group. His clothing is a piece of drapery wrapped round his left ſhoulder and arm; he holds a club or mace in his right hand; and on one of his fingers is a ring. Three young Athenians are acknowledging the heroic victory he has gained over the Minotaur; one kiſſes his hand, another takes him by the arm which bears the club, and the third is proſtrate at his feet; a young girl who ſeems that moment to have joined them, lays her hand on the mace in an expreſſive manner, and appears to congratulate him on the ſame occaſion. Another perſonage

ſonage belongs to the group, but is two much effaced to admit of forming any judgment of what it was meant to repreſent. The Minotaur lies extended on the fore-ground: he bears the figure of a man with a bull's head; one of his hands graſps his horns; the ſtomach and ſhoulders appear much torn and wounded by the blows received from Theſeus's mace. At the top of the picture, appears a goddeſs in a cloud, leaning forward; no more is diſcoverable of her than her head and arms: one of her hands holds a bow, the other an arrow. The ſide of the picture where the entrance of the labyrinth was painted, is ſo mutilated as to be ſcarce diſcernable. The colours are lively in this piece; the figure of Theſeus noble, but not ſufficiently ſpirited: the young man who is proſtrate, is animated and correct: the drawing is good, but the whole fails in point of *clair obſcure*. This piece and the next are curved; they were found in two niches of the forum at Herculaneum. The ſecond is believed by the *virtuoſi* to repreſent Telephus ſon of Hercules; he is ſucking a goat, who, mean while, kindly licks his thigh; a winged divinity, crowned with laurels, holds in one hand ears of corn, and with the other points to the infant. Hercules is preſent alſo, and leaning on his club, fixes his eyes on the child: on one ſide of Hercules is a lion, on the other an eagle: the goddeſs Flora is ſeated oppoſite to him, and behind her appears the god Pan. The compoſition of this picture is good,

the

the attitudes full of expreſſion; Flora is well draped, the child, however, is particularly incorrect in the drawing, and the lion and eagle but ill done.

Another picture, full as large as life, repreſents Chiron teaching Achilles to play on the lyre; this painting pleaſes me much; the figure of Achilles is that of the moſt noble and graceful nature; the colouring is warm, of a yellowiſh caſt, the degradation of the ſhades to the lights finely obſerved; and the whole of the drawing, though not perfectly correct, yet in an eaſy, natural ſtyle. Alſo two other pictures of the large ſize; one repreſents the diſcovery of Oreſtes, by Iphigenia in Tauris; the other, Oreſtes and Pylades taken priſoners and in chains; but I have not time to enter into any particulars in regard to theſe, as I muſt mention ſome of the ſmaller pieces. Amongſt theſe a Faun and a Bacchante, both very drunk; there is great life and ſpirit in this picture. Near the Bacchante lies a Cymbal and a Thirſus, adorned with a tuft of ivy faſtened on by a red ribbon.

A painting where two young girls ſeem dancing an *Allemande:* the movement of their arms is good, but the drapery forms too great a confuſion of plaits. Here are ſeveral other pictures repreſenting dancing girls in very graceful attitudes, and all have beautiful faces. A repreſentation of five Greek women, with their names; they are playing with knuckle-bones, as ſchool-

boys

boys do at this day: four Dwarfs: a Concert; the man who blows the *tibia* has a machine tied round his head, which receives the two extremities of the muſical inſtrument. A woman at her toilette, her maid dreſſing her hair. Pictures of Etruſcan prieſts; they have two horns ſpringing from their foreheads; one of them is ſeen ſacrificing to a peacock perched on a column, adorned with garlands of flowers. A Venus, a veil in one hand, and in the other ſomething like a kind of fan. Ariadne forſaken, a Cupid weeping: this is well done. Ariadne and Bacchus. A Cupid holding a Chineſe umbrella. The Judgment of Paris. An Olive Branch, ſo well done as to deceive. Three women finely draped. A converſation-piece, very intereſting. A Bacchante riding upon a Centaur, her hair diſhevelled and blown about by the wind; what little drapery ſhe wears (in the ſwiftneſs of her progreſs) ſhe ſeems almoſt to leave behind her; her back is uncovered, and the anatomy well executed: her attitude is extraordinary, ſhe rides with one knee on his back, and with the heel of the other leg kicks him on the flank; one hand graſps him by the hair, the other bears a Thirſus, with which ſhe encourages his ſpeed: it is one of the moſt animated pictures that can be imagined. The back-ground of almoſt all the ſmall pictures is of a kind of rediſh brown. Several ſmall paintings repreſenting children, many of them winged like Cupids, and variouſly employed,

ſome playing on inſtruments of muſic, others buſied in the cares of the vintage, *&c.* animals, chiefly tigers, peacocks, ducks, cocks and hens, quails, fiſh, *&c.*

Fruits, as grapes, figs, dates; the grapes very tolerably done. Many ornaments, called *arabeſques*, which are curiouſly drawn and intricate. Alſo ſeveral landſkapes and buildings; theſe fail in keeping. It does not appear that perſpective was well underſtood at Herculaneum.

In the architecture there is a ſtrange mixture of the Gothic and Chineſe taſte; and ſome views in particular of country-houſes or villas, ſituated on the margin of the ſea (probably at Baja) where there appears Chineſe ornaments, ſuch as pales, bridges, temples, *&c.* repreſented as belonging to the gardens. That theſe people ſhould have any knowledge of the Chineſe and their gardens, ornaments, *&c.* is ſurpriſing. We obſerved one repreſentation of a Chineſe temple built on piles over a piece of water, and open on all ſides. Amongſt many comic repreſentations incloſed in *arabeſque* borders, I remarked that of rope-dancing, where the tight rope is placed and ſuſtained exactly in the ſame mauner as practiſed in England at this day, and the dancers dreſſed as in London, except a ſmall difference in the decoration of the head, thoſe of antiquity wearing a pointed cap; in other reſpects the variation from the preſent mode is inconſiderable.

Caricature

Caricature was not unknown to them, but this kind of *attalantis* wants a key. There are many perſonages repreſented with the heads of various animals, which bear ſtrong marks of having been intended for portraits; even hiſtorical events did not eſcape the ſilent ridicule of the ſatirical painter: the pious Eneas is repreſented in a ludicrous manner, and many other heroes in maſquerade, with horns, hoofs, tails, long ears, *&c. &c.* Lord T—— might improve his talent conſiderably, by taking a trip to *Portici.* * * * * * * * * * Obſerve I have not dwelt half as long as I might have done upon this cabinet of curioſities, for ſuch indeed it is; but my time and memory both fail me, it being with the utmoſt difficulty I contrived to take a few notes in my pocket-book, without being obſerved; for inſtance, I had like to have forgot one of the fineſt vaſes in the world; it is of Parian marble, and was found at Pompeia: a feaſt of Bacchus is repreſented on its ſides in *bas relief*; it is extremely large and moſt beautifully proportioned. I wiſh his Neapolitan Majeſty would lend us an apartment in this ſame palace for one ſummer, and permit us to rummage his collection; though I don't know how I ſhould be able to reſiſt the temptation of purloining ſome ſmall articles; ſuch an oportunity would put my honeſty to the proof.

The part of the palace occupied by the court is nobly furniſhed, and conſiſts of magnificent

apartments for a ſummer or country reſidence. The floors are all of them paved with antique moſaic, Grecian and Roman. *La Camera di Porcellano* is lined with pannels of China ware, I ſhould ſay porcelain, I ſuppoſe, as it does not come from China, but is the manufacture of *Capo di Monte*; theſe pannels are moveable. Here are ſeveral fine tables of marble, two in particular of *verd antique*; alſo ſome good pictures. The fruit-pieces, by John Brughel, a Flemiſh painter, come ſo near nature, that the eye is almoſt deceived. Four ſmall paintings on marble, repreſenting female figures, more curious than beautiful, are antique, and on one is the name of the painter, Alexander of Athens.

Some bas reliefs and buſtos, which appear to have merit; but we had not time to examine them cloſely. The garden belonging to the palace is not worth notice; it is planted for the greater part with evergreens. Having detained you ſufficiently at Portici, I now come to Herculaneum. I ſhall not augment the bulk of this letter with informing you of the various diſputes of the learned, in regard to the preciſe date of the deſtruction of Herculaneum, by an eruption of mount Veſuvius; but upon the whole, this dreadful event is ſuppoſed to have happened about the year of our Lord 79. The melted lava in its courſe filled up the ſtreets and houſes in ſome places to the height of ſixty-eight feet above the tops of the latter, and in others one hundred

hundred and ten feet; that is to ſay, particularly on the ſide neareſt the ſea. This lava is of a conſiſtency which renders it extremely difficult to be removed or cleared away; it is compoſed of bituminous particles, mixed with cinders, minerals, metallics, vitrified ſandy ſubſtances, which altogether form a cloſe and heavy maſs. It is evident the town was not filled up ſo unexpectedly as to prevent the greater part of the inhabitants from eſcaping with many of their richeſt effects; for when the excavations were made, there were not more than a dozen ſkeletons found, and but little of gold, ſilver, or precious ſtones.

The firſt diſcovery of this city was made in the year 1713, in the following manner: The Prince d'Elbeuf, Emanuel of Lorain, having married (that ſame year) the daughter of the Prince of Salſa, deſirous of having a villa in this neighbourhood: he accordingly built one at Portici, and ordered an apartment to be ſtuccoed: a Frenchman undertook to make the beſt and hardeſt ſtucco, provided he was ſupplied with antique rubbiſh, conſiſting of broken marble, &c. A poor man at Portici offered to provide the French artiſt with the kind of rubbiſh he required, of which he had found a conſiderable quantity in digging out a well in his little garden. The Prince d'Elbeuf bought the garden from the owner, with deſign to make excavations there, which was done with ſuch ſucceſs, that the firſt

diſcovery proved to be the top of the theatre of Herculaneum. After ſome days labour they found a ſtatue of Hercules and a Cleopatra; this ſucceſs encouraged the Prince to continue the work, and they ſoon after diſcovered the architrave of a door in marble, with an inſcription and ſeven Greek ſtatues, ſuppoſed to repreſent veſtals; theſe the Prince ſent into France. Some time after they light upon a temple of a circular form, ſupported by twenty-four columns of *alabaſtro fiorito*; the interior part was decorated with as many more, and the ſame number of fine Greek ſtatues. Theſe pillars and ſtatues were conveyed to Vienna to Prince Eugene.

Such rapid diſcoveries were at laſt put a ſtop to by an order from court, forbidding any more excavations to be made; and from that time nothing farther was attempted till the year 1736, when Don Carlos, then King of Naples, built the royal palace at Portici. The Prince d'Elbeuf preſented his Majeſty with his houſe and the garden where the excavations had been made. The King employed men to dig perpendicularly eighty feet deep, when not only the town made its appearance, but alſo the bed of the river which ran through the city, and even ſome of the water ſtill remained, which could not make its way through the lava. The temple of Jupiter was then brought to light, and the whole of the theatre. In the temple was found a ſtatue of gold, and the inſcription that decorated the great

doors

doors of entrance. In the theatre the fragments of a gilt chariot of bronze, with horſes of the ſame metal, likewiſe gilt: this had been placed over the principal door of entrance. They likewiſe found multitudes of ſtatues, buſtos, pillars, and paintings, of which I have already mentioned a few; but ſince the departure of Don Carlos, now King of Spain, the workmen have declined both in number and in induſtry; a few indeed continued to make excavations here and there; but government eſteemed the expence too weighty. As the villages of Portici and Reſina are built upon Herculaneum, they feared damaging many of the houſes, and did not chooſe to purchaſe them; for this reaſon, as ſoon as they had made any uſeful diſcovery, they ſent away whatever was found moſt valuable to the palace, and immediately threw back the rubbiſh into the excavations they had made. This accounts for nothing appearing at preſent, beſides the orcheſtra of the theatre, which they have had the goodneſs to leave open. The moſt conſiderable public building there diſcovered proved the forum, or court of juſtice, of a rectangular form, encompaſſed with a piazza, or open portico, decorated with forty-two columns, and ornamented with paintings (two of which I have mentioned to you as extremely good). The portico of entrance was compoſed of five arcades, adorned with equeſtrian ſtatues of marble; two of which only remain, theſe are the two Balbuſes, placed

in the veſtibule of the palace of Portici. Several ſtatues of the families of Nonia and Annia were alſo found there, as was, in a kind of receſs, one of the Emperor Veſpaſian, and on each ſide of him a ſtatue in a curule chair; alſo two niches painted within ſide, and in them ſtatues, of bronze, of Nero and Germanicus. There were two temples joined on to the forum by porticos; theſe were rectangular, vaulted, and decorated on their inſides with columns, paintings, inſcriptions in bronze, &c. In the ſame year (1750) they diſcovered the forum. Near theſe temples the theatre was found in all its extent. The ſeats for the ſpectators were diſpoſed ſo as to form a half-ellipſis of one hundred and ſixty feet diameter (taken the long way), highly ornamented with beautiful pillars of marble; the ſpectators were ſeated upon twenty-one rows of ſteps, and above theſe was alſo a gallery for them decorated with ſtatues of bronze, pillars of marble, and paintings; its walls partly lined with Parian marble. It is conjectured, and even aſſerted, by many hiſtorians, that moſt of the inhabitants of the city were aſſembled in this theatre at the time the irruption of Mount Veſuvius (in the year 79) deſtroyed both Herculaneum and Pompeia.

The ſtreets of the town appear to have been quite ſtraight and regular; the houſes well built and much alike; ſome of the rooms paved in moſaic, others with fine marbles, others again with bricks,

bricks, three feet long and ſix inches thick; the rooms were encompaſſed by a ſeat or high ſtep; the walls painted in *freſco* in compartments, with various repreſentations, as pillars, garlands, birds. All that remains at preſent to be ſeen, to our great diſappointment, is the orcheſtra of the theatre. We were conducted down a great many ſtairs by the light of flambeaux. This orcheſtra appears now like a vaſt drain; ſo powerful are the damps, that our lights burnt blue, and we were near wet to the ſkin by the diſtillations from the earth over our heads. The darkneſs of this place brought to my mind the deſcription of one of the plagues of Egypt in the Bible, "*A darkneſs that may be felt.*" The orcheſtra, ſeemed of great extent, but we did not think it prudent to ſtay to meaſure it in ſo unwholeſome an air.

I now leave Herculaneum and come to Pompeia, which is but a few miles diſtant from Portici, and ſixteen from Naples. Pompeia was deſtroyed, or rather covered entirely over by a rain of cinders and hot aſhes, occaſioned by the ſame irruption of Mount Veſuvius that deſtroyed Herculaneum. This city (Pompeia) was accidentally diſcovered about ſixteen years ſince by ſome labourers, who were dreſſing ground in order to plant an orchard. The ſoil does not riſe above the houſes more than from two to five feet, and the aſhes which fill up the ſtreets and cover the houſes are extremely light; I do not Pompeia.

know any thing they reſemble ſo much in appearance as broken pumice ſtone. A very fewweeks labour would ſuffice to lay the whole town open; but as the ground is planted with vines and other fruit-trees, government does not chooſe to make a rapid progreſs towards diſcoveries, the expence of purchaſing theſe vineyards and orchards being a conſideration with them; ſo the work at preſent goes on but ſlowly.

The firſt place you enter at Pompeia is a *caſcern* or barrack; it is a rectangular building encompaſſing a court, and ſurrounded by a colonnade: the middle part or court, and one of the ſides, are not yet cleared out; the rooms for the ſoldiers are within ſide the colonnade, and are all exactly of the ſame dimenſions, *viz.* fifteen feet ſquare, extremely well built of brick and ſtone, with great regularity and neatneſs, two ranges of brick and one of ſtone, alternately. The pillars which form the piazza are covered with a hard ſtucco, very even and ſmooth; they are fluted in an elegant manner, ſeventeen on one ſide, and twenty-three on another, and are coloured red and yellow alternately, excepting two in the middle of the longeſt range, which are of the colour of a Turkey-ſtone and one of the ſame colour in the middle of the ſhorteſt row. I obſerved on theſe pillars ſeveral names (we ſuppoſe) of ſoldiers, with rude drawings ſcratched with a nail or the point of a knife, repreſenting Roman warriors, horſes, *&c.*; the figures

gures are in ſuch armour as we ſaw in the Cabinet at Portici; and though theſe drawings are but rudely executed, they ſhew ſufficiently how the armour was wore; for inſtance, one iron boot on the right leg, which muſt have been the moſt expoſed, for the left was in a great meaſure protected by the ſhield: alſo men fighting, and ſuch repreſentations as you are ſure to meet with in modern guard-rooms and barracks. In one of the rooms, intended probably for a priſon, or place of confinement, was diſcovered an iron ſtocks (now moved into the Cabinet at Portici), five ſkeletons were found with their legs in this machine. As there is a contrivance for locking it, theſe poor creatures had no means of eſcape. We ſaw their ſkulls and bones.

In the window of a room, very lately cleared out, appeared the ſkeleton of a woman, who ſeems to have been endeavouring to make her eſcape: ſhe had a gold chain round her neck, and bracelets of the ſame about her arms. In a gateway near this room a man was found who was probably ſurpriſed whilſt leading a horſe out of the town: by the ornaments which ſtill remained, he muſt have been of a noble family. I ſaw two examples of the ſame nature, which ſhocked me much: one was of a poor ſlave, who probably had been employed in heating a bath, near which his ſkeleton remains, having been ſtifled in that occupation at the ſame time that the town was deſtroyed: his bones are burnt quite white; I brought

brought away with me one of thoſe which form the neck, or *vertebræ*. The other miſerable creature was confined, and forgot during the general conſternation: he had attempted to eſcape, having made a ſmall breach in the wall of a room; but ſtuck faſt in the hole, and there his ſkeleton was found.

The entrance of a theatre for the ſoldiers is on one ſide of this ſquare; (but the interiour is not yet cleared out:) here is an inſcription finely cut on a piece of white marble fixed in the wall. By a ſtratagem, M——, unſeen by our guides, copied it exactly as follows:

C. ovinctius$_{\Lambda}$ *C. F*$_{\Lambda}$*Val, c,* (or) *g, M*$_{\Lambda}$ *Portius*$_{\Lambda}$ *M*$_{\Lambda}$ *F*$_{\Lambda}$ *Duo*$_{\Lambda}$ *Vir*$_{\Lambda}$ *Doc*$_{\Lambda}$ *Decr*$_{\Lambda}$ *Theatrum*$_{\Lambda}$ *Tectum Fac*$_{\Lambda}$ *Locar*$_{\Lambda}$ *Eedemque*$_{\Lambda}$ *Prob.*——

This inſcription has been diſcovered about eighteen months.

The front of the theatre is built of lava, cut cubical, and regularly ranged lozenge faſhion: they are about four inches ſquare, and ſeem very deep the other way, ſo that probably the wall is extremely thick; and what appears outſide are the ends only of theſe pieces of lava. This building is a convincing proof of there having been irruptions (as aſſerted) of Mount Veſuvius before that of 79.

Several of the houſes of this town, at the time of clearing out, were ſtripped of their paintings and

and other ornaments, yet many of the pavements remain. It is remarkable, that although we entered the greater part of the moſt perfect of them, we could not find two floors alike: they are all paved in moſaic of various patterns, many in the manner called by the French *a l'y grec*, and others repreſenting flowers, foliage, *&c.*

One houſe with its garden is entirely cleared out; it has a door in the middle, and two windows on each ſide, a ſmall portico in front ſupported by elegant and well-proportioned pillars: their ornaments are moſt curiouſly ſculpted in white Carara marble. One of the mouldings or beads ſeems to repreſent ſmall birds eggs ſtrung; the ſtring is not thicker than a common corking-pin, and is quite clear from the marble behind, coming forward at leaſt a quarter of an inch. Nothing can exceed the exactneſs of theſe ſtrings of eggs, by which you may form ſome idea of the reſt, the foliage, friezes, baſes, *&c.* In the front of this houſe is a ſmall garden, or rather parterre, which leads to the houſe; and immediately before the entrance a neat paved terrace. Marble borders confine the mould of the flower-beds, which remains as it was found when they had removed the lava or cinders. Here is a little channel cut in marble, like that in ſtone at * * * * * * , to convey a ſtream through the garden; but that this is rather deeper. I wiſhed to have taken a ſketch of this houſe and its little garden; but the officers, ſoldiers, and ſpies appointed

pointed to attend and watch ſtrangers made that impoſſible; as it is their buſineſs to ſee that no obſervations they can prevent ſhould be made. They followed us cloſely, ſo that we could rarely evade their vigilance and impertinent curioſity. In moſt of the windows are iron gratings, very neatly made, ſome forming ſquares, others lozenges, with knobs and roſes where they meet or croſs each other; in theſe the panes of glaſs had been fixed, ſomewhat like the caſements in England, but larger, and more exact. In many places the iron has ſuffered by the heat, appearing as if half melted, but in others it is as perfect as if newly put up.

There is another theatre here, beſides that I mentioned in the town, of a very conſiderable ſize: I ſhould gueſs it to be as large as that of St. Carlo at Naples; but this I give you as my conjecture only. It is not entirely cleared out, but they are at work upon it: to this are four great doors of entrance; probably two were deſigned for the nobility, the others for the plebeians. The ſtair-caſes are well built, and convenient; the paſſages behind the ſeats ſeem ſufficiently wide for four people to walk a-breaſt: theſe ſteps from a large ſegment of a circle; it is a conſiderable walk quite round; to this theatre belong conveniencies ſimilar to thoſe called water-cloſets in England, with leaden pipes for the conveyance of water, of preciſely the like conſtruc-

tion.

tion. The ſtage, arena, &c. are not yet cleared out.

One of the gates and a ſtreet of the town are now entirely laid open; the former is built much in the ſame manner with the common gates of country towns in England; a wide arch in the middle, with a ſmall one on each ſide for foot paſſengers. I muſt here make a digreſſion to acquaint you, that by the time we had reached this part of the town our ſpies were ſo tired of us, and our curioſity, their hour for dining being come, that they left us in the care of one man only, who, when their backs were turned, rather ſoftened a little towards us, and permitted our making what obſervations we would; however, he was very apprehenſive of being himſelf watched, and turned frequently round and round, looking upon all ſides of him, to ſee if any body was in view; meantime M—— took down the following inſcription in his pocket-book, which is inſerted in a wall juſt without the gate, whilſt our guide avoided ſeeing him:

EX. AUCTORITATE. IMP. CÆSARIS. VESPASIANI. AUG. LOCA. PUBLICA A PRIVATIS POSSESSA. T. SUEDIUS. CLEMENS. TRIBUNUS. CAUSIS. CONGNITIS. ET. MENSURIS. FACTIS. REIPUBLICÆ. POMPEIANORUM. RESTITUIT.

Our guide told us the ſtreet was ſuppoſed to be that of the goldſmiths: ſhops plainly appear on

on each ſide; they are built of brick; and the windows have regularly on one ſide of each of them little receſſes probably for expoſing to ſale the various articles of their commerce to the beſt advantage, upon little ſtages or ſteps riſing one above the other. He ſaid many ſmall ſtatues, vaſes, *&c.* were found on theſe riſers, which were immediately taken away, and ſuppoſed to be depoſited in the Cabinet of Portici. Fixed in the wall of one of theſe ſhops, I obſerved two beautiful buſtos in white marble; that which ſeemed to me the beſt was a Bacchante crowned with grapes and ivy. This ſtreet is paved with large cubical bluiſh ſtones, like the Appian Way; on each ſide is a cauſeway, raiſed about a foot and an half above the level of the ſtreet, and about three feet in breath.

In another part of the town appears a temple to Iſis: this is entire, excepting the roof, which has been deſtroyed by the workmen. The columns are of brick and ſtuccoed. The walls were completely covered with painings in freſco; many of them have been detached from thence and conveyed to Portici. Here are two altars which ſtand alone in the court of the temple, and are great curioſities, being quite perfect.

Behind the temple is a room eighteen yards long by ten wide; the entrance into it from behind conſiſts of five arches, of which the central is higher than the others. In the middle of the temple is a ſmall building like a chapel, with a ſtaircaſe,

ſtaircaſe, and from beneath riſes a dangerous vapour. Theſe exhalations ſhould be carefully avoided by curious travellers. I amuſed our guide, by walking towards ſome paintings that appeared at a little diſtance, while M—— with great quickneſs and induſtry took down this inſcription in the temple:

N. POPIDIUS, N. F. CELSINUS ÆDEM ISIDIS TERRÆ MOTU CONLAPSAM A FUNDAMENTO S. P. RESTITUIT. HUNC DECURIONES OB LIBERALITATEM, CUM ESSET ANNORUM SEXS, ORDINI SUO GRATIS ADLEGERUNT.

Whilſt he was copying this inſcription, I came to the paintings in view. One is of Mercury and a Nymph, and has great merit. Another, a ſmall perſpective view, of about eighteen inches ſquare, repreſenting a villa with a portico and a piece of water before the houſe: the ſky is of as fine a blue as ultramarine, and appears freſh as if juſt done.——A white ſtag faſtened to a column, or rather a high altar. The back-ground is red; this is a common circumſtance in all theſe paintings. The ſtag is admirably well done; his mouth is open; he ſeems to complain; deep diſtreſs is expreſſed in his whole figure; he ſeems to avert his eyes from the fatal altar, adorned with the trophies of his death. I took a pencil from my pocket, and began to make a rude ſketch from this ſtag, intending, if poſſible, to do the like from the perſpective view; but my guide, in the moſt preſſing manner imaginable, begged me

to deſiſt: he aſſured me he ſaw ſome ſoldiers on an eminence not very diſtant; that ſhould I be perceived, he muſt ſuffer for his inattention, and even I ſhould be ſharply reprimanded by government. I endeavoured to perſuade him to give all his attention to the *cavalier* who had lagged behind (for by that time I was ſure M—— had copied the inſcription) but he would not quit me, and was about to proſtrate himſelf at my feet, urging his apprehenſion of being ſent to the gallies for life, as a comrade of his had been for a ſimilar offence three weeks ſince. I deſiſted; his oratory was too feeling to be withſtood; notwithſtanding, as I continued my work during his harangue, I had ſketched out the ſtag, and have finiſhed it in water colours, as near as I can from memory: it has met with the approbation of thoſe of our countrymen who have ſeen it, and of many of our Italian acquaintance, who inſiſt on its ſtrong reſemblance to the original. I ſhall incloſe it to you, though but a wretched attempt in my own opinion.

But to return to our poor Ciceroni; he really was in the right as to the ſoldiers; for not twenty paces from us was a guard, who, had they not been buſily employed in roaſting and eating cheſnuts, might eaſily have perceived us. I am not certain whether they did or not; if they did, they perhaps thought it prudent to be ſilent. There is a well belonging to the temple, that has two fine bas reliefs over it.

The

The workmen are now employed in clearing out a very large houſe juſt within the town, that has ſeveral pretty paintings on the walls of the rooms. Here a droll accident befel me; I ſaw a ladder placed againſt a breach in the wall without ſide; and as it was not very high, would go up to look in; M—— held the ladder; when I had gained the aperture, I put my head in, and leaned upon the broken wall, which giving way, in I tumbled: the room was not above half full of aſhes: I fell upon this bed, and did not receive the leaſt hurt. You may be ſure M—— was ſoon up the ladder after me, and there was a general exclamation among the workmen. I inwardly congratulated myſelf on being the firſt to *enter* this room, which had been cloſed up for many centuries. I aſſure you, I am not a little proud of my effort. The walls are painted in freſco, divided into ſmall compartments by borders *a l'y grec*; theſe compartments contain various repreſentations of Chineſe temples or moſques; others of the human figure, amongſt which, an old man's head, and a Mercury, ſeem to be particularly well done.

I am heartily tired of this long letter; I wiſh you may not be ſo too. Adieu, and believe me to be as happy as I can be at ſo great a diſtance from you, and ever moſt ſincerely yours, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVII.

March the 15th.

YOU ſee we have not yet left this delightful city, though the time for our departure approaches. Do not wonder at it, but rejoice that we have reſiſted a temptation ſtill ſtronger than that of making a longer reſidence here than we promiſed. Know then, that we have denied ourſelves the gratification of a voyage to Sicily and Malta, purely upon your account: a Dutch fleet of obſervation, now ready to ſail for thoſe iſlands, offered to convey and accommodate us; nor ſhould we have been abſent from Naples more than a few weeks—but we could not think of giving you anxiety; and had we accepted of the obliging invitation of the Dutch officers, we muſt have embarked before we could have received your anſwer to any letter that ſhould have conveyed you this information. Theſe gentlemen have been uncommonly civil, I may ſay friendly, to us; they are extremely well bred-and polite * * * * * * * * * We breakfaſted with a large party of Engliſh and Italians on board one of the men of war. Nothing could exceed the cleanlineſs and elegance of our repaſt. Theſe officers ſpeak French fluently, and ſome of them have learnt a little Engliſh.

They are ſtrongly prejudiced to the Britiſh nation; I ſay prejudiced, for they think better of us than we merit. One of the younger officers, whoſe ſmall cabin is perfectly neat, has furniſhed it with ſeveral prints of the moſt celebrated Engliſh beauties, and ſome ſhelves of books, the productions of our beſt poets. We ſhould have ſailed to Sicily and Malta in the moſt agreeable manner poſſible, eſpecially as the family of *Monteleone*, and the Princeſs *Potera* in particular, repeatedly offered us letters of recommendation to their family at Palermo, whoſe conſequence is ſufficiently known to prove the ſacrifice we make you. It was not an eaſy matter to decline ſuch invitations and offers; therefore thank us; for I aſſure you, we ſtrongly combated our own inclinations to keep our word with you.

Since I wrote laſt we have not been idle, though much engaged in that round of diſſipation which never ceaſes here. We paſſed two whole days at *Pozzoli*, *&c.* viſited the *ſolfaterra*, as well as the *Grotta del Cane*. I am at preſent confined with a ſlight cold, and dedicate this day to your ſervice, being convinced, by your repeated aſſurances, that my letters are really an amuſement to you. I therefore make no apology for the bulk of this pacquet. In truth, it ſeems as if the more one ſees in this country, the more remains to be ſeen; and freſh ſubjects of ſurpriſe and curioſity ſpring forth like Hydra's heads—but not to loſe time in reflection:

Puzzoli. *Puzzoli* is ſituated about two leagues and a half weſt of Naples: It is aſſerted by ſome authors, to have been founded five hundred and twenty-two years before the Chriſtian æra, by one Decius, ſon of Neptune, and according to others by ſomebody elſe; to me, it is a very indifferent matter by whom it was founded; ſuffice it, that there is ſuch a place, moſt agreeably ſituated on the margin of a ſmall bay: it is at preſent inconſiderable, but was, in the time of the Romans, a city of great extent, as appears by many veſtiges of ruins, which may ſtill be traced. The cathedral church, now under the protection of St. Januarius and St. Proculus, was formerly a temple dedicated to Auguſtus; the inſcription runs thus:

L. Calſurnius L. F. Templum Auguſto cum ornamentis D. D.

It is built of large ſtones without cement. There are remains of ſome Corinthian pillars. The ruins of the Temple of Serapis is the fineſt and moſt perfect antiquity at Puzzoli; yet it is a loſs, greatly to be regretted by all lovers of antiquity, that the inner temple, diſcovered in the year 1750, and quite entire, highly decorated with ſeveral beautiful ſtatues in marble and bronze *, is not now to be ſeen, being filled up

* Theſe precious relicks in metal have been melted down from œconomy.

with

with the ſame earth which they took out of it. The reaſon given for not perſiſting in laying open the temple is, leſt a wretched cabbage-garden, which lies over it, might be injured by the excavation. This fine temple was encompaſſed by forty-two ſquare rooms, which are now almoſt reduced to ruins, yet ſtill ſome beautiful columns are to be ſeen, of white marble, fluted and highly finiſhed. The whole was paved with large ſlabs of marble, and the edifice completely incruſted with the ſame. It is curious to ſee the maſſy rings fixed in the pavement, to which the victims erſt were faſtened, and the copper pipes or drains to convey away their blood; here is a pierced ſquare of marble, of exquiſite workmanſhip, which ſerved as a drain-ſtone, for it is placed in the center of the quadrangular part of the temple, preciſely under the open part of the roof, in order to receive and carry off the rain-water which entered at the opening. Though this temple is in ſo mutilated a ſtate, it cannot fail to excite the admiration of the curious traveller.

In that part of the town called *la Piazza*, is placed a ſquare pedeſtal of white marble, found in the year 1709; each ſide has a bas relief. Although they are much injured, yet you may diſtinguiſh fourteen figures, by which are repreſented the fourteen cities of Aſia; the names are under each. The pedeſtal is inſcribed to Tiberius; probably a ſtatue of him had been placed

upon it. The amphitheatre, called here the *Coloſſeo*, was a building of conſiderable extent. M—— ſays Auguſtus aſſiſted in perſon at the games celebrated here *. The *arena*, which is now a garden, is two hundred and fifty feet long; the porticos of entrance, which were below the ſteps, or ſeats for the ſpectators, and the dens for wild beaſts, with a ſtone trough in each, to hold water for them, are ſtill to be ſeen.

Weſt of Puzzoli, and juſt by the town, are preſumed to be the ruins of the famous Academia of Cicero; they are a mile and a quarter round. Here it was he wrote thoſe books intitled *Quæſtionum Academicarum:* but this vaſt building is now ſo demoliſhed, that there is no poſſibility of aſcertaining its regular plan; though we took the trouble of walking, or rather ſtumbling, over the rubbiſh, through a number of rooms, we could not find one that might be termed a large room in a modern Engliſh houſe. Some of the pavement ſtill remains compoſed of ſmall dies of white marble, forming a moſaic pattern; moſt of the rooms were vaulted, and many of the arches ſtill remain entire.

It is evident the ſea has covered the greater part of this building, as conſiderable veſtiges, which plainly appear to have been part of the ſtructure, are diſcernible at low water; this is

* Suetonius.

highly

highly probable, for an additional reaſon, the Academia was ſo cloſe to the ſea, as to admit of Cicero's gueſts (as is ſaid) to have amuſed themſelves by fiſhing from his windows.

There is a curious antiquity here, called the Labyrinth of Dedalus; it is near the amphitheatre, and appears to have been a reſervoir for water: alſo a ſecond, cloſe to the labyrinth, of about ſixty feet in length, vaulted, and probably deſtined to the ſame purpoſe. Half a league from Puzzoli are the *Colombarias* or tombs, which you muſt deſcend into by ladders. There is nothing very curious in theſe repoſitories for the dead; they are of a ſimple ſtructure, with ſmall niches, in which the urns filled with the aſhes of the family were depoſited. This town is chiefly inhabited by fiſhermen, their children run after ſtrangers with plates full of moſaic of various colours, amongſt which you may frequently find medals, intaglios, and engravings on gems, ſuch as agates, cornelians, *&c.*; theſe the ſea throws up on the beach, and may be purchaſed for a trifle. Some of them are genuine, but many are falſe; and theſe mock antiquities are frequently impoſed upon ignorant ſtrangers, which are no more than the refuſe or ſweepings of lapidaries ſhops, procured from Naples; but whoever has a little attention and intelligence in theſe matters, cannot eaſily be deceived.

The Gulph or Bay of Puzzoli is about a league over; each way, the view from the town

is

is charming. This muſt have been once a delightful ſpot. The purple dye of this place was in ſuch eſteem amongſt the ancient Romans, as to be ſaid to have rivalled that of Tyre: it is the blood taken from a vein in a ſhell-fiſh*, and of which there is ſo ſmall a quantity, as not to exceed one drop in each fiſh.

We croſſed over in a boat from Puzzoli to Baia; the ſea was nearly as ſmooth as the Thames. Here are no remains of a town; a few wretched cottages are indeed ſcattered about. There is one bleak building of mean appearance on an eminence, occupied by a ſmall military guard, ſtationed here to prevent bands of robbers from infeſting the coaſts, and concealing themſelves amongſt the ruins.

Cloſe to where you land on this coaſt are the baths and priſons of Nero. Theſe baths in general are ſurpriſingly warm; but there is a particular paſſage of about one hundred and thirty yards in length, at the end of which you find a ſource of water ſo extremely hot, that the boatmen at Puzzoli who rowed us, and who are accuſtomed to viſit it immediately upon landing, returned from thence as ſoon as poſſible, not being able to bear the heat of the ſteam from the ſprings. One of them carried a couple of eggs with him in a pail, which having dipped into a hollow in which the water falls, the eggs were

* Probably periwinkle.

quite

quite done when they came out from the paſſage. M—— would accompany them to this boiling ſource, and returned from thence in a violent heat and perſpiration. Contiguous are caverns, or rather ſmall cells in the rock, where are beds or broad ſeats cut out of the ſtone, on which ſick people extend themſelves, and take the vapour bath, as they call it here; theſe receſſes being filled with as thick, and a much hotter ſteam, than that in the ſlips of the baths at Bath in Somerſetſhire. When the patients have been ſo ſweated on theſe ſtone ſophas, as that their ſtrength is almoſt exhauſted, they take ices, which enable them to continue their operation much longer than their ſtrength would otherwiſe admit of; nor has this practice ever been known to produce any other than the moſt ſalutary effects. Theſe baths are eſteemed moſt efficacious in virulent ſcrophulous diſtempers, the evil not excepted.

Nero's priſons are hewn out of a vaſt rock, which riſes ſo perpendicularly from the ſea, that it ſeems as if the preſent front towards the bay (if I may ſo term it) was really a ſection of theſe horrible chambers of confinement; and what is now ſeen from the ſea muſt have been conſequently the interior of theſe diſmal abodes. They are all arched over in a rude manner; the paſſages leading from cell to cell are ſo narrow, as to admit of but one perſon's paſſing at a time, and withal, turn and wind ſo ſuddenly, that I think

think it would not be an eaſy taſk to find the way out again without an experienced guide; beſide, the entrances or door-ways into the different cells are extremely low, dangerouſly narrow, and cut ſo crooked, that you are frequently obliged to accommodate your body to their irregular ſhapes, in order to facilitate the paſſing with ſafety.

There are a great number of cells wrought out of the ſolid rock, and ranged in the ſame manner with the ſtories of a houſe, but not regularly, the paſſages ſloping from above to thoſe in the lower part. The greater number are in a manner arched, but ſo low, that you are obliged to ſtoop conſiderably during the whole progreſs. Here total darkneſs reigns, and a dreadful ſilence. We had ſeveral flambeaux lighted, and a proviſion of others, in caſe any ſhould extinguiſh, and reſign us to theſe regions of horror.

Below theſe upper ſtories are ſixty-eight chambers *en ſuite*, whither our guide offered to conduct us, but, like a hoſpitable man, when we had penetrated part of the deſcent, he was kind enough to inform us, that though he himſelf had been down, yet it was in theſe lower apartments that Nero (as they believe) uſed to ſend people for twenty-four hours only, who at their return into the freſh air, immediately expired; upon which information, we thought proper to check our curioſity in regard to the ſixty-eight chambers *en ſuite*, and to return back. Whether this tradition be

be fabulous or not, certain it is, we had already perceived a warmiſh damp vapour, which probably might have augmented had we followed the deſcent, and which our guide aſſerted to be of a conſiderable length, and rather difficult to accompliſh: he, as a recompence for our diſappointment (as he eſteemed it), ſaid he would ſhew us ſomething very pretty, and immediately crept through a hole in the rock; M——— followed, and I would go too; with ſome difficulty I was dragged through, and then we came to another. Our guide deſired us to ſtretch ourſelves on the ground, as the rock over head hangs down extremely low. From this ſecond hole we had a glorious proſpect of the gulph, *Capo Miſeno*, the iſlands of *Procida*, *Iſchia*, *&c.*; leading out of the hole, we diſcovered diſtinctly ruins of arches, broken pillars, walls, *&c.* which the ſea had covered over. Above this hole is a very ſmall and neat round building, not unlike a narrow well; through a ſmall perforation we ſaw part of it. Here our *Ciceroni* inſiſted, that Nero uſed to take poſt himſelf, and give orders to his fleet, lying at *Capo Miſeno*, by means of a ſpeaking trumpet. M—— aſked him, How the devil Nero could contrive to get there? He inſiſted, that there was a ſubterraneous paſſage from the top of the rock, to which he would conduct us; but we had prudence enough not to explore it. Being gratified with the fine view from the hole in the rock, we retired; and were conducted to an arched

vault

vault called Agrippina's Tomb. The roof is ſo low, that we were obliged to ſtoop almoſt double whilſt we ſtaid in it, and the air ſo warm and cloſe, that the flambeaux burnt very dimly: this may ſeem a trifling circumſtance, but it is extremely teazing: however, with ſome difficulty, we contrived to ſee the admirable workmanſhip, formed of ſtucco, with which the vault is lined. The compoſition is ſo hard, that it is ſcarce poſſible to injure it even by the blows of hammers. It is ſtuccoed in ſmall compartments; the mouldings exquiſitely neat, fluted, and ornamented in the moſt elegant manner. In the center of each compartment are various repreſentations, probably allegorical; of gryphons, dolphins, *&c. &c.* all highly finiſhed, and as ſmooth as ivory. It is not entirely cleared out, which it might be with little trouble or expence, as the earth is very light. From hence we proceeded to the Elyſian Fields, now for the moſt part covered with vines. No ground can lie more agreeable in point of aſpect, ſituation, variety, and proſpect. Here we ſaw ſeveral burying-places; they are all built much in the ſame manner with thoſe I have already mentioned. Urns filled with coins and medals are frequently found amongſt thoſe that contain the aſhes of the dead. It is probably in ſearch of theſe hidden treaſures that ſuch frequent excavations have been made as you meet with at every moment. Part of the ground between the plantations of vines is under tillage; where the

plough in its progreſs inceſſantly turns up morſels of vaſes, broken architectural ornaments of fine marble, and admirable workmanſhip; and not unfrequently large pieces of alabaſter and porphyry, to which we were ourſelves witneſſes. There are ſeveral low walls, or rather heaps of ſtone, thrown roughly together by way of boundaries, compoſed for the moſt part of theſe venerable fragments. Mutilated ſtatues and buſtos are to be met with in abundance degraded to ſuch ruſtic purpoſes. We ſaw ſome women grinding corn in a ſingular manner, and quite new to us: they were ſeated on the ground, and one held between her feet a piece of hollowed marble, which, on a nearer examination, proved a beautiful fragment of a column of the Ionic order, that ornamental ſpiral part called the volute. I was quite fretted at ſeeing the uſe theſe beldams make of what probably had belonged to ſome ſuperb temple reſpected by the maſters of the world, on theſe once glorious coaſts. It was of *alabaſtro agatizo* (alabaſter with large veins of agate). She threw the corn into the hollow, and laying faſt hold of the volute with one arm, by the aſſiſtance of arms and legs prevented it from ſlipping, whilſt with her other hand, furniſhed with an antique moulding ſuiting her purpoſe, ſhe worked the corn round and round, till the huſks came away from it.

There are three fine ruined temples on this coaſt; but the ſea-marſhes have ſo broken in upon

upon them, that we were obliged to be carried on our boatmen's backs for about a hundred paces in order to enter, the depth of water being insufficient for the boat to approach them, yet too much for us to walk through (almoſt knee deep), and the bottom rough and unequal. Two of theſe temples ſtand upon dry and firm ground: theſe are covered over with a low bruſh-wood, furniſhed by nature of the fineſt and moſt odoriferous myrtle, quite void of that acrid, pungent ſcent, which it often yields in Engliſh greenhouſes. Interſperſed are various ſorts of aloes, baſilicon, with uncommon large leaves and ſtalks, lavender cotton, and a ſpike-lavender of an uncommon ſize and fragrance, all in bloſſom; alſo large deep blue violets, cyclamens of various ſorts, hippaticas, polypody, the orchis, and ſeveral other plants whoſe graſs I am unacquainted with, many of them curiouſly ſpotted and ſtriped.

This wilderneſs of ſweets attracted my attention; and I ſhould have gladly paſſed an entire day in this delightful garden of Nature, ſufficiently ſtruck with the enthuſiaſm of the place, to ſuppoſe the myrtles, *&c.* ſprung from the ſame ſtems that had been coeval with Baia in the days of her glory.

Temples. But to return to the temples: one was dedicated to Venus Genetrix, another to Diana, and a third to Mercury. That to Venus is the moſt perfect; and I aſſure you, has moſt myrtle growing

Venus Genetrix.

ing in and about it. It is ſuppoſed to have been erected by Julius Cæſar; and is built in the form of a rotunda: part of the dome ſtill remains, ſupported on one ſide only, ſo that it appears in air. There are three rooms under this temple, which were probably baths; two of them are ſquare, and the other, oval at one end. In the center of the vaulted roof of this laſt is a ſquare opening, the object of which has not yet been accounted for. Through the vault (I do not mean the ſquare opening, but on one ſide of it) has grown the root of a tree, very curious indeed, as it is evidently in a ſtate of petrefaction.

Temple of Diana.

The Temple of Diana is octagonal on the outſide, but circular within: the roof is deſtroyed. Here we found ſeveral ſtags heads in marble, and other inſignia of the goddeſs to whom it was dedicated.

Temple of Mercury.

The Temple of Mercury is nearly an hundred paces from that of Venus; and that of Diana about twice as far from the latter. It is difficult to enter this building, on account of the water and marſh in and all around it. The appearance, on the outſide, is of three deep ruined arches, or vaulted roofs, crowned with ſhrubs. Having got through the water by the before-mentioned conveyance, we found a breach in one of the walls which communicates with the interior of the temple. This building is a large rotunda, open at top. Speaking low, in the ſame manner as in

the whiſpering-gallery at St. Paul's, London, produces the like effect here; which I ſhould ſuppoſe to ariſe from the roof's forming an ellipſis. Theſe three temples are built of brick, cemented with pozzuolane*, and were no doubt incruſted with marble, as broken ſlabs and ornaments have been found in and about them. I muſt not omit to take notice here of the ruins of a bridge, *Ponte di Caligula*, which this emperor intended to extend from Baia to Pozzuoli. There ſtill remain thirteen large pillars and ſeveral arches compoſed of brick and ſtone, cemented with pozzuolane. Suetonius aſſerts, ſays M——, that Caligula had a fancy to make a triumphant parade acroſs the ſea, in imitation of Xerxes; and for that purpoſe attempted to build this bridge; but when they had got about half-way, the ſea proved ſo very deep, that he was obliged to ſubſtitute ſhips faſtened together with chains, on which a platform was raiſed and paved. The firſt day of his triumph he rode on horſeback, and the ſecond in a triumphal car, followed by Darius, whom the Parthians had left with him as an hoſtage.

Ponte di Caligula.

No veſtiges are now found of the magnificent villas built by the Romans, which were ſpread out along this coaſt, nor of the ancient town of Baia, ſuppoſed to have taken its name

* The pozzuolane is a kind of ſand, found in great abundance in this country, which, when mixed with lime, forms a cement of ſo cloſe a quality, as to reſiſt water. The people of Pozzuoli export great quantities of it to many parts of Italy, and elſewhere.

from

from one of the companions of Ulyſſes, who was interred here.

It was in this country, according to ancient fable, that Hercules defeated the giants 1238 years before the birth of Chriſt. But not to go quite ſo far back in ancient lore, I ſhall mention only ſome few remarkable events recited in claſſic authors, as given me by my fellow-traveller: It was in a country-houſe belonging to Julius Cæſar, near Baia, that Marcellus was poiſoned by Livia. He is celebrated by Virgil, towards the end of the ſixth book of the Æneid, at the recital of which, Octavia is reported to have fallen into a ſwoon.

The famous conſpiracy againſt Nero was formed in the country-houſe belonging to Piſo, of which they pretended to ſhew us ſome remains.

It was at Bauli, which is very near Baia, that that monſter Nero contrived the means of aſſaſſinating his mother. Acinetus, who commanded his fleet at *Capo Miſeno*, was the man who ſuggeſted to him the contrivance of a falſe bottom to the ſhip, on board of which Agrippina embarked after a great feaſt, given by her ſon to ratify their reconciliation. You know the reſt. Here it was, alſo, that the famous triumvirate, Cæſar, Pompey, and Mark Antony, aſſembled and conſulted. In ſhort, I muſt check my pen, or I ſhall never finiſh my letter; and before I conclude it, muſt juſt add, that after having paſſed a moſt delightful day at Pozzuoli and Baia, we went to

Bauli. Bauli, now a wretched village, not above a mile and half from Baia, where we dined, not in a wine-houſe, but at the door of one. The vulgar here are certainly right in this reſpect; they never eat in the houſe when the weather does not oblige them, wiſely preferring the freſh air to the foul exhalations of the kitchen. Here then we ſat down (amongſt a number of peaſants) extremely hungry and fatigued, and fed moſt heartily on very coarſe bread, anchovies, and eggs; but our beverage was *Falernian* wine, very juſtly celebrated by Horace: it is the growth of the *Monte Falerno*, one of the mountains that bounded our view: our eyes were feaſted by the proſpect. This *Albergo* is built on the margin of the ſea; before us we had in full view the bay. As the ſun was ſetting, the various tints of purple and gold with which an aſſemblage of clouds were embelliſhed, acquired new beauties when reflected in the waves, whoſe movement was juſt ſufficient to vary their glowing colours. Stretched along the coaſt appeared the three ruined temples, gilt by the rays of the ſun: the promontory of Capo Miſeno, jutting out into the ſea, was in deep ſhadow. The iſlands of Procida, Iſchia, *&c.* were ſeen riſing finely out of the water, and ſhaped in the moſt pictureſque manner. Pozzuoli appeared to great advantage acroſs the bay, with the ruins of Cicero's Academia, and the remains of a temple dedicated to Neptune. Near Bauli we beheld the veſtiges of a broken arch, part of a temple

temple to Hercules. On the ſide of Baia our proſpect was bounded by mountains covered with vines, producing our Falernian potation.

After dinner we returned to Pozzuoli, and reached Naples before it was dark; the next day our viſit was repeated to Baia, and from thence we went to Cuma, the weather ſtill continuing very fine: but this ſecond day's amuſement, with other matters, I muſt reſerve for another letter, which I ſhall ſend by the next poſt; it goes out again in three days, at which time we ſhall prepare to quit Naples on our return to Rome. * * * * *

Adieu, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

Naples, March 16.

From Naples to Pozzuoli road. Pauſilippe Grotta.

I Recollect that in my letter of yeſterday I did not mention the road from Naples to Pozzuoli. The commencement lies through the *Grotta di Pauſilippe*, which opens into one of the ſuburbs weſt of that city. The ſubterraneous paſſage is carried through a mountain; the height at the entrance from Naples is at leaſt ſixty feet; its width from eighteen to twenty, and paved quite through: at the end towards Pozzuoli it *decreaſes* in height, not exceeding forty feet; and is a mile in length.

This grotto is of very ancient date; the beſt antiquarians attribute it to one Marcus Cocceius, a Roman *; whoever it may be originally imputed to, its enlargement and paving were accompliſhed by two viceroys of Naples, one of Charles the Fifth, the other of Ferdinand, and it remains as they left it. In the midway is a ſmall chapel dedicated to the Virgin. There are two perforations in the vault, which penetrate the whole thickneſs of the mountain, and admit ſufficient light (as is aſſerted) of a calm day, to paſs through without flambeaux; but in caſe of a high wind, and

* The common people are perſuaded it was effected by the power of magic, and attribute it to Virgil, whom they univerſally believe to have been a ſorcerer.

that

that it happens to blow towards the opening, the duſt is then extremely troubleſome; nor is it ſafe, on account of meeting other carriages. We have often drove through this *grotta*, but never without flambeaux. It is plain this ſubterraneous paſſage has never ſuffered by the earthquakes and eruptions that have occaſioned ſuch devaſtation in the environs of Naples; its ſafety is probably due to the ſolidity of the rock, in which there does not appear any veins, or mixture of ſulphur, or any kind of inflammable particles. Under this mountain is a large quarry, from which they dig ſtone that is frequently uſed in the buildings at Naples. On the ſide of the mountain next the ſea, and amongſt the rocks, grows the plant *Opuntia*, or Indian fig, on which is found the cochineal. Upon the top of this grotto are ſtill ſome remains of an antique aqueduct, which conveyed water from *Serino* to ſupply a reſervoir called *Piſcina mirabile*, of which I ſhall ſpeak by and by. The Tomb of Virgil is on this ſame mountain, over the entrance of the *grotta*, in a vineyard belonging to the Marquis Salcitro. This ruin reſembles a broken ſquare tower of a very inconſiderable height; but its walls are thick, and built of brick. It is to be lamented, that no antique inſcription has been found in its vicinity to aſcertain it, beyond a doubt, the real monument wherein the aſhes of Virgil were depoſited. Over and about this ruin grow various plants, and amongſt them an old bay-tree, celebrated

Tomb of Virgil.

in a Latin inſcription near the ruin, and placed there by order of Peter of Arragon. You may be ſure I am poſſeſſed of ſome of the leaves of this ſacred tree; how happy ſhould I be, if drinking a decoction of them would inſpire me with Virgilian poeſy. The mountain (Pauſilippe) is covered with villas and gardens planted with evergreens, belonging to ſeveral noble families of Naples. Having paſſed through the ſubterraneous road, we entered a plain which ſeems cloſed in on every ſide by mountains. The ground under cloſe cultivation; what is not ploughed being covered by vineyards and ſtandard fruit-trees. The plain is interſected by a poor village called *Foro di Pozzuoli*, we paſſed through it, and then entered a very narrow road, which brought us to another valley, almoſt entirely under water. This lake is called *Lago d' Anagno*, at the diſtance of a mile and a half from that end of the *Grotta di Pauſilippe*, at the extremity from where we entered it, and forms a large baſon of a circular figure of about half a mile diameter, well furniſhed with water-fowl, which are preſerved for the king's amuſement. On the margin of the lake is the famous *Grotta del Canè*. As we were approaching it, a man appeared leading a wretched dog by a cord; the poor creature ſhewed great apprehenſion and dread, knowing the miſchief about to befal him. As M—— had ſeen this experiment already, having been here ſome days ſince, I deſired the dog might not be

Lago d'Anagna.

Grotta del Canè.

be put into the grotto for me, as I was not in the leaſt degree curious to ſee the effect of the experiment; he therefore prevented the man from proceeding, who was prodigiouſly ſurpriſed at receiving a larger gratuity for not tormenting the animal, than he had uſually done for the whole of his experiments: the poor wretch when untied was at firſt almoſt ſtupid; upon finding himſelf really at liberty, he friſked about, and expreſſed his joy by running and rolling himſelf upon the graſs; but I obſerved he ſhewed not the leaſt inclination to gambol towards the grotto; of which when he perceived the door to open, he ſtood aloof, and then ſlunk away as faſt as his weak legs could carry him; for his ſtrength ſeemed to have been much impaired. The experiment is thus made, as M—— informed me: they hold the dog by the legs down cloſe to the ground; in about two minutes he is ſeized with a ſpecies of convulſions, which cauſe him to howl, and foam at the mouth; but preſently his limbs and body ſtiffen, and he appears nearly expired, upon which, they throw him out of the grotto on the graſs that borders the lake, and ſometimes into it, when he recovers in a few minutes by degrees, as if juſt come out of a ſtrong fit; but the dogs never get the better of theſe experiments; for when they have been thus treated for perhaps a dozen times, they are ſhortly after ſeized with a giddineſs, and turning themſelves round repeatedly, drop down dead: this happens

more

more frequently to them in ſummer than in winter; and it is remarkable, that no dog has ever been known to ſurvive this experiment above three months, who has ſuffered it once only.

The grotto is very ſmall, and reſembles a deep and wide ditch, rather than a cave. At the entrance, a certain humidity is very perceptible; and ſtooping near the earth, you are ſtill more ſenſible of a light, warm exhalation riſing from the ſurface, ſomewhat like the effluvia from burning charcoal. A lighted flambeau is inſtantly extinguiſhed when held near the ground. We did not continue to ſtand here any time, as numbneſſes are frequently the conſequences to thoſe who imprudently linger near this dangerous ſpot. There is now a door to the entrance kept locked, and never opened but for ſtrangers, or thoſe who come to viſit the grotto. The reaſon given for this precaution is, that a poor man, a ſtranger in the country, being benighted near this place, took ſhelter in the grotto, where he was found dead in a ſhort time after. It appeared by the attitude in which he was found, that he had lain down to ſleep.

It is ſurpriſing to find, that graſs and various weeds grow luxuriantly about the entrance of this cave, and yet there hangs a kind of dew upon them, which, although not abſolutely warm to the touch, is by no means cold.

Vapour Baths.

Near this place are vapour-baths, called *Stuffa di S. Germano*. A very hot vapour from the ground

ground fills four chambers, round which are placed ſtone ſeats: on theſe the patients are laid, rolled up in blankets: when they come out of the baths, they go into bed: and in order to promote a ſecond perſpiration, eat ices, which never fail to procure the deſired effect. The diſorders commonly cured by theſe baths are rheumatiſms, ſcurvies, and other ſcrophulous humours.

Quitting the lake *d' Agnano*, we proceeded on our road to *Pozzuoli*, and came to the *Solfaterra*, about a mile from thence. It is an oval plain of no great extent, ſituated on a height, and ſurrounded by hills, except upon the ſide of the road by which you reach it. Solfaterra.

The ancient name of the plain is *Phlegra*, and is ſuppoſed to be the place where Hercules defeated the giants. The ſoil is of a yellow caſt, from the quantity of ſulphur (no doubt) with which it is impregnated, and ſo hot in many places, that my ſhoes were ſcorched and ſhrivelled, which made the walking in them difficult for the reſt of the day. In ſome places the heat is ſtronger, quite burning where the *moffets* or little volcanos flame up; this happens uncertainly, as to place and time, as alſo their extinguiſhment. In other places the ground feels quite cool, yet four inches below the ſurface is extremely warm. It is wonderful to ſee briars and bruſh-wood growing in this ſulphureous ſoil.

Here

Here are ſeveral ſmall vents, from whence ſmoke conſtantly iſſues; one in particular emits it abundantly, accompanied by a rumbling noiſe. This has the quality of producing ſal ammoniac in large quantities, which adheres to ſtones placed for the purpoſe of its reception at and about the opening.

Burning ſpring.

In one part of the plain a ſpring boils up, forming a ſmall rivulet; a ſtick or piece of paper being moved in it, catches fire immediately: it ſeems like a juggler's propoſal, to light a piece of paper at a rivulet, and ſtill as extraordinary, to find this ſpring at its ſource boil on one ſide only, the other being cool, which tempts one to conjecture that the ground being hollow, may poſſeſs near the ſource ſome Volcanian fire, which heats it thus partially.

Aqua di Piſciarelli.

The *Aqua di Piſciarelli* is a famous medicinal water in this country; it is hot, and of a ſaltiſh taſte; its ſource near the lake *d'Agnano*, and behind the *Solfaterra*. Pozzuoli is about two miles and an half from hence, there we embarked in a little boat, and landed at Capo Meſino *, about three miles and an half from Pozzuoli and Cuma. Very little remains of the ruins of the ancient town. The principal antiquity is a cavern, called *Grotta Dragonara:* whether this was intended as a reſervoir for water, or for a magazine for wine and proviſions, to ſupply the fleet of Me-

Grotta Dragonara.

* So named from Eneas's friend, whom he buried here. See Virgil, book vi.

ſino, antiquarians have hitherto diſputed. It at preſent conſiſts only of a long winding ſubterraneous paſſage, with rooms on each ſide, but nothing curious or worthy of obſervation.

Having quitted this promontory, we proceeded towards Baia, in our way to Cuma; and here I muſt mention *Monte Nuovo*, a great natural curioſity on this coaſt, if the effect of a dreadful eruption may be ſo ſtyled. The Lake Lucrine (now dry) after a violent agitation and noiſe, brought forth a mountain on the 30th day of September 1538, which ſprung up from the midſt of its waters. A violent earthquake at the ſame time entirely deſtroyed a village very near the lake, called *Tripergola*. Much damage was done in the environs to the vineyards, *&c.* The lake Lucrine was dried up, and great part of it filled by the New Mountain, formed of lava, pumice-ſtone, and ſuch ſubſtances as appear to have been half-calcined. This fact of the mountain having been produced in the ſpace of one day is atteſted by ſeveral authors of credit, amongſt many others by *Pietro di Toledo*, in his Dialogue on the Earthquake of 1538, printed at Naples the very following year, by *Leandro d'Alberti*, in his *Deſcrizione d'Italia*, *&c. &c.*

No buſh or plant, nor even a blade of graſs, grows upon *Monte Nuove*; which is judged to exceed in height two hundred feet.

About a mile north of Baia, and half as far from what was the lake Lucrine, is the lake Avernus, Lake Avernus.

Avernus, to which a narrow, winding road, with hedges on each ſide, conducted us. This lake is circular, of about half a mile diameter, ſurrounded with hills, which ſtill throw ſuch a ſhadow, as to give it a dark look; but when they were clothed with trees, muſt have cauſed the water to appear almoſt black. The noxious quality attributed to this lake, and the ſulphureous exhalations ſo fatal to birds who ſhould attempt to fly over it, are particularly mentioned in the ſixth Book of Virgil. At preſent it has no ſmell, nor does it produce any extraordinary vapour. The foreſts are deſtroyed, nor is there, I believe, a fibre remaining of the tree that bore the *golden bough*; however, our guide pointed to the gloomy entrance of a cave, cloſe upon the borders of the lake, which he aſſured us was the antique deſcent into Hell, and that we muſt go through a narrow and ſteep paſſage with lighted flambeaux to ſee the famous cave of the Sybil, this being one end or opening of it; the other, he told us, we ſhould ſee at Cuma. We apprehended the time would not ſuffice to reach that place if we remained longer here; and we knew there were ſome curious tombs worthy of obſervation in the road thither, ſo reſolved to content ourſelves with his deſcription of the cave, which was as follows: that after deſcending a bad ſtaircaſe above an hundred feet deep cut in the rock, which is alſo very winding, we ſhould arrive at two ſquare rooms, ornamented with ſtucco, much

in

in the ſame manner as the interior of Agrippina's Tomb. I interrupted him, to ſay I had no inclination to proceed ſo far on the road to the infernal regions. We determined to continue our courſe, after having firſt taken a view of the famous Temple of Apollo, probably that ſo beautifully deſcribed by Virgil, and which is ſituated on the borders of the lake, oppoſite the Sybil's cave. Our guide aſſured us there is a ſubterraneous paſſage leading from the cave to the temple, but that it is very difficult to paſs through, the ground having given way in many places: we took it for granted, not being diſpoſed to make the experiment.

The Temple of Apollo appeared a very large ruin; what remains is built entirely of brick: a great fragment of its dome is a majeſtic object: but our guide aſſured us, that were we cloſer, we ſhould not have ſo good a view of it as from where we were then poſted, the maſſes of ruined walls being at a diſtance from each other, whereas at preſent the point of view grouped them well together; his reaſons were plauſible, and we continued our road. Temple of Apollo.

It is really ſurpriſing to obſerve the natural taſte of theſe poor people, and how much of hiſtory true and falſe they know, conſidering their education, *&c.*: though they are often bewildered and confuſed in regard to ancient dates and events, confounding legendary tales (handed down to them by their forefathers) with hiſtorical facts.

But not to loſe time in digreſſions, having quitted the borders of the lake Avernus, we came again to that beautiful part of the country, the Elyſian Fields, which I mentioned in my laſt letter. Here is a ſmall lake, called *Mare Morto*, but ſtyled by the peaſants *Mercato di Sabbato*; it is full of fiſh, and joins on to the ſea, by a narrow communication that admits of being dammed, ſo as to prevent the fiſh from returning thither. The famous *Acheron* is about a mile from hence; this is now called by the peaſants *Lago Fuſaro:* near it was ſituated the country-houſe of Servilius Vatia, mentioned by Seneca as *the only man who knew how to live*; he deſcribes alſo the beauties of the ſituation and houſe.

Mare Morto.

Acheron.

Between the lake of *Mare Morto* and the ſea-ſhore is a great antique building called *Piſcina Mirabile*, which was probably a reſervoir; it meaſures two hundred feet by one hundred and thirty; the roof is ſupported by forty-eight large pillars; you deſcend into it by two ſtaircaſes, each of forty ſteps.

Piſcina Mirabile.

I believe you think we ſhall never arrive at Cuma; but the reaſon is, that theſe antiquities I have mentioned lie wide of each other, and are ſo ſituated, that they cannot be taken regularly, the roads to them frequently out of repair, oblige you to double back the ſame ground over again; theſe reaſons and others put it out of my power to give you a clear idea of their poſition with reſpect to each other, unleſs I could ſend you a map

a map of the country, a convenience much wanted by ſtrangers, but not to be had. In our way to Cuma we paſſed by Bauli, where we had dined the day before; theſe are about a mile's diſtance from each other.

Cuma is ſaid to have been founded by a Greek people of an iſland now called Negropontis, the ancient Eubeans of the city of Calchis, a thouſand years before the Chriſtian æra. The ruins are ſpread over a large tract of ground, and many of them covered by the ſea; yet eaſily perceived from a rock which juts out into the water near Bauli. Amongſt thoſe ruins upon *terra firma*, is a houſe, which we entered; the walls are ſurpriſingly thick and ſtrong; the roof, on the outſide, now even with the ground, is flat and ſtuccoed with a ſtrong compoſition of pounded lava and pozzuolane; the rooms vaulted, but of ſmall dimenſions. Cuma.

Here are ſome remains of the houſe of Lucullus, whoſe luxury coſt him his life: the walls are of large bricks, built in a kind of moſaic; ſome of its lofty arches ſtill viſible witneſs its former ſplendour. Lucullus's houſe.

Arco Felice is the name of a great gateway, probably one of the entrances of the town; to this is joined on each ſide part of a ſtrong and very thick brick-wall, ſixty feet high. *Arco Felice.*

The Giants Temple is a building of twenty-nine feet long by twenty-five; the cieling arched, and divided into compartments, in which are Temple of the Giants.

three ſquare niches: What this building was deſigned for is not known, or why it is now called the Temple of the Giants. There is another vault of eighty feet long under ground, and near this temple, with niches in the walls, from which it may be conjectured, with great appearance of probability, that it has been a catacomb or burial-place.

Sibyl's Cave.

The entrance of the Sibyl's * Cave is by a broad and flat arch; it is ſo filled up with earth, as to prevent its being penetrated farther than about twenty paces with eaſe. It really ſeems poſſible, that this ſhould be the other end of the cavern on the ſide of Avernus. Our guide aſſerts ſtrenuouſly, that he has himſelf gone the whole way, a great part of it upon his hands and knees, and conſtantly ſtooping more or leſs during the remainder of the paſſage; but we are not ready to believe that a man of his ſort would undertake a pilgrimage of this nature from no other motive than that of curioſity. We entered the cave a few paces, but the arch and the ground were ſo near, that it ſoon became neceſſary to

* The Cumean Sibyl was the ſeventh in the order of Sibyls; ſhe was ſaid to be the daughter of Glaucus, and prieſteſs of Apollo, to have lived ſeven centuries, and was the ſame who offered Tarquin the Sibyl's books, of which there were nine; ſhe demanded a hundred pieces of gold, which was refuſed her; upon which ſhe burned ſix of them, and the king regretting he had not purchaſed them all, and believing the remaining three might contain moſt important ſecrets, acquired them at the price ſhe had aſked for the whole.

get

get upon our hands and knees; and as it ſeemed to become ſtill more contracted, and the flambeaux grew dim, we retired with what ſpeed we could; ſo judge you if it was poſſible for this man to have penetrated three miles in utter darkneſs. I filled my pockets with ſome handfuls of the earth, amongſt which there are abundance of antique bits of moſaic, broken agate, *&c.*; and upon examination, found one intaglio of jaſper; it repreſents the ſign Scorpion, holding a creſcent between the fore-claws, and has a ſtar placed near the tail; it is perfect, but I was ſorry it was not upon a fine gem. I have packed up a couple of deal-boxes, which contain ſome antiques and articles in natural hiſtory: they are to go to England by ſea the firſt opportunity.

Having viſited all that ſeemed worthy of obſervation at Cuma, we went to the burying-places in its neighbourhood, called by the peaſants *Coll-Imperia*. Theſe depoſitories of the aſhes of the dead reſemble each other ſo nearly, that I ſhall deſcribe but one of them, by which you may judge of all the others: it is that of Julius Cæſar; the plan is circular, the walls of brick, in theſe are little niches, each of them containing an urn, in which the aſhes were depoſited; theſe have been removed, our guide told us, to the Cabinet of Portici, but we cannot recollect having ſeen them there.

Burying-places.

Monument of J. Cæſar.

The plan is on a ſmall ſcale; I ſhould judge it not to exceed ten feet in diameter; the roof

forms a dome; the architecture is of the moſt ſimple kind, without painting or ſtucco. We deſcended into it, for all theſe mauſoleums are under ground.

We returned and dined at Pozzuoli, at our guide's houſe, who is a fiſherman, and has a tolerable habitation. He is one of thoſe people who at Naples are called *Lazzaronis*. We had freſh butter, new-laid-eggs, bread, biſcuits, anchovies, and wine; he ſhewed us great hoſpitality, and we rewarded him accordingly. When about to return to Naples, he aſked me in the moſt humble manner, If I had any of the black ſilk Engliſh plaſter, ſo ſovereign for wounds? At firſt I did not comprehend what he applied for, but upon recollection, found it muſt be the black ſticking court plaſter. Luckily I had a bit in my pocket-book, which I gave him; he returned me a thouſand thanks; and I learned from him, that Lady Sudley when at Naples had been ſo kind as to give him and others of the *lazzaroni* a good deal of it, which they had found an infallible remedy for the *colp di coltelli* they ſo frequently receive in brawls and quarrels with each other. The prejudice which prevails here to whatever comes from England is aſtoniſhing; and indeed the mereſt trifle cures theſe poor people, who are almoſt in a ſtate of nature. He mentioned to us ſeveral anecdotes of Lady Sudley, much to her honour. This lady's humanity, generoſity, and every virtue, joined to a refined

a refined underſtanding, a moſt liberal education, and an elegant perſon, has made ſuch an impreſſion upon the hearts of the Neapolitans, from the court down to the *lazzaroni*, that whenever ſhe is mentioned, they with difficulty reſtrain their tears; a grateful tribute to her memory in a foreign country!

Having now bid adieu to theſe delightful coaſts, which I cannot expect to ſee again, I ſhall return to Naples, and to a further deſcription of that city and of *Capo di Monti*, which is ſituated in its ſuburbs. This old palace uninhabited by the court has never been completed within, though begun in 1738. It contains a fine collection of books, pictures, antiques, and natural hiſtory. On the firſt floor is an apartment, conſiſting of twenty-four rooms, filled with pictures; the beſt are thoſe which adorn the gallery called the Duke of Parma's. Of theſe, I ſhall mention but a few that pleaſe moſt. I have not time at preſent to be minute, but ſhall abridge from the notes taken by both of us upon the ſpot as much as poſſible. A famous picture, though a copy; the original is at Florence, by Raphael. It is that wherein Leo X. is repreſented between two cardinals. This copy is ſo admirably done, that it deceived Giulio Romano, who ſhewed it to Andrea del Sarto (himſelf the author of the copy), and enlarged upon the beautiful touches of his maſter Raphael which he pointed out to him, not forgetting many encomiums on the

Capo di Monti.

Copy by Andrea del Sarto.

great ſtrokes in the drapery, which he thought ineſtimable. Judge how Andrea muſt have prided himſelf on having deceived ſo great a maſter.

Raffael'o. A Madonna, little Jeſus, and St. John; St. Joſeph in the back ground, with a wallet at his back; a duplicate of that famous ſmall picture at the *Palais Royal* at Paris, by Raffaello.

Annibal Carracci. Eight pictures by *Annibal Carracci*. A Pieta; the Virgin's character noble, her attitude and expreſſion truly affecting; the dead Chriſt finely done.

A ſmall picture, repreſenting St. Anne ſhewing a crown of thorns to the Virgin: the colouring quite freſh.

Hercules between Vice and Virtue; the three figures are not well grouped, being placed at too great a diſtance from each other; but the drawing is in a great manner.

Rinaldo and Armida; ſhe is employed in adjuſting her hair, he holds her a looking-glaſs; yet the painter might have improved his repreſentation, from the paſſage in Taſſo's Jeruſalem, *&c.*

Corregio. Titian. Two Concerts, by *Corregio*; they are well done. The famous *Danae*, by *Titian*; I do not think it equal to that already mentioned in the poſſeſſion of a private family at Florence.

Baſſans. Several good pictures by the Baſſans; one in particular ſo well done, that it turned my ſtomach: I began to fancy I ſmelt that odious faint ſmell

ſmell which makes me ſick if I go near raw meat. Theſe brothers had an unaccountable taſte in all their pictures; they never omit the diſguſting circumſtances attendant on kitchens, fiſh-markets, and dirty ſhops.

A beautiful *Madonna*, by *Carlo Dolce*, in his higheſt manner of finiſhing. Carlo Dolce.

Several fine ſketches, by *Raffaello*. Raffaello.

A ſmall Crucifixion, by *Michael Angelo*. M. Angelo.

Two Holy Families, by Pietro Perugino, in the uſual ſtyle of this maſter. Pietro Perugino.

A Lucretia, by Novalone: this is a charming picture, I think; but ſome *Grandi Virtuoſi* aſſert the Lucretia to be too young (I do not know from what hiſtory they have been able to aſcertain her age): if this be a fault, it is certainly on the right ſide; probably Tarquin was not of their opinion. The father and mother of Lucretia are both ſeen in this picture: Brutus appears in the back ground, as if entering the houſe, accompanied by other Romans. M—— has found means to get this picture copied; it is well done and the only copy in our poſſeſſion. Novalone.

Venus diſſuading Adonis from the fatal chace; the dogs are coupled, and as impatient as their maſter to be gone. Venus's figure is graceful, and full of the moſt tender anxiety. This picture is by Tizziano. Tizziano.

A picture of a Party at Cards: three men in Spaniſh dreſſes at play: one underſtands and

manages the game as artfully as Don A—t—o; the others are as deeply engaged, and expreſs more anxiety for the event. It is an admirable piece, by Caravagio.

Cara-vagio.

The portrait of a ſavage man, kept as a buffoon or *fool* in the court of a Duke of Parma; he is covered over with hair, like a beaſt: a baboon and a lap-dog are at play on his lap; on his ſhoulder is a monkey feeding a parrot, by Corregio, and finely done, though not a pleaſing picture.

Corregio,

Another admirable picture, of a man reading, painted on ſtone, by a ſcholar of Raffaello.

By a ſcholar of Raffaello.

A famous picture, and very deſervedly eſteemed ſuch; by Annibal Carracci: the ſubject, an *Ecce homo*.

Annibal Carracci.

Several fine drawings of Raffaello and other great maſters.

Draw-ings.

The ſmall Magdalen, by Corregio, is an inimitable piece; it is but eight inches long; ſhe is proſtrate and reading: this has been often copied.

Corregio.

A Marriage of St. Catherine, by Guido, bears every graceful proof of this elegant painter.

Guido.

A picture repreſenting Hypocriſy in the ſhape of a Capuchin friar, who would cheat the World; but the World, deſcribed by the figure of a vagabond incloſed in a ſphere, ſteals ſoftly behind him and cuts away his purſe. There is much humour in this picture; and here are a great many

many other paintings worthy the attention of all lovers of the art, that my time will not permit me to mention.

In this fine collection are a profusion of curious antique inscriptions, sufficient in themselves to furnish a volume. Many admirable bas reliefs in marble, and carvings in wood. Several fresco-paintings of great merit, taken off the walls of Nero's palace at Rome; one in particular, representing a military charity, highly executed. A complete series of medals. A great number of cameos, intaglios, *&c.* on valuable gems, employed our attention so much, that we forgot the hour, but were so frequently reminded by the repeated importunity of our servants, who were impatient to go to dinner, that we at last quitted a place replete with curiosities, much against our will. I cannot believe we shall find any town in Italy so agreeable as Naples. There is nothing the most low-spirited *Atrabilaire* can desire to content him, (were that possible) but may be found here. But this letter would not conclude for a week, was I to expatiate on the manners of the Neapolitans, the magnificence and brilliancy of their assemblies, the charms of their music, *&c.* therefore I hasten to mention the royal palace, the theatre of St. Carlo, and some other objects, which, were I to omit, you would with justice reproach me.

The situation of the Palace is such, that one of the wide fronts looks on the sea. Its architecture Palace.

tecture is in a good ſtyle; there are twenty-two windows in front, and three great doors of entrance: it is decorated with three ranges of pilaſters, one above the other, of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders: and the whole of the building is finiſhed by a baluſtrade, on which are placed vaſes and pyramidical ornaments alternately. A magnificent ſtaircaſe of a beautiful proportion conducts you to the apartments; theſe are well furniſhed, and abound in gilding and looking-glaſſes. Here are alſo ſome pictures; but not one, in our opinion, worth mentioning after thoſe of Capo di Monte.

Theatres. In this city are three theatres, *Il Teatro di S. Carlo*, that of the *Fiorentini* (ſo called) and *Il Teatro Nuova*, for the buffoon operas. *S. Carlo's* joins on to the palace, ſo that the court can paſs from thence to the theatre under cover. The great entrance for the public is very convenient; a commodious double ſtaircaſe leads to the boxes. The theatre is amazingly vaſt (conſidering it as modern). It is ſhaped nearly as that at Turin, but I think much larger. There are ſix ranges of boxes; the firſt conſiſts of twenty-two, the others of twenty-four each: They contain from ten to twelve people very conveniently, and might hold many more, were they fitted up with benches or covered ſeats, as they are in England; but here *cabriolets* (French arm-chairs) are the only ſeats. Theſe boxes are hung with ſilk, agreeable to the taſte of their owners, and well illuminated.

The front of each range is faced with looking-glaſs, which on common occaſions are covered with drapery curtains richly ornamented; but upon *gala* days this drapery is removed, and the glaſſes being uncovered, produce an effect, which at firſt view perſuades you all is enchantment. The lights, the company, the ſtage, are reflected from ſide to ſide, and conſequently ſo often multiplied, that it confounds a ſpectator. The pillars that ſeparate the boxes are decorated with large ſtatues of genii, *&c.* finely gilt; they ſuſtain wax-candles of prodigious ſize, and make a dazzling appearance reflected from the looking-glaſſes behind them. The orcheſtra is compoſed of about ninety excellent performers; thoſe that lead are capital; and here, for the firſt time in my life, I was ſenſible, that it is poſſible for a number of muſicians to fill each his part with ſuch preciſion and accuracy, that the whole harmony ſhall produce one perfect ſound, as if one ſoul or mind guided them all. Muſic is here in the higheſt perfection. I had fancied I could have diſtinguiſhed good muſic from bad, or even from indifferent; but ſince I have been here, I am quite convinced I really never heard perfect inſtrumental muſic before. They tell us, that there is as good an orcheſtra at Rome; and that at the Pope's chapel, during the *Santa Settemana*, the fineſt voices in Italy are to be heard: I ſhall ſoon be able to give you my opinion of theſe matters; but as this country produced a Corelli,

a Jo-

a Jomelli, a Leo, a Pergoleze, a Galuppi, a Terradellas, &c. I think it might ſtand unrivalled in the ſcience of muſic. Our ſingers here at preſent are not greatly eſteemed; to me they ſeem charming. The decorations and dreſſes are extremely brilliant. The dances are chiefly of the groteſque kind. The Italians almoſt univerſally hate the ſerious dance. The famous Gabrieli is not here at this time; but the Neapolitans boaſt ſo much of her talents, that I am inclined to believe her voice muſt exceed even what they aſſert it to be; they are all ſo extremely modeſt, in reſpect of every thing they particularly excel in, and never highly commend any artiſt in muſic or painting without the ampleſt foundation. The royal box makes a ſuperb appearance, particularly when the Queen is preſent, at which time the ladies belonging to the court, and others, are full dreſſed, and covered with a profuſion of jewels; but the Queen outſhines them all, not only in magnificence of dreſs (for that would be nothing extraordinary), but in a ſtyle of beauty, and gracefulneſs of air, peculiar to herſelf.

The *Teatro di Fiorentini* is a ſmall theatre (for Italy), and built much in the French taſte. The *opera buffa* (comic opera) is chiefly repreſented here; ſometimes they perform comedies. The troop of comedians are for the greater number Florentines.

The

The *Teatro Nuovo* is by no means well conſtructed nor elegantly decorated. The comic opera, pantomimes, and *ballets groteſques* (a kind of interlude) are what this theatre repreſents: it is open during the whole of the ſummer.

I believe Naples is the only city in Italy, except Bologna, where all eccleſiaſtics, even monks, frequent the theatre. Speaking of prieſts reminds me of churches; but do not be alarmed, I ſhall mention but a few of the moſt curious, not having had time nor much inclination to explore the ſubaltern ones, which abound here.

Il Duomo, dedicated to St. Gennaro, is built in an old Gothic taſte, on the ruins of a temple dedicated to Apollo. In this church are one hundred and ten pillars of African marble, and a great number of ornaments of ſtucco gilt. There are paintings in the roof by Santo Fede and Luc. Giordano: the colouring is too grey, and the figures want relief. The fount is antique; it is really a vaſe of *Baſalte* or black marble, which, by the bas relievos on its ſides, plainly appears to have been ſacred to the rites of Bacchus. Il Duomo church.

Here are ſome tolerable pictures by Luc. Giordano, Solimene, and the Chevalier Conca. That over the great altar is one of the beſt, the ſubject an Aſſumption; by Perugino. Pictures L. Giordano. Solimene. Conca. Perugino.

In a ſmall chapel called the *Soccorpo*, repoſes the body of St. Gennaro. Joining on to this church is another, Santa Reſtituta: there are fine antique columns here, brought from the Temple Santa Reſtituta Church.

of

of Neptune near Puozoli. This church is remarkable for a circular chapel, finely proportioned, and well ornamented with forty-two pillars of Brocatelli marble, which contains the treaſure of St. Gennaro. Here are niches, in which are placed bronze ſtatues of nineteen ſaints; they are by Gulio Finelli; but I think them very indifferently executed. Under theſe the relics of each ſaint are preſerved in hollow buſtos and ſmall ſilver ſtatues. In the church is a large picture of St. Genaro by Spagnolett: there are many valuable gifts preſerved here; amongſt a great number of others, the gold chalice ornamented with diamonds, is eſtimated at about four thouſand pounds ſterling; alſo many ſtatues and ſilver buſtos, *&c.* of very great value, and ſeveral of them enriched with precious ſtones. A nich behind the altar, to which there is a ſilver door, is the repoſitory of two cryſtal phials, filled with the pretended blood of St. *Gennaro*, which they formerly aſſerted to have been collected by a Neapolitan lady, who was preſent at his martyrdom: but now the Neapolitans are above ſuch impoſition; and the ridiculous pretended miracle of the liquefaction of his blood upon certain days, *&c.* is grown almoſt univerſally contemptible at Naples, even in the eyes of the vulgar: for the poor man who ſweeps the church ſaid, that the Prince *Sanſevero* had made a chymical preparation which exactly reſembles St. Gennaro's blood, and cauſed it to liquefy in the

Gulio Finelli.

ſame

ſame manner, by the warmth proceeding from his handling the phial, and turning it up and down. I am perſuaded, that were the two holidays * in each year, and the pompous proceſſions in honour of this ſaint, to be put down, the miracle would ſoon ceaſe.

St. Filippo di Neri Church.

Another church in much eſtimation is St. Filippo di Neri: it is highly decorated with marble and painting. The whole hiſtory of the Saint is repreſented by Solimene, and tolerably well done. There is a cupola belonging to one of the chapels, which is painted in freſco by Simonetti. It is well done, the colouring good, and the compoſition ingenious: the ſubject is Judith ſhewing the head of Holofernes to the whole army, who all appear terrified at the ſight. At the top of the cupola is a glory, with a blaſphemous repreſentation, but too common in Italian churches.

Simonetti.

Guido.

In another chapel is an admirable picture of St. *Francis* by *Guido*; the head and hands finely done: and a very affecting painting, repreſenting St. Alexis expiring, with a glory, in which appears angels conſoling him; the figures are all graceful, and of the moſt amiable character: it is by *Pietro da Cortona*. Over the great door of entrance, within the church, is a very large painting in diſtemper, by Luc. Giordano; the ſubject the buyers and ſellers driven out of the temple. The ſize of this picture is enormous:

Pietro da Cortona.

Luc. Giordano.

* The 6th of May and the 19th of September.

there

there is great merit in the various expreſſions of the perſonages, and ſkill in the grouping.

One of the chapels contains three paintings relative to the hiſtory of St. Filippo. They are all by Luc. Giordano. That appears to me to have much merit, which repreſents an interview between the Saint and St. Baromeo. In another part of the church is a juſtly eſteemed picture of St. Andrew, by Spagnoletto.

L. c. Giordano.

Eſpagnoletto.

I could ſay more of the churches; but I will not, though I told you before, I have not ſeen them all; and I own there is nothing more fatiguing than church-hunting, except perhaps (in your opinion) church-reading.

The palace and chapel with all its curioſities belonging to *il Principe de Sanſevero D. Roimando di Sangro*, being all ſet forth in a pamphlet which bears the above title, I ſhall omit mentioning any otherwiſe than by ſaying we have accurately examined it with the book in our hands, and of which you may have the peruſal when we meet.

Do not expect any circumſtantial account of Mount Veſuvius: Mr. Hamilton (now Sir William) has wrote moſt ingeniouſly upon that mountain and volcanos in general; his treatiſe will appear ſhortly in Engliſh. All I have to tell you is, that although there has been no eruption (properly ſo called), ſince we have been here, yet the mountain is always burning, and in a dark night makes a moſt flaming appearance, ſeen

Mount Veſuvius.

from our windows. It bellows like diſtant thunder, frequently throws out flames to a prodigious height, and great ſtones red hot, which are plainly diſcernible at this diſtance.

I have ſeveral times obſerved the aſhes thinly covering our balconies: they are as fine as ſifted wood-aſhes. If there ſhould happen an irruption within this day or two, I do not think we ſhould be able to reſiſt the temptation of poſtponing our journey to ſee it: but I aſſure you, I have ſtrictly complied with your injunctions, and have not attempted to go up the mountain; M—— indeed had, with great fatigue and difficulty, gained the mouth of the *crater*; but the wind ſetting in his face, he was obliged to deſcend without being able to look down into it, the ſulphureous ſmoke, ſtench, and aſhes ſcarcely permitting him to breathe: however I prevailed with him not to attempt it a ſecond time, though he alleged he had not ſeen it to his liking. In my opinion, it is a moſt hazardous and dangerous undertaking: the aſcent is very painful; and the ground, or rather aſhes and lava, under your feet, ſubject to open ſuddenly, whilſt paſſing over them, and diſcover dreadful chaſms, through which appear gulphs of liquid fire. Were I to expatiate on the danger of this exploit, I might mention many other matters: but ſhall only take notice, that ſtones red hot, many of them as large as a clothes-preſs or *commode*, are vomited out of the *crater*, which falling down again with great violence, may

eaſily cruſh the curious traveller, who perhaps is employed in the inveſtigation of the lava, over which he is labouring with much pain and difficulty. Amongſt the amuſements of Naples, I Corſo. believe I did not mention the *Corſo*. Here the Neapolitans diſplay a magnificence that amazes ſtrangers, particularly on the *gala*-days. The coaches are painted, gilt, and varniſhed ſo admirably, as to exceed by many degrees in beauty the fineſt in Paris: they are lined with velvet or ſattin, fringed with gold or ſilver. The Neapolitan horſes are the moſt beautiful I ever ſaw; large, ſtrong, high-ſpirited, with manes and tails as fine as flax, of a great length, and in waves. Their harneſs is as brilliant as it is poſſible to make it; I ſhall only mention one ſet, by which you may judge of others: the whole was made of blue ſilk and ſilver; and the ornament that covered the top of the horſes manes repreſented rows of convolvuluſes formed of the ſame materials, and finely executed: on their heads they bore white oſtrich feathers and artificial flowers. On theſe *gala*-days, the Neapolitan ladies drive with ſix, and often with eight horſes; beſides, a kind of ſumpter horſe, which does not draw, but is faſtened on the outſide, between the leaders and the next pair. This creature, over and above a profuſion of ornaments, is covered with an incredible number of little bells, of which he ſeems very proud, kicking, prancing, and plunging from time to time, as with deſign to hear his

bells jingle. This horſe is called *Balerina*, I ſuppoſe from appearing to dance as he goes. Were I writing Italian, I muſt have wrote ſhe, inſtead of he, in ſpeaking of the Balerina; a manner of expreſſing reſpect in more inſtances than the Sumpter horſe. I could not but reflect on the infinite pains and labour the dreſſing ſuch a number of horſes requires. I ſuppoſe *que la toilette des chevaux commence au point du jour comme celle de* * * * *

The *Volantes* (running footmen) of whom, to each equipage, there are generally two, are as finely adorned as the horſes, and I do ſuppoſe them to be the moſt alert in the world. The Neapolitans value themſelves much on theſe miniſters of luxury; they are all very elegant figures. I don't remember to have ſeen one homely young man amongſt the hundreds that appear on the *Corſo*. Footmen, you may ſuppoſe, are not wanting; they are in great numbers in every noble family here: three or four go behind the coaches, and often more walk by the ſide of the equipages. We have frequently ſeen on the Corſo from four to ſix hundred carriages. Lord Til—y, who gives fine aſſemblies, dinners, ſuppers, *&c.* and who lives in a magnificent ſtyle, rivals the Neapolitans on the Corſo in the brilliancy of his equipage, and the expence of his liveries, *volantis*, *&c.* Need I add, that the ladies who are conveyed in theſe ſuperb coaches are covered with jewels, and the fineſt cloaths

that can be procured from Lyons. The ſilks manufactured in Italy are in no eſteem. All the people of faſhion wear thoſe of Lyons. The embroidery of Naples is famous, but generally worked on French ſilks. In my opinion, the execution is firmer, and neater, and the drawing in a better taſte, than the embroidery of Vienna.

After having paſſed the whole day and part of the night in writing this long letter, I am at laſt come to a concluſion.—You ſhall hear from me when we ſhall have reached Rome * * *

I am as ever, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

Rome, March 20th, 1771.

HERE we are ſafely arrived, in good health; and extremely well lodged, at 16 ſequins a month for our apartment, and two ſequins our kitchen, in the *Strada della Cruce*, a ſtreet that goes out of the *Piazza di Spagna*. The houſe is preciſely oppoſite Pio's, where we lodged before. Our apartment conſiſts of a good antichamber, a drawing-room about 33 feet long by 30 wide, and 15 high, two very handſome bed-chambers, and a narrow ſlip of a room which I intend to uſe as a *ſale à manger*. The rooms (except the antichamber) are hung with crimſon damaſk, the chairs, beds, and ſofas of the ſame. They are furniſhed with fine marble tables, and looking-glaſſes; we have alſo a good kitchen, and rooms for our ſervants. Our return hither has been attended with much fewer inconveniencies than our journey to Naples; for *il Signore Pignatelli* was ſo obliging as to furniſh us with a written order ſigned by the proper people in power, which operated to curb the inſolence, delays, *&c.* of the poſt-maſter's cuſtom-houſe officers, and ſuch kind of miſcreants, who are the torment of travellers; yet he did not flatter us with the hope that this inſtrument for good order, good manners, *&c.* would be of much uſe; aſ-

ſuring us, that he himſelf, though armed with every authority that might be ſuppoſed conducive to his eaſe and convenience upon the road, and moreover veſted with a public character from his government, which demands attention and reſpect, was ſo ill treated and ill ſerved by innkeepers, &c. as to be obliged to prefer ſuch complaints againſt them upon his return to Naples, as procured a ſuſpenſion of ſome of the poſtmaſters, &c. and a total diſqualification of others from a continuance of their buſineſs.

I have often been agreeably ſurpriſed at finding, by your letters, that my great packets reach you ſafe. The poſts in Italy (at leaſt as far as we have been) are ill regulated, and the letters conveyed in ſo careleſs a manner, that I wonder they are not frequently loſt. If they charged for double letters in theſe countries as in England, my letters would coſt you an immenſe ſum; but as they are paid for by weight, I ſcribble as cloſe as I can, and you ſay, you never paid ſo much as nine livres but once, and then there was more than one packet. I think it a great deal of money for my epiſtles, though you make ſo light of it. I am now nearer to you than when at Naples, ſo flatter myſelf I ſhall hear from you oftener. We are in daily expectation of ſome of your letters from Naples, and I do not queſtion your having wrote to Rome immediately, on my firſt hinting our intention of changing our quarters. I have no reaſon to complain of neglect of writing on your

your part—your tender friendſhip * * * * * * * * * * *

We have already had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſome of our Engliſh friends; many more are expected from Florence. Our Roman acquaintance will be very extenſive. I wiſh we may have time to ſee this once miſtreſs of the world, and all her curioſities; but is that practicable in the courſe of a few months? However, we ſhall be diligent, and apply ourſelves to the purſuit of the great objects which brought us hither; and endeavour to uſe our time with the beſt œconomy.

Upon looking over my notes taken at Naples, I find I did not mention ſome particulars I had purpoſely marked for your information. In deſcribing the *Corſo*, I neglected to ſpeak of the various amuſements for the people, which continue the whole length of the ſuburb called the Corſo.——Mountebanks, ballad-ſingers, dancers, and even friars, who are mounted in pulpits, diſplay their various talents to the vulgar. This is change of ſcene to the company alſo, who ſometimes condeſcend to ſtop their coaches, in order to liſten to the eloquence of a *Charlatan*, or the lamentable preachings and menaces proceeding from the pulpit in a diſmal tone. The more the friar, with great vociferation, denounces damnation, flames, and devils to the public, the louder are the acclamations of the people. But the circles round the ballad-ſingers and mountebanks, exceed thoſe of the preachers.

Lazzaroni. The *Lazzaroni*, as they are here called, are of the loweſt rank amongſt the people. They are, in general, bred to no other buſineſs than that of fiſhing and carrying burdens, and are of a different character from the other Neapolitans. Being a very extraordinary people, I aſſure you, they govern themſelves by a point of honour, which is ſtrictly obſerved—may be ſafely confided in to carry money and the moſt valuable goods; —never betray a truſt;—rigidly perform their promiſe;—protect, to the loſs of their lives, whoever flies to them for ſhelter, whether againſt their creditors, or for any offence whatſoever. They are of a robuſt make and conſtitution, patient of fatigue.—Their women are handſome.—The men and boys remarkable for diving; being accuſtomed to ſwimming from their earlieſt infancy. When paſt childhood, they wear a particular dreſs; a kind of ſhort coat very thick, and impenetrable to rain; which alſo protects them from the intenſe heats of the ſun. This ſtuff is wove with certain long filaments of a dark brown colour, and looks like hair.—It grows to a ſhell-fiſh about the ſize of a ſmall oyſter. The fiſh contained in the ſhell is of a deep red colour, and has a ſouriſh taſte. The children, during the ſpring, ſummer, and autumn months, wear no clothes;—the women only a jacket and petticoat of a kind of callimanco, with a large piece of coarſe linen over their heads, necks, and ſhoulders, to protect them from the ſun; in which trim

trim they ſit at the doors of their habitations all day long, mending fiſhing nets. They have, literally, no houſes, but chambers wrought in the rock, at a place called *Chiaia*, a ſuburb of Naples near the *Pauſillippe*; in which they have either found, or formed themſelves, many obſcure retreats, that penetrate far into the cliff, where they can conceal themſelves, or thoſe who apply to them for protection, upon any emergency.

In this ſuburb *(Chiaia)* are ſome pretty new houſes, where the Engliſh generally chuſe to reſide, to the amazement of the Neapolitan gentry, who fancy they run great riſk in ſo bad a neighbourhood; their prejudices not favouring the *lazzaroni*.

Of a gala-day, theſe peop , of both ſexes, are adorned with a quantity of broad gold and ſilver lace, with which the men's coats are trimmed, as alſo the women's jackets and petticoats, which, for theſe occaſions, are of ſilk. Theſe latter, upon ſuch days, wear upon their heads a kind of *Callotte*, laced in the ſame manner, with gold ear-rings of a large ſize, pearl necklaces and bracelets.

When theſe people can ſave money enough to be able to appear at the ſports on the Corſo in *Gala*, their ambition is completely gratified. The pooreſt family amongſt them have a kind of one-horſe-chair, and a little horſe.—In theſe tottering equipages do they drive through the ſtreets, with ſurpriſing ſwiftneſs and dexterity.

We

We were very fond of converſing with this people, and have often gone into their houſes, which are not dirty, but cloſely ornamented with bad pictures of ſaints, looking-glaſſes, ſome good ſhells, and fine coral, which they dive for, and find in great abundance near the coaſt, particularly on the ſide towards Sicily. We have bought ſeveral articles of various ſorts from them, and never found one amongſt them inclined to knavery or impoſition. They declare themſelves the deſcendants of the ancient inhabitants of Naples and its neighbourhood: and that the princely, and noble families, who are at preſent in poſſeſſion of power and property, are not gentlemen compared to them, but of leſs ancient families. They are extremely ſenſible and entertaining in converſation, and when they have brought me ſhells, *&c.* to purchaſe, I uſed to make them ſit down on the floor, (which is a great favour here) in order to hear their legendary accounts of themſelves and country. One thing is remarkable, that whether the deſcendants of the families they pretend to or not, they are the *only Neapolitans* whoſe features reſemble the buſtos and ſtatues found at Herculaneum and Pompeia.

As to the government of Naples, it is deſpotic. The favourite miniſter's name is *Tannucci*,—his wife has admirable ſenſe, and great political genius; however I believe, with ſome reaſon, that the Prince who really governs there, is the King of Spain; at leaſt, ſuch is the preſent generally

nerally received opinion. But I cannot enter into political matters at preſent, as I am threatened with the departure of the poſt; ſo muſt haſten to tell you, that Rome ſeems a deſart after Naples; that it is ſo cold, we have great fires in all the rooms; that the ſpring is far from being ſo forward near this city as at Naples; and that we quitted ſome of our friends there with much regret; being thoroughly ſenſible to, and grateful for, their civilities and friendſhip. There is ſomething very ſhocking in leaving an agreeable place, and an amiable people, that one has not the leaſt expectation of ever ſeeing more.—But theſe reflections are ſuch as travellers muſt accuſtom themſelves to diſpoſe of in the beſt manner they are able. Adieu. I am tired after my journey. I ſhall write again as ſoon as I poſſibly can, for to-morrow we commence our *cours des curioſités*.

I am as ever, *&c.*

LETTER XL.

Rome, March 26, 1771.

JUST as I ſuppoſed;—I have received letters from you that had gone to Naples; and one addreſſed here, which our good friend *Barrazzi* haſtened with himſelf. I like this old banker prodigiouſly;—there is a cordiality in him, and a deſire to be really *ſerviable*. He hurries himſelf to death to oblige us, and he knows he could not do it more effectually than by his kind attention in the delivery of our letters †. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

We have made an addition to our travelling library, which is of the greateſt uſe to us; viz. a book entitled, *Antichità di Roma dell' Abate Ridolfino Venuti Cortoneſe*, &c. The author has, kindly for his readers, delineated the different quarters of Rome and its environs, with the ruins and other curioſities they contain, in ſuch manner as to ſave a ſtranger much time and trouble; as by following his directions, it is eaſy to calculate how much may be ſeen in a morning. It is illuſtrated with accurate meaſurements, deſcriptions, and cuts; the latter, unfortunately, are but poorly executed. This work will ſhew

† A great part of this letter is omitted by the Editor, as it relates to matters and perſons unintereſting to the Public.

you

you Rome at our return, much better than any deſcription I can give you; however, as you conſtantly wiſh me to continue a deſcription of what I have ſeen, I will not quite diſappoint your expectation, but ſhall ſo far comply, as to mention thoſe particular palaces, churches, ſtatues, pictures, ruins, that ſtruck us moſt, though not in ſo circumſtantial a manner as I have done in regard to other parts of Italy, leſs noticed in the books of travels. If you ſhould wiſh to ſee more particulars than I give you, have patience, and at our return you ſhall have the peruſal of a certain pocket-book, containing many notes and obſervations made upon the ſpot.—You ſee I reſpect your partiality.

I do not think Sadler's prints of the ruins of Rome ſufficiently accurate after the originals. Piraneſe's are too confuſed to give a clear idea of them; he is ſo ridiculouſly exact in trifles, as to have injured the fine proportions of the columns of the portico to the pantheon, by inſerting, in his gravings, the papers ſtuck on them, ſuch as advertiſements, *&c.* Many other ſilly particulars of this nature have confuſed his deſigns; yet they are eſteemed the beſt here; and we have made an ample collection of the moſt valuable of them.

The ruins we have ſeen, greatly exceed our ideas formed of them from books and prints.

The Capitol, or as it is here called, *il Campidoglio*, has employed us two long mornings. The approach is ſtriking. The three flights of ſteps which riſe to it have a magnificent ap- Capitol.

pearance; they are ſo built that a coach may be drove up them. The French call theſe flights of ſteps *un Eſcalier cordonné*, which expreſſion ſufficiently explains the practicability of a coach going up ſtairs.

Sphinxes. The two Sphinxes of Baſalte, placed at the bottom of the ſtair-caſe, have great merit. They are of remote antiquity, and ſuppoſed to be Egyptian. The Capitol conſiſts of three conſiderable buildings. The ſenator's palace in the middle; the two others at right angles with it. One is the *Palazzo di Conſervatori*, the other the *Muſeum*. The architecture was deſigned and executed under the inſpection of Michael Angelo.

Architect Michael. Angelo.

Statue. In the centre of the Piazza ſtands the equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius. It is impoſſible to do this ſtatue juſtice by any deſcription I can give of it. What Carlo Maratti ſaid to the horſe, may give you an idea of its truth; *Why do'ſt thou not walk? haſt thou forgot that thou'rt alive!*

Senator's Palace. The Senator's Palace does not contain any curioſities or antiques worthy of attention, it is properly furniſhed, and has fine apartments ſuitable to the diſtinguiſhed rank of the prince who occupies it.

Conſervatori Palace. The *Pallazzo di Conſervatori* is ſo called from the three magiſtrates denominated Conſervators, who hold their councils there.

Statues. In the court belonging to this palace are ſeveral ſtatues in bronze, and in marble; ſome are antique, others modern: the moſt remarkable are the hands and feet of a mutilated coloſſal ſtatue of Apollo *.

Coloſſal ſtatue.

* See Pliny for this ſtatue and dimenſions.

It

It is ſaid to have been 41 feet high. We meaſured a great toe, which was exactly 35 inches round the thickeſt part. The lion tearing a horſe is originally of Greek ſculpture; it is not wholly antique; the parts wanting have been ſupplied by Michael Angelo; the body of the horſe is antique, and very fine.

Famous Column.

At the foot of the ſtair-caſe is a famous Column erected in honour of Duilius, the firſt Roman who acquired a naval victory in the year of Rome 49. This column, no more than 12 feet high, looks rudely, being interſected by the repreſentations of the prows of ſhips, which give it a ſtrange appearance, and hurt the proportions. The ſea-horſes, in *bas-relief*, on the prows, are of good workmanſhip. Several curious morſels in ſculpture ornament the walls of the ſtair-caſe. I muſt mention one of them, on account of the ſingular uſe to which it is put: it is in *bas relief*, and antique. All the ſturgeons that are brought to market are meaſured againſt this marble one. Such as are in length equal to the diſtance between the head and the firſt finns, and thoſe that exceed, are the property of the Roman magiſtrates. This has been a cuſtom from time immemorial. The inſcription over the bas-relief is:

CAPITA PISCIUM, MARMOREO SCHEMATE, LONGITUDINE MAJORUM, USQUE AD PRIMAS PENNAS INCLUSIVE, CONSERVATORIBUS DANTO, FRAUDEM NE COMMITTITO, IGNORANTIA EXCUSARI NE CREDITO.

Great Salloon. D'Arpino.

The great Salloon is painted by the Cavalieri d'Arpino; it repreſents the firſt great events of the

the Roman ſtory; in ſix pieces. The beſt is the battle of the Romans with the Veii. It is the only battle-piece I have ſeen ſufficiently diſtinct to give me an idea of a dreadful engagement between two hoſtile armies.

Buſto M. Angelo Buonarotti.

In the ſecond Salloon is an admirable buſto in bronze, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

Columns.

Two beautiful columns of Verd Antique, eleven feet high.

Famous She-wolf. Bronze.

A She-wolf in bronze ſuckling Remus and Romulus. According to hiſtorians, this is the ſame which ſtood in the ancient Capitol, and was ſtruck with lightning at the inſtant Brutus ſtabbed Cæſar. The wolf's ſide is opened with a long gaſh, and the edges of the metal appear really to have been burnt. It is a very fine thing, notwithſtanding this injury. The countenance of the wolf is extremely intereſting.—Maternal tenderneſs, and the importance of her office, are curiouſly blended in her phyſiognomy and geſture.

Statues.

A ſtatue in bronze, alſo, of a young man, occupied in extracting a thorn from his foot. This is as fine a piece of ſculpture as any in Rome. It is ſuppoſed by ſome to repreſent Cneïus Pecoravius, by others Martius.—The eyes are formed of a compoſition.

A buſto of Brutus, the founder of the republic, and the firſt conſul of Rome, 511 years before the Chriſtian æra. The greatneſs of his mind diſplays itſelf in his countenance.

A beau-

A beautiful ſtatue of one of the Camilli. The eyes are of ſilver.

There are ſeveral other buſtos, ſtatues, meaſures, *&c. &c.*; but I wiſh to be as conciſe as poſſible in my letters from Rome, for the reaſons I have already alleged.

The gallery of pictures, collected by pope Benedict XIV. by the advice of cardinal Valenti, the ſecretary of ſtate, joins on to the *Conſervatorio*. I ſhall mention but a few of them, though there are many that merit the moſt accurate attention.

A rape of the Sabines by Pietro da Cortona. In one of the groups is a diſtreſs ſo ſtriking—but judge of it yourſelf: an old man is endeavouring to reſcue his daughter from a warrior. She clings about her father, whoſe age and weakneſs renders him incapable of protecting her. P. da Cortona.

A picture repreſenting the ſuckling of Remus and Romulus—finely done by Rubens. Muſt not the partiality of the painter, however, raiſe a ſmile in every ſpectator; who introduces a Flemiſh peaſant, trudging through the ruſhes, in order to diſcover the infants? Rubens.

A large miniature, by Madame Subleyraz, copied from one painted by her huſband. The ſubject is the Magdalene waſhing the feet of Chriſt: the colouring is ſtrong, the tints freſh, and a firmneſs in the deſign very rarely found in miniature paintings. Subleyraz.

Guercino. The Perſian Sybil, by Guercino; the head is remarkably graceful, and the countenance penſive, yet animated. But the colouring of this maſter inclines too much to the violet, as does his fleſh, drapery, &c.

A picture which repreſents Vanity under the form of a woman, highly draped, lying on a bed, with a crown and ſceptre at her feet. This Titian. piece is by Titian; the colouring very fine.

Guido. A Judith, by Guido; the painter has repreſented her in the moment of returning thanks to God for her having decapitated Holofernes. The attitude is good.

Guido. The goddeſs Fortune, by Guido; a beautiful figure—elegantly deſigned—not draped. She appears to be running round a globe, and, at the ſame time, turning (as for her amuſement) a crown upon her fingers' ends. I conſidered this picture for a conſiderable time, and diſcovered, as I thought, new graces, both of invention and execution.

Annibal Carracci. A beautiful Madonna and Infant Jeſus, with St. Francis in adoration, by Annibal Carracci.

The Samaritan, by the ſame; the colouring fine.

Salvator Roſa. Two pictures, by Salvator Roſa: one repreſents a ſoldier, reſting himſelf at the foot of a tree; the other, a magician, forming a pact with infernal ſpirits; this laſt is admirable.

Guido. There is a large painting, in freſco, by Guido, which entirely covers the wall at the end of the gallery.

gallery. It repreſents Ariadne, to whom Venus preſents Bacchus. This is greatly finiſhed. Ariadne's attitude is worthy of Guido. The expreſſion of Venus forms a fine contraſt to the afflicted Ariadne; and the ſurpriſe and admiration in Bacchus is ſtriking; the face and attitude of Venus animated, lively, and majeſtic. The Bacchanals are extremely well executed. One of the Bacchantes is a moſt graceful figure—and there are ſeveral children, whoſe variety of attitude and amuſements are well expreſſed.

I ſhall mention but two more pictures in this collection, one on account of the ſingularity of the ſubject: It repreſents a happy ſoul under the figure of a winged genius, who, quitting the earth, is flying away into paradiſe. The compoſition of this piece is extremely curious, and equally meritorious, in my opinion, on the ſide of invention; for the upper part of the figure is ſeen through the brightneſs of the glory towards the top of the picture. Guido has ſhewn a ſkill in his colouring which ſurpaſſes any thing given us by Nature, following here an original image formed in his imagination only. Guido.

A picture, by Jacopo Baſſano; eſteemed the beſt he ever did, repreſenting a braſier's ſhop.—It is impoſſible to ſee braſs porridge-pots and other culinary veſſels better done, and in greater variety of ſituation. What a ſtrange genius had this painter, whoſe performances always ſmell of the kitchen! Jacopo Baſſano.

Muſeum. The Muſeum, (juſtly ſo ſtyled) oppoſite to the Pallazzo of the Conſervatorio, contains a vaſt collection of antique ſtatues, bas relievos, buſtos, *&c.* I muſt not paſs them all over in ſilence, though I might refer you to far abler deſcriptions than you muſt expect from me.

Statues. Oppoſite to the iron gate of entrance, and at the end of the court, appears the celebrated ſtatue called Marforio; it was found in the place formerly the *Forum Martis*, near this ſpot. It is a coloſſal figure lying down, and without much merit; ſeeming to repreſent a ſea or river god;—nor ſhould I have noticed or diſturbed his godſhip, had it not been that againſt this were paſted the anſwers to thoſe ſatyrical verſes ſtuck upon another antique ſtatue called *Paſquino*, from whence the term paſquinade, ſo frequently given to ſcurrilous and abuſive poems. Under the portico are a great number of ſtatues, inſcriptions, and *ſarcophaguſes*. Two very large Egyptian idols make a ſtriking appearance; they are of *Baſalte:* on their heads are mural crowns in the ſhape of towers; and in their left hands they hold branches of date trees. Various hieroglyphics are ſculptured upon them. Another idol repreſenting an Iſis of oriental red granite, has on her head the flower of the lotus-tree. This plant, held in ſuch high eſtimation by the Egyptians, is called by the botaniſts *Nenuphar*; but I muſt not digreſs here, or I could mention the wonderful effects aſcribed, and many curious and rare ſtories in relation

lation to it. Suffice it to ſay, that it grows commonly on ſtanding pools of water; and happy were it for antiquarians, if a ſallad of lotus eat at each meal or immmediately at going to reſt, *&c.* could inſpire them with ſcience ſufficient to comprehend the meaning of theſe hieroglyphics.

There are ſome antique Altars here, with curious bas-relievos: that on which Rhea and the Coribantes are repreſented, is one of the beſt for the workmanſhip. Antique altars.

In a room, at the foot of the ſtair-caſe, is a very fine collection of Egyptian deities: they are each of them quite perfect.—Here is a beautiful buſto of Iſis with Apis at the back of her head;—he has white marble horns. The reſt of his figure is of Baſalte.

The walls of the ſtair caſe, on each ſide, are incruſted with an antique plan of Rome, engraved on white marble. This curioſity was found where the church of St. Come and St. Damien now ſtands, and in the quarter at this day called *Campo-Vaccino*, where the temple of Romulus and Remus was ſuppoſed to have been built. The graving is filled up with vermilion, which makes the diſtribution of ancient Rome diſtinctly perceptible. Stair-caſe.

Having aſcended the ſtair-caſe, you are firſt ſhewn into an apartment (which contains the collection) conſiſting of ſix large ſaloons, and a gallery ornamented with ſtatues, buſtos, *&c.* The buſto of Trajan is very good. An altar, deco- Collection of Curioſities.

rated in a fine taſte with feſtoons, formed of fruits, and faſtened with ribbons to ox-heads, is admirably ſculpted. The ſaloon of the Miſcellanea has a ſtatue of red marble, repreſenting Faunus; in his right hand he holds a bunch of grapes,—in the left a knotted crooked ſtick, and on that ſhoulder a goat-ſkin filled with fruits. On the other ſide of him is part of the trunk of a tree, to which hangs the Syringa. To the left is a goat, which reſts one of its fore-feet on a baſket. This group is truly admirable; the compoſition is of the moſt perfect proportions; the figure of Faunus greatly ſpirited; the limbs are not antique, but have been well reſtored by one Bracci.

A ſmall Statue, in white marble, of an old Satyr walking.——Several Buſtos, amongſt which the following are remarkable: Domitius Enobarbus, Silvanus, Jupiter Ammon. An unknown buſto, with fine hair, executed in a great ſtyle. A head of Bacchus, and one of a woman, which I ſhould think was meant for Ariadne; ſhe wears acroſs her forehead a linen fillet.

Salla Grande.

In the *Salla Grande*; a coloſſal figure, of bronze, ſitting; it is the ſtatue of Innocent the Tenth, and well done, by Alguardi.

The falling gladiator.—An Antinous, holding a ſmall cane in his right hand: he appears to be about 20 years old;—his face is beautiful, and the air of the head perfectly graceful.

An Egyptian prieſt.—The dying gladiator: this famous ſtatue exceeds the idea I had formed of it from the copies and deſcriptions. The countenance made ſuch an impreſſion upon me, that I believe I ſhall not eaſily forget it. That arm reſtored by Michael Angelo exceeds the antique arm in beauty.

Two Centaurs of black marble, found at the Villa of Adrian. The faces of theſe centaurs are replete with expreſſion of drollery and frolic. There is a hardneſs in the ſculpture of their bodies, but their character and movement is good.

Two curious Moſaics, found at the villa Adrian. One repreſents a garland of fruits and flowers, with two goldfinches and two butterflies. The colours are lively, and the ſtones ſmall. The other ſtill more beautiful, is unqueſtionably the very ſame which Pliny mentions. The ſubject is four doves, ſitting on the edge of a gold bowl, of elegant form and workmanſhip. Their attitudes are all different, and their feathers ſo finely expreſſed, that were they alive, they could not appear more natural. One, in particular, who is pluming herſelf; and the hollow ſhe makes, by dividing her feathers with her bill, ſo impoſed on me, that I could not reſiſt the impulſe of touching it, to convince myſelf that the ſurface was really ſmooth. This piece is copying for Lord B——e, by the famous workman ſirnamed *Quattri Occhi*, from his wearing two pair of ſpec-

tacles. They have had much trouble in the attempt, and have been obliged to recommence ſeveral times; the ſtones in the original which produce ſo fine an effect being of very irregular ſhapes, for the moſt part exceedingly ſmall, and placed in an infinity of directions. But if one can form a judgment of what it will be when finiſhed, by what is already done, I ſhould think it may come very near the original.

Stanza di Filoſophi.

In the *Stanza di Filoſofi*, are a ſeries of illuſtrious men. The figure of Zeno is particularly ſtriking; he is very ugly, and is ſo characteriſtic of the idea I had formed of him, that I am perſuaded it muſt be extremely like what he was. Here are four friezes, ornamented with prows of ſhips, and inſtruments of ſacrifice, well ſculpted; taken from a temple of Neptune. Alſo, a more curious than beautiful repreſentation, in *bas relief*, of the death of Meleager.

A very pretty *Baſſo Relievo*, of Etruſcan antiquity, on which four women appear, preceded by a fawn: it is highly finiſhed.

Sala Imperatori.

In the *Sala de Imperatori* is a baſſo relievo, repreſenting the chace of the wild boar; there is great ſpirit and action in all the parties. Perſeus reſcuing Andromeda; Lalande obſerves, *qu' elle eſt belle, mais trop triſte.* I wonder how ſhe ſhould be otherwiſe, when a dreadful monſter is gaping to ſwallow her up.

The famous Flora, found alſo at the Villa Adriana. The ſculpture is ſurpriſing, and the

labour of the workman very great; yet the drapery is ſtiff.

A Venus, juſt out of the bath; her attitude is the ſame with that of the Venus of Medicis. By her ſide a piece of drapery and a perfuming vaſe. Her muſcles are ſupple. She has a great ſhare of grace, and is eſteemed a perfect figure here. Yet I think, was ſhe dreſſed, ſhe would appear too plump for the preſent taſte. Nor has ſhe that incomparable ſweetneſs of face which the Venus of Medicis poſſeſſes.

The moſt remarkable buſtos in this ſaloon are, Meſſalina, whoſe character is well expreſſed. —Julia, daughter to Titus —Sabina, wife to Adrian, repreſented as a Ceres.—Fauſtina; this is a charming buſto; ſhe ſeems alive; her hair is beautifully dreſſed; ſhe has a noble air of the head, without pride; and her countenance expreſſes what the French mean by *enjoument*, and which, by the way, I think is often miſtaken by the ladies of *another country*, when they mean to aſſume it.

Good buſtos of Caligula, Nero, Lucius Verus, and Commodus.

In the *Salla* of *Hercules* is a fine Apollo, with a lyre in one hand, he leans upon a griffin; the other arm is turned over his head; this ſtatue is moſt pleaſing in its proportions. Salla of Hercules.

Agrippina, ſeated in a curule chair; nothing can be more eaſy and graceful than her attitude. And ſhe is finely draped.

A Cu-

A Cupid and Pſyche. The moſt innocent and tender affection is expreſſed in this amiable group, and univerſally pleaſes every ſpectator; although *il grande Virtuoſo* are eager to find a fault in the ſcull of the Cupid, which I am glad I had not ſufficient *ſcience* to diſcover. To me they appeared perfect in every particular, and that the artiſt had modelled them after the moſt beautiful natures, in body and mind, that could be found under the age of ſixteen.

Salla del Vaſo.

The *Salla del Vaſo* is ſo called from its containing a moſt ſuperb vaſe of white marble; the ſides ſculpted in the fineſt taſte. The flowers, curiouſly executed, do not, in the leaſt, by their quantity or protuberance, injure the proportions of the vaſe, in the form of which may be obſerved the full effect produced by the ſerpentine line of beauty, and the waving line of grace, ſo much inſiſted on in Hogarth's Analyſis of Beauty. It is placed upon a round altar, on the ſide of which are repreſented, in *baſſo relievo*, Jupiter, Vulcan, Neptune, Mercury, two women unknown, Mars, Diana, Apollo, Hercules, Minerva, Juno. Theſe figures all ſeem walking one after the other, and are well executed.

A marble Maſque, in a great ſtyle.—A ſmall ſarcophagus; this is quite a ſtudy: the baſſo relievo appears to repreſent, ſymbolically, the life of man. It has been ſuppoſed to bear ſome alluſion to the ſtory of Diadumenianus, ſon of the Emperor Macrinus, who, by the cruel command of Heliogabalus, was put to death at the ſame time

time with his father, though but twelve years of age.

There is another vaſe in this collection of great beauty, though not equal to that above-mentioned; it is of fine bronze, fluted, and in ſhape ſomewhat like flower-pots intended to ornament gardens. This was a favourite vaſe of Mithridates King of Pontus, who always had it carried, with his baggage, to his encampments, and conſtantly drank out of it. Pompey took a like fancy to it, and brought it to Rome, where it was born in triumph. It holds more than ſix gallons, Engliſh meaſure: but to me ſeems of the moſt inconvenient ſhape imaginable for a drinking-cup; no modern mouth could eaſily take the brim; the capacious jaws of Polypheme might fit it well; indeed, our *Cicerone*'s eyes gliſtened at the thought of ſuch a bumper of wine.—To-morrow begin the functions of the holy week.

We have received viſits and the moſt kind civilities from the Princeſs Paleſtrina, the Duke of Montelibretti, her ſon, and his dutcheſs; the Duke D'Arce; the ſenator of Rome and his wife the Princeſs Rizzonico, ſiſter to the Dutcheſs of Termoli at Naples; and many other perſons of the firſt diſtinction. The cardinal de Bernis has been ſo obliging as to give us a general invitation to his table; but we declined accepting it, alleging the ſhortneſs of our ſtay at Rome, which would not admit of our dining out often, as by that means our mornings would be ſo broke in upon

upon as to make it impoſſible to viſit the palaces, churches, ruins, *&c.* within the period of our continuance here. And we have determined not to give dinners, nor accept any invitation to dine out, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary, even from our own country-people; but in place thereof, to give a ſupper twice a week, Tueſdays and Fridays, and to aſk the Engliſh principally. Our table and our eating-room (the narrow ſlip I mentioned) can hold conveniently from twenty to twenty-three or twenty-four people, without crouding; now as there are fifty Engliſh at Rome of our acquaintance, we mean to aſk them one half at a time alternately.

The Dutcheſs of Montelibretti, in the politeſt manner imaginable, offered to conduct me to St. Peter's church every day of the holy week, and hoped her health would not deprive her of that pleaſure, *&c.* I wonder at my own ſtupidity at not recollecting inſtantly that ſhe is big with child; I replied, that I would not for the world ſhe ſhould have that trouble: but knowing the cuſtom here, deſired ſhe would be ſo kind as to name another lady in her place, which ſhe did, in the moſt obliging manner; and carrying me with her, preſented me to a friend of hers, the *Marcheſa Maſſimi.*—We have engagements, without end, to various aſſemblies, at Eaſter; the moſt brilliant are thoſe of the Dutch ſs of Montelibretti, the Dutcheſs D'Arce, the Cardinal de Bernis, and his niece the Counteſs de *Pui montbrun.*

brun. The families of Veroſpi, Carpegna, Palombara, and many others, have been extremely civil. M— is to be preſented to his Holineſs. The Pope waves the ceremony of kiſſing his ſlipper with thoſe ſtrangers who do not deſire that honour. He declines the having women preſented, as, he ſays, he does not know the proper compliments that ought to be paid to their ſex; his education and way of life never having admitted of any commerce with them. However, a Poliſh Princeſs inſiſted lately upon it, and was preſented, although ſhe was conſcious ſhe gave the Pontiff a vaſt deal of trouble, as the *etiquette* required the ceremony ſhould be performed at St. Peter's church, whither he went on purpoſe, to comply with this ſilly woman's vanity. Every body laughs at her accordingly.

Adieu. I ſhall not be able to write for ſome days, or rather I ſhall not ſend you a packet till I have ample matter for your entertainment. Continue your addreſs, as before, to the care of Barazzi, who is the moſt punctual man alive.

P. S. I believe I forgot to mention, in its proper place, that the antiques contained in the Muſeum have been (for the greater part) found at Adrian's villa, and in the Campo Vaccino.

LETTER XLI.

Rome, April 4th, 1771.

AT length the Functions are finiſhed; and now I may avail myſelf of the indulgence of ſinning for three hundred years to come, having been in St. Peter's church every day during the *Santa Settimana*; but it is to be apprehended the ſaint may cavil at a continuance in the error of hereſy. However, there is a Britiſh lady here, a native of Caledonia, who has renounced her Proteſtant *errors*, embraced the tenets of the *old lady* at Rome, and married a Roman marquis. She was ſo obliging as to lend the private theatre in her palace to the Engliſh, who gave therein a fine concert and collation; many of the nobility of Rome were preſent, and the Pope would have allowed the Engliſh to have danced, but they, from delicacy, as the permiſſion extended no farther than to them as ſtrangers, would not take advantage of his politeneſs. I have ſtrayed from the Functions, which ought, in order, to have taken place of this amuſement.

Functions. I ſhall begin with thoſe of Palm-ſunday, and proceed to mention the moſt remarkable during the *Santa Settimana*. The ceremonies of Palm-ſunday commence in the chapel at Monte Cavallo, where the Pope bleſſes the palms, and hears maſs. Two ſorts of cardinals are drawn up on each ſide of

of the altar; who are diſtinguiſhed by the appellations of cardinal prieſts and cardinal deacons; their veſtment violet colour, ornamented with ermine and lace. The eccleſiaſtics, their train-bearers, are ſeated at their feet. Juſt as the Function is about to begin, the cardinals take off their furrs and outward drapery, and put on other veſtments embroidered with gold, and adorn their heads with mitres made of ſilver tabby; then they riſe and approach his Holineſs, from whoſe hands they receive the palms; which, however, are not palm branches, but ſprigs of box, as there are no palm-trees to be had. After ſeveral more ceremonies of riſing up, ſitting down, bowing, kneeling, ſtooping, ſtanding, *&c. &c.* the proceſſion begins; penitents, prelates, cardinals, *&c.* proceed, in due order of march, round the firſt great ſaloon of the palace (Monte Cavallo); then they reaſſume their violet and furr drapery, and aſſiſt at the maſs which is ſung. The paſſion is recited by two eccleſiaſtics; one narrates the words and accuſation of Jeſus Chriſt from the Evangeliſts, and the other anſwers for our bleſſed Saviour; the clamours and uproar of the Jews is imitated by the clergy——After the cardinal, dean, and others have been complimented with incenſe, they embrace and ſalute each other, in imitation of the Kiſs of Charity. A moſt curious proceſſion makes part of this Function: the ſtreets of Rome, through which it is to paſs, are ſtrewed with ſand; and the pontiff,

pontiff, accompanied by the cardinals, makes a kind of public entry, in imitation of our Saviour's, into Jeruſalem, mounted on mules, as is his Holineſs; they bear branches of box-tree in their hands, and proceed, in the moſt ridiculous manner that can be imagined, to the Pantheon. Vain were the attempt to deſcribe the horſemanſhip diſplayed upon this occaſion:—the obſtinacy of the mules: their kicking and curvetting;—the embarraſſments ariſing from the cardinal's garments, which are like petticoats, *&c.* A litter, covered with crimſon velvet, is provided for the Pope's uſe, in caſe his Holineſs ſhould come to the ground.

Chapel St. Paulina.

The next principal ceremony is the *Tenebræ* of the Holy Wedneſday, performed at five o'clock afternoon in the chapel of St. Paulina in the Vatican. The Pope is ſeated under a canopy; cardinals and biſhops draw up on each ſide of him; and ſome cardinals take poſt in his front. Behind theſe, Engliſh and other foreign gentlemen are allowed to ſtand. About one third of the chapel is railed off with iron grates, which divide it into two parts, and here thoſe ladies, foreigners, and Italians, who have permiſſion to be preſent, are ſtationed, to ſee the ceremonies through the iron rails. It is, however, a great favour; for our names, I mean particularly us ſtrangers, were wrote down, and the door-keepers held the liſt in their hands that there might be no miſtakes, as to our identity or numbers, *&c.*

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The *Tenebræ* are chanted as in other Roman-catholic churches, but executed with more judgment and by better voices. The *Miſerere D'Allegri* concludes this Function, and is performed by vocal muſicians only. I own I never heard muſic before. I ſuppoſed I had formed ſome idea of the powers and effects of the human voice; but had I been conveyed blindfold into this chapel, and no intimation given me whence the ſounds proceeded, I ſhould have believed myſelf in Paradiſe. How then ſhall I attempt conveying to your mind the ſlighteſt idea of this celeſtial melody by any deſcription? I muſt ſay no more, than that I have heard enough to make me diſſatisfied with the fineſt opera and the moſt perfect performers that are to be found out of the chapel of St. Paulina.

This chapel appears ſmaller than it really is, probably from the juſtneſs of its proportions. The cieling is vaulted and painted in freſco, as are the walls. The altar-piece and cieling by Michael Angelo: but the ſmoke of the lamps has ſo blackened his paintings, that the fine ſtrokes of this great maſter are no longer diſcernible. Other painters have done the reſt; who are equal ſharers in the general obſcurity. The tabernacle is of rock cryſtal; the columns of the altar of fine porphyry; they were taken from the temple of Romulus. I was quite vexed when the charming vocal concert ended, and quitted this Function with regret.

The next day which is Maunday Thurſday, the morning ſervice is performed with pomp, in St. Peter's church: the Pope officiated in perſon, and all the cardinals aſſiſted. After the maſs, which is chaunted in a ſmall tribune, the ſacrament is borne under a canopy, in proceſſion, to the chapel of St. Paulina. The cardinals, in magnificent habits, and each carrying a large wax-taper lighted, march, two and two; and laſt of all, the Pope bareheaded; his mitre being born before him on a cuſhion of crimſon velvet. The mitre is made of gold tiſſue, and embroidered in a very cloſe pattern; with ſmall pearl and a few coloured precious ſtones, but none of great value; they appear thin and very ill ſet. The Pope's guards are under arms in caſques, and with cuiraſſes beneath their habits.

Juſt before the Pope paſſed by, I was deſirous to know (as he muſt come very near us) whether or not we ought to curtſey, as is uſual when other Princes proceed in grand ceremony. I aſked one of the gentlemen of the chamber, or chamberlains, an abbe, who was our conductor; he replied, if you make a little curtſey, the Pope will eſteem you well-bred and polite; but if you have any objection, he himſelf would be ſorry you ſhould put the leaſt conſtraint upon your inclination. I thought it better to inquire the ceremonial from this gentleman, than to apply to the *Marcheſa Maſſimi*, and four or five Italian ladies, who, with two Engliſh and myſelf, compoſed the group.

group. I curtſeyed to the Pontiff, as we all did, and he ſeemed well pleaſed. He has a piercing ſenſible countenance, which, when brightened by a ſmile, is full of benignity and complacence. As ſoon as the proceſſion had paſſed us, we went to the chapel of St. Paulina, which was finely illuminated. The evening concludes with a *Miſerere*.

From a room in the Vatican we were to ſee the Pope give the benediction. Theſe windows look into one of the great courts of the palace. The Pontiff appears in a balcony in the centre of a portico of one of the principal fronts of St. Peter's, which commands this court. He is ſeated in a chair, and borne on the ſhoulders of twelve men; his mitre on his head, and the cardinals all attending upon him. Immediately upon his Holineſs's appearance at the door which leads into the balcony, the full choir unite in a grand chorus—the foot and horſe guards are all drawn up in the court—the ſpace is filled by the Roman people—the air by their acclamations. The bells ring out from every church—the cannon fire inceſſantly from the caſtle of St. Angelo. The redoubled ecchos from the banks of the Tiber, through the Vatican and St. Peter's, reſemble a ſucceſſion of the loudeſt thunder. On a ſignal given, all is inſtantly huſhed to ſilence, and the Pontiff pronounces the benediction in a clear and audible voice. This preſent Pope (who is unqueſtionably the beſt that Rome could ever

boaſt of) has made an extraordinary reform; for he never denounces the *anathema*, which all his predeceſſors have done before him; but in lieu thereof, throws down from the balcony, inſtead of curſes, ſome indulgences, wrote on ſlips of paper, which are ſcrambled for by the mob. Then the muſic choir, cannon, acclamations of the people, all recommence, and ceaſe not till the Pope and cardinals quit the balcony, in which they remain but a ſhort time. During this Function we were entertained with an elegant collation, conſiſting of chocolate, ſweetmeats, and *maſpinerie*, in great variety, and the beſt at Rome, which is peculiarly famous for theſe ſort of things. We then quitted the room, and I really believe we walked a mile through the apartments of the Vatican, in order to ſee the Pope waſh the pilgrims' feet (as it is expreſſed), and ſerve them at table, *&c.*

At length we reached a tribune faced with gilt lattice, through which we looked into a large ſalloon; in this, upon a bench placed along one of the ſide-walls, raiſed a ſtep from the ground, and covered with carpets, are ſeated thirteen poor prieſts of different nations. The prieſt who ſits in the middle repreſents our Saviour, and the ſix on each ſide of him his apoſtles. An Italian lady of our company ſpied one amongſt them who had red hair, which occaſioned much laughter; all, with one voice, pronouncing him to be Judas. Theſe prieſts are dreſſed in a kind of wrapper, or

Robe

Robe de Chambre of new white flannel, with a hood lined with white ſattin, and caps of flannel like jelly-bags on their heads. They have wide trowſers of the ſame materials, tied down midway the leg, and ſocks of the ſame over their naked feet. The Pope enters, and ſeats himſelf in a purple great chair, elevated two or three feet from the ground. The cardinals bear his train; he himſelf is dreſſed more ſimply than uſual with a ſtole, and a plain white ſattin mitre. The ſaloon is filled with eccleſiaſtics of different orders; on one ſide is placed a deſk and the choir: A prieſt leads, and the choiriſters chant after him, the chapter in St. Mark which relates to the waſhing of the diſciples' feet. The book of this Evangeliſt is then brought to the Pope, who kiſſes it where open. One of the cardinals brings an apron (of old point, with a broad border of Mecklin lace) and ties it with a white ribbon round his Holineſs's waiſt. He then deſcends from the chair, and approaches the poor prieſts, beginning with the neareſt to him. A cardinal bears a large gold baſon, another carries a ewer of the ſame metal, and a third napkins. The Pope ſtoops down, and the pretended pilgrim preſents one foot (from which he has already removed the ſock): his Holineſs takes the foot in one hand, he who bears the ewer pours water over it, which is received in the gold baſon held underneath; the Pope, with his other hand, rubs and waſhes the foot; he then, with a napkin, wipes it very cautiouſly and

tenderly, till it is quite dry; that done, he kiſſes the inſtep; then preſents the pilgrim with a *bouquet* and ſome money folded up in a paper: he proceeds, in order and ſilence, till he has waſhed a foot, *&c.* of each of the thirteen, who only bow their heads when the *bouquet* is given them, but do not ſpeak or riſe during the Function. The Pope, upon his return to his chair, is preſented with water in a gold baſon to waſh his hands, which he does ſlightly and careleſsly; he then joins his hands, ſhuts his eyes, and ſays a prayer ſoftly to himſelf. After which he riſes and goes out, in order to proceed to the hall where the pilgrims are to eat; the cardinals, *&c.* do the the ſame. We women all quitted our tribune, and were conducted by a different way to another tribune, into which we were locked up ſafe, and through the lattice ſaw a large hall, with a long table in the middle, on which was a ſurtout of looking glaſs, with images of clay placed thereon, repreſenting our Saviour and two loaves, with a ſerpent on a table: further, St. Peter and other ſaints; the glaſs was ornamented with ſweetmeats, olives, anchovies. There were thirteen ſilver plates laid, with ſpoons and forks; the napkins curiouſly plaited; and over the table cloth a lay-over of clear lawn, pinched ſo as to form a very pretty pattern. I ſhould have mentioned the dreſs of the images, which was the moſt taudry imaginable, of red, blue, and yellow porcelain. The pilgrims, whoſe feet had been waſhed, now made

their

their appearance, and ſeated themſelves along one ſide of the table; then entered the Pope and cardinals: a plate of boiled rice covered with cinnamon and ſugar, was preſented on the knee to his Holineſs; he took it, and placed it before the pilgrim whoſe foot he had firſt waſhed; then another plate of the ſame, and ſo on till the thirteen were ſerved. Then came a boiled herring, garniſhed with ſallad, on a plate, and a ſucceſſion of them till all were ſerved as before. Theſe were ſucceeded by plates of fried fiſh, cut to pieces; then plates of broccoli and cauliflower fricaſſeed in oil; the ſame ceremony obſerved as at firſt, and the quantity and quality of the viands exactly alike; then, on a magnificent ſalver, was brought a decanter of wine, another of water, and a gold goblet. The Pontiff filled the goblet almoſt full of wine, and, with an arch ſmile, dropped one drop of water into it, and preſented it to the pilgrims as before. They each of them drank it off. This done, the Pope leaves the hall. I hoped theſe poor prieſts were not hungry, for had that been the caſe, they muſt have remained ſo; the diſhes being removed from before them the moment after they had been placed there; but upon inquiry, I found they were all ſet by, and diſtributed to them after the Function was over, in another place and with much leſs ceremony.

During this Function, the Pope's guards ſtand in rank and file cloſe behind, to keep the crowd from incommoding him. There were pre-

ſent a great number of Italian and Engliſh gentlemen, beſide other foreigners. We then went to the hall where the cardinals were to eat. The figures placed on the glaſs were of the ſame materials, and draped in the ſame manner as thoſe of the pilgrim's table; but in the middle was a different repreſentation. A grove of palm-trees, formed of green paper, ſurrounded a paper mount, on which was placed a figure, to repreſent our Saviour, with a gilt goblet in his hand, alluding to the paſſion. But, to my great ſurpriſe, I perceived each end of the *ſurtout* to be terminated by two centaurs, of ſilver, gilt. This abſurdity of mixing Paganiſm with Chriſtianity ſeemed wonderful; nor could I account for it in any other manner, than by ſuppoſing theſe centaurs might allude to the incongruity and mixture of character of the company for whom the table had been prepared. I could expatiate upon the *Fable* of the centaurs, but that might tranſport me too far into antiquity from the preſent ſubject. The cardinal's table was very differenty ſerved from that of the pilgrims, each having eight or ten covered diſhes, brought from his own kitchen, with lamps under them: ſo that obſerving nothing curious or uncommon in this *Function* of their Eminencies, we took our leave and returned home. As to the Pontiff, he always eats alone, and in the moſt temperate manner. He has a friend called *Franceſco*, who buys his proviſions in the

the market, and not always from the ſame people. His conſtant dinner, excepting on faſt days, conſiſts of a ſoup with rice, which is ſerved with the fowl that had been boiled in it. Then a ſmall *Friture*, with a little *deſert* of cheeſe and fruit. This is all. And on the maigre and faſt days he is extremely abſtemious. His victuals are dreſſed by *Franceſco*, in the room adjoining that in which he eats, and he himſelf brings it in. This caution is probably the reſult of an apprehenſion of poiſon. The only recreation the Pope allows himſelf, is the going after dinner to the *Villa Patrize fuori di Roma*, where, after taking a few turns in the garden, he plays a little at billiards in a room of the villa. Certainly no Pope ever led a more innocent life. But to return to the Functions; Good-friday and Eaſter-eve there are no extraordinary ceremonies. The common *Miſerere* is chaunted; but in the evening the church of St. Peter is crouded with people, who walk about and converſe. This beautiful temple has now an additional ornament, which produces a fine effect: a large croſs, gently let down (by cords almoſt imperceptible to the eye) from the top of the dome, remains ſuſpended during the night, but not near the ground; its diſtance from thence appearing to me to be about a third of the height of the church from the pavement to the top of the dome; it is compoſed of ſmall lamps in ſtrait rows, which throw out ſuch a light as illuminates

minates the great iſle, and appears as if compoſed of brilliant diamonds. It is remarkable that Friday and Saturday are not eſteemed ſo ſacred as the foregoing days of the holy week, and that during the ſaid week no ſhops are ſhut; but trade and buſineſs go on as uſual.

Eaſter-ſunday in the morning we went to St. Peter's, to ſee the Pope celebrate the maſs to a prodigious concourſe of people; their numbers were ſuppoſed to be about ten thouſand. I, as before, accompanied the *Counteſs* of *Maſſimi*; there were alſo ſome Engliſh ladies; chance brought us all together, and very near his Holineſs; where we happened to fall into a line preciſely before his guards. The gentlemen of our party were, by the accidental crouding, a good way behind us. There is a particular part of the ſervice (the moment in which the hoſt is elevated) at which all the people are to kneel; I had no time for reflection, but it ſtruck me that as a proteſtant I ought not to kneel; nor did I, though a lady of of my country, cloſe to me, * * * * *, dropped upon her knees, and would have perſuaded me to do the like, but I would not. The halberdiers, who were cloſe behind us, fell on their knees, and their halberts accidently came ſo near me, that at firſt I thought they were about to uſe them to bring me to order, but was miſtaken. They ſaid nothing, nor did they make me any ſign to kneel. Whilſt ſtanding I looked about me, and as far as I could

I could ſee, all were on their knees. I turned myſelf towards the Pontiff, and caught his eye, but he did not look four at me, and ſeemed only to notice the ſingularity of my ſtanding up; nor was I reprimanded afterward, either from his Holineſs or any of the Romans. Some of my own country-people, indeed, criticiſed my conduct with the aſſiſtance of the old adage, that "one ſhould, when at Rome, do as they do at Rome." But as M—— applauded, and highly approved my conduct (and he, it ſeems, never kneeled either), the opinions of others has not the leaſt effect upon me.

I ſhould have mentioned before, that the Pope made his entrance this day in a triumphant manner, being borne in a chair on twelve men's ſhoulders into the church, to a temporary altar placed in the great iſle; when the chair, being gently ſet down, he advanced a few ſteps to the altar, which was much adorned and ornamented, and thereat celebrated the maſs. The Pontiff laſtly appears at the great door of entrance, aſſiſting at ſome trifling ceremonies, relative to the bleſſing of relics and pilgrims, but theſe were not worth waiting for; ſo, to avoid the croud, we got into our carriage, and arrived ſafe at home, while the mob were ſtill occupied in crouding the courts of St. Peter's.

Having at length concluded this circumſtantial narrative of the Functions of the *Santa Settimana*, I ought

I ought to account for my having entered into ſo tedious a detail. My reaſons were, to give you an idea of the impoſitions, rites, and ceremonies, of the Roman Catholic religion, as practiſed at the fountain-head of all popery. Had I been writing to another, and not to you, I ſhould have ſatisfied myſelf with ſaying, after the example of other travellers, "It is needleſs to mention the Functions during the holy week, as they are ſo univerſally known, and have been ſo often deſcribed already," *&c.*; but I believe both you and myſelf, in our courſe of travel-reading, have not gained much more knowledge upon the ſubject, than the univerſal aſſertion of their having been already *ſo often deſcribed*. Therefore, doing by you as I ſhould like you had done by me, inſtead of apologizing for the *length* and *dulneſs*, *&c.* of this letter, I expect your acknowledgments for the infinite pains and trouble I have taken to inform you of what you could not have a juſt idea of before, and to inſiſt upon your believing my aſſurances, of being ſo tired with what I have wrote, that if this letter, by any accident, ſhould not reach you, you ſhall ever remain in ignorance of the Functions for me. For you may depend upon not being favoured with its ſecond edition. Adieu.

Your ever affectionate, *&c.*

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LETTER XLII.

Rome, April 12, 1771.

THE arrival of your letters, replete with that warmth of friendſhip, which diſperſes every gloomy thought, and completed with aſſurances of the bleſſing of health, which you and * * * * * enjoy, give me freſh ſpirits to continue the daily labours my curioſity incites in theſe regions of antiquity and oddity.

I will now give you a ſlight ſketch of what we have ſeen, *&c.* ſince I wrote laſt; but firſt, cannot forbear mentioning an impediment extremely teazing to ſtrangers. Having formed your plan for a morning's progreſs from church to church, from palace to palace, and ſo on, you ſet out in your carriage with impatience to commence your operations; when, after driving two or three miles, you are nipped in the bud of your expectation, by being told, at the firſt palace you reach, that it is twelve o'clock, and therefore you cannot ſee it, for *all the world are dining:* you reply, you will call again in an hour; the rejoinder is, *every body will then be taking the Sieſta*:* you ſtare about, and ſpy a ſhop in a corner; you order your coach-

* A nap after dinner.

man to drive to it: "*The beggar's ſhop is ſhut,*" for all the world are at dinner; and this anſwer is frequently accompanied by a parti-coloured ſmile of contempt and pity for *you*, who alone in the *creation* are *not* at dinner. However, notwithſtanding ſuch teazing delays, we have viſited many a ſuperb ruin, where are no diners nor doſers, the ſtupendous monuments of paſt ages, magnificent churches, and *gorgeous palaces*. Amongſt the firſt, the following (that I have as yet ſeen) are my reigning favourites. In Campo Vaccino, which was the old Forum, are many fine remains of antiquity. The three ſuperb columns, the only remnants of the temple of Jupiter *Stator*, attract the admiration of the traveller by the beauty of their proportions and ſculpture; and much is it to be regretted, that the greater part of them, at this day, lie ſmothered up in the ſoil of this foul cow-market. — The Temple of Veſta; where the famous Palladium was guarded by the chief veſtal, who alone had the honour to look upon it.—The Arc of Septimius Severus, in white marble; one half of the great middle arch is buried in the ground, by which accident it loſes the lightneſs its architecture beſpeaks.—The ruins of the Temple of Concord; the veſtibule remains entire; it is compoſed of ſix columns of oriental granite, of the Ionic order; they ſupport an elegant pediment.—Of the Temple of Peace remain only three vaults, which is but a part of the portico of its veſtibule;

Ruins Temple of Jupiter Stator.

Temple of Veſta.

Arc of Septimius Severus.

Temple of Concord.

Temple of Peace.

this

this temple was ranked among the moſt magnificent buildings of Rome when in her glory; it was erected by Veſpaſian, after his conqueſt of India, and was the repoſitory of the rich ſpoils he brought from Syria and the temple of Jeruſalem, was decorated with ſtatues and pictures by the moſt famous artiſts of that æra, and contained, beſides, a large library. One of the columns belonging to this temple was found by accident, and erected by Pope Paul the Fifth, 1614, in the piazza before the church of St. *Maria Maggiore*; it is one entire ſhaft, and meaſures ſixty-four Roman palms in height.—Of the Temple of Antoninus and Fauſtina, there remains only ten pillars, with a frieze, and part of the Corinthian capitals; the proportions are fine, and the ornaments in a good taſte: within ſide of theſe columns a modern church has been built, which diſgraces as much as poſſible this venerable ruin.—Near this place, and in full view, is the ruin of the Temple of Remus and Romulus, from whence was taken the plan of Rome, which now decorates a ſtair-caſe in the Capitol, as I have ſaid in a former letter. The ruin is a ſmall rotunda, and ſerves as a veſtibule to a modern church.—The Arch of Titus terminates one ſide of *Campo Vaccino*; its bas reliefs, within ſide, are of fine workmanſhip; the drawing is correct; and the horſes particularly well done.—Here are ſome remains of the Golden Palace of Nero; they conſiſt of broken arches one above the other, but

Temple of Antoninus and Fauſtina.

Temple of Remus and Romulus.

Arch of Titus.

Golden Palace of Nero.

but ſo imperfect as renders it impoſſible to form a judgment of its plan and diſtribution. There is ſtill to be ſeen a little painting and gilding on the ornaments within ſide, but much defaced.—In the center of Campo Vaccino they ſhew a place where is ſaid to have been formerly the Gulph into which Curtius leaped; but I muſt reſtrain my pen, nor ſay more of the ruins which are here all together, or I ſhall exceed the limits I preſcribed to myſelf; therefore I quit Campo Vaccino, and proceed to the *Coliſſeo*, which I think the firſt and moſt ſtupendous ruin in Rome. Twelve thouſand Jewiſh captives were employed by Veſpaſian in this building, which they are ſaid to have completed within the year. It has been ſtripped of all its magnificent pillars and ornaments, at various times, and by various enemies. The Goths, and other barbarians, began its deſtruction, popes and cardinals have endeavoured to complete its ruin; the cardinal Farneſe, laſtly, robbed it of ſome fine remains; of its marble cornices, friezes, *&c.* and, with infinite pains and labour, got away what was practicable of the outſide caſing of marble, which he employed in building the palace of Farneſe. This amphitheatre is ſaid to have been capable of containing eighty-ſeven thouſand ſpectators ſeated, and twenty thouſand ſtanding; the proportions of this glorious ruin are ſo juſt, that it does not appear near ſo large as it really is. Its architecture is perfectly light, and it muſt ever be admired, even

Gulph of Curtius.

Coliſſeo.

even by thoſe who enjoy but a moderate ſhare of taſte for the fine arts, were they devoid of love or reſpect for antiquity. To others, who really delight in that refined ſtudy, it muſt fully gratify their great ideas, being a *definition* of the *ſublime* in *architecture*. I think this ſounds ſomewhat enthuſiaſtic; but I don't fear expoſing myſelf to you, who are as likely to give into enthuſiaſm upon ſuch a ſubject as myſelf. There are ſtill to be ſeen ſeveral of the dens for the beaſts, which remain entire, and the conduits for the water, with a hollow in the ſtone for them to drink out of.—In the piazza of the amphitheatre, are the remains of an antique fountain for the uſe of the people, which was called *Meta Sudante*. A little farther on is the Arch of Conſtantine. The architecture is of the Corinthian order, and executed in a grand and noble ſtile. It is beautifully adorned with fluted pillars of *Giallo Antico*. The *bas reliefs*, *medallions*, *&c.* are finely ſculpted.—The Pantheon anſwered the idea I had formed of it; it is at preſent converted into a modern church, is generally called *La Rotunda*, or *Santa Maria ad Martyres*, to whom it is dedicated. It is one of the moſt perfect remains of the magnificence of ancient Rome, and the only Roman temple which is ſtill entire. Its juſtneſs of proportion ſtrikes the eye at firſt ſight. The portico is an example that the noble ſimplicity may be ſtill preſerved, though decorated with the moſt ornamental order, the

Arch of Conſtantine.

Pantheon.

La Rotunda.

Corinthian. This portico preſents to the view 16 pillars of this order of oriental granite; eight of them ſupport the pediment; they are very thick, meaſuring from five to ſix feet diameter, yet their look is light; they are ſaid to be thirty-ſeven feet high, excluſive of their baſes and capitals, which is probable; but we did not take their height; their ſhafts are each one entire piece. Having entered the portico, the great door merits attention for its noble and majeſtic appearance; the architrave conſiſts of only three pieces of fine African marble; the door is of braſs and of antique ſculpture, but does not ſeem to have been originally deſigned for this place. On entering the temple, which is quite round, you are ſtruck with its apparent ſmallneſs; but this deception muſt ariſe from its proportions, being as wide as it is high; it is covered by a dome open in the center; whoſe compartments muſt have made a beautiful appearance, when plaited with gilt bronze, but at preſent there is not the ſmalleſt veſtige remaining of any metal. M—— ſtepped the pavement, and it meaſured ſixty yards diameter within, from wall to wall. There are no windows; a ſufficiency of light being admitted from the opening in the dome. The pavement would have amuſed me for hours, being compoſed of a great variety of morſels of fine Italian marble, opaque gems, alabaſters, agates, and jaſpers. Theſe have been picked up indiſcriminately from

from amongſt the ruins, and uſed without the leaſt regard to their quality, in repairing the pavement where wanted. Here are ſome fine pillars of porphyry and *giallo antico*; alſo altars, particularly the chief one, is well worthy of notice.

A Monument erected in honour of Raffaello, by Carlo Maratti, is not in a good taſte. His buſto appears in a nich, and near to it the following lines by cardinal Benbo;

Ille hic eſt Raphael, *timuit quo ſoſpite vinci,*
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.

Here is alſo a monument to Annibal Carracci, by Carlo Maratti; one to the famous Corelli; and others in honour of different artiſts. The internal decorations in general are mean and baſe; bad pictures, votive repreſentations, the weak efforts of ſuperſtition, every where cover the walls.

Behind the Pantheon appear ruined walls, and part of a round building, which is all that remains of Agrippa's baths. What I propoſe to add farther, in regard to the ruins of Rome, I ſhall reſerve for another letter, and proceed now to an account of the evening amuſements. There are private aſſemblies at ſeveral houſes; thoſe of the Dutcheſs of *Brachiano*, of the Dutcheſs of *Montelibretti*, of the Dutcheſs *D'Arce*, of the Princeſs *Altieri*, and of Cardinal *Bernis*, of the *Caſa Veroſpi*, and the *Caſa Carpegna*, are the moſt brilliant. The buſineſs of theſe aſſemblies is cards, and you

are continually preſented with all ſorts of excellent refreſhments. The opera is good; the theatre not indifferent, yet greatly inferior to that of Naples. What diſguſts me much is, to ſee boys dreſſed in women's clothes, as no female actreſſes are permitted. The ſcenes are agreeably painted, moſt of them repreſenting architecture well done in perſpective, and the point of view being taken from the angles, you have two views at once. The Corſo lies along the main ſtreets; where the cattle being frequently killed at the doors of the butchers' ſhops, during the time of airing, renders this recreation odious to me. The living oxen are witneſs to the murders of their innocent companions; their bellowing, and this barbarous cuſtom ſhocked me ſo, that I am determined to avoid, in future, theſe ſcenes of butchery as much as poſſible. We have already ſome curious articles procured here, which will be ſent to England from Civita Vecchia * * * * * * *

Adieu, *&c.*

P. S. I ſhall add an anecdote of the Pope, that came to my knowledge very lately.—He was ſitting at his writing-table, which was covered with papers, whilſt two conſiderable perſons of his court converſed together at a window near him; his holineſs had occaſion to quit the room ſuddenly; theſe gentlemen were curious—ſeized the opportunity that offered to inſpect ſome of the papers;

when the Pope, a very ſhort time after, entering, and perceiving inſtantly they had meddled with them, thus addreſſed them: "I know that you "are acquainted with the contents of theſe papers; "make me no reply, for this inſtant I diſmiſs you "my ſervice;—depart from my preſence;—but if "ever I hear the leaſt inſinuation of what theſe "papers contain, before the time their contents "are to be made public, your heads ſhall anſwer "for it."

You ſee what firmneſs there is in the Pontiff; nobody doubts their keeping the ſecret.

LETTER XLIII.

Rome, April 25, 1771.

THE weather is extremely warm; the Engliſh complain of the heat; but you know I love the ſun, and the hotter he ſhines, the more health and ſpirits are dealt me. However, this luminary is no friend to the complexion, and I have contrived to make a hat of paſteboard, and trimmed it with blond and pink ribbon, as was the faſhion when we quitted England. I believe I ſhall find it extremely convenient in the mornings when we are walking amongſt the Ruins; for conſtantly going out in the Roman faſhion, with nothing to ſhade my face but a black lace hood hanging down over my eyes, has tanned me to ſuch a degree, that I know not whether all the ſtrawberry-water in Rome will be able to whiten me again. I find it more difficult here to purſue my intention of being conciſe than I imagined I ſhould; there is ſo much to be ſeen—ſo much to be admired—whole labyrinths of curioſities;—my difficulty is, which to chooſe; it ſeems a kind of injuſtice to omit ſome things highly worthy of notice, and was I to mention them all I ſhould ſend you folios inſtead of letters; but be perſuaded my determination is againſt folios. Amongſt the

the Ruins of this once Imperial Miſtreſs of the world, Caracalla's baths are in high eſtimation with all the lovers of antiquity. We were a whole morning wandering amongſt theſe ſuperb remains. They appeared to me to occupy as much ground as a moderate ſized town; and not only afforded conveniencies for three thouſand perſons to bathe at the ſame time, together with ſquares and courts for all kinds of ſports and other public ſpectacles, but even ſcience found a place here. There were porticos for philoſophers to aſſemble in. The whole adorned with a profuſion of ſtatues, and the moſt precious ornaments luxury could find or invent. Now, alas, what remains! nothing but broken walls and naked bricks; yet even theſe laſt are fine in their way, as none can be formed at this day of ſo large a ſize: they are alſo of an extraordinary texture and colour. The pipes which conveyed the water to a prodigious height into the upper apartments, are made of as fine clay as the old red china, and are equally ſmooth. One part of this immenſe building remains ſufficiently entire to ſtrike awe into the ſpectator; it conſiſts of a prodigious dome, which has no ſupport but from the wall whence it ſprings, and, like an unfiniſhed rainbow, ſeems ſuſpended in air. Cloſe to theſe baths ſtood Caracalla's magnificent palace; but of this there is not the leaſt veſtige remaining. The Theatre of Marcellus is ſo disfigured by time and abuſe, that it is impoſſible to make out the

Marcellus' Theatre.

whole of the plan; but what remains is of beautiful architecture. Part of the entrances may ſtill be traced. There are alſo two ranges of arches, one over the other; the lower decorated with the Doric, the upper with the Ionic order; both of them of light and graceful proportions. The remaining friezes, cornices, and mouldings appear plainly, by their ſculpture, to have been intended for a near view. This Theatre ſeems to have had an oval figure; the learned, however, differ in regard to its form; for had it been oval, it had been an amphitheatre, conſequently deſtined to the tormenting of wild beaſts, and the inhuman ſports of gladiators; but upon ſuppoſition of its being a theatre, could have been only uſed for the repreſentation of dramatic performances. We cannot help regretting their having built wretched habitations for mechanics between the arches, and conſequently filled them up, which diſgrace theſe venerable remains.

Tarpeian Rock.

We have viſited the famous Tarpeian Rock. The precipice is, at this day, no longer terrific; it is filled up with rubbiſh in ſuch a manner, that though ſtill ſufficiently deep to break a limb of whoever ſhould chuſe the leap, yet I think they might poſſibly eſcape too without much damage. The way to it is encumbered with old buildings, and nothing can be more diſguſting than the dirt of the inhabitants of this wretched part of Rome. Mr. Pope's deſcription of thoſe *of the Alley*, in Spenſer's

Spenſer's ſtile, amongſt his imitations of the Engliſh poets, will give you a juſt idea of the polite neighbourhood of the Tarpeian Rock. The Circus of Caracalla is ſtill ſo entire, that the plan may be eaſily made out, and is more perfect than any now remaining at Rome. Here are apparent remains of the walls, where the ſeats for the ſpectators were placed; that part of the Circus, at the greateſt diſtance, terminates in a ſemicircle. The great gate, which the victors paſſed through to their triumphs, is ſtill to be ſeen. In the middle remains alſo a line of walling, the extremities of which were the bounds fixed for the chariots to turn at. In one of the ſide-walls you diſcern the places, where large empty vaſes of *terra cota* were inſerted, in order to augment the applauſes of the people by a reverberation of the ecchos from ſide to ſide. Conſiderable veſtiges of three or four large brick towers ſtill remain, which were probably thoſe granted by the emperors to a few of their moſt conſiderable favourites, for the convenience of ſeeing the ſports to advantage, and which were hereditary in their families. There is another ſquare building, ſuppoſed to have been a kind of dreſſing-room for the competitors, and ſome remains of two moſt reſpectable temples, erected to Honour and Virtue, by M. Marcellus. This great man conſtructed them in ſuch a manner, that the Temple of Honour could not be entered without firſt *paſſing through* that of Virtue; a fine idea

Circus of Caracalla.

idea this. On the other ſide of the Circus, are the ruins of a Temple erected to the *Deo Ridicolo*, in the time of the ſecond Punic war, when Hannibal, advancing from *Cannæ* with deſign to beſiege Rome, retired ſuddenly of his own accord, before he had even commenced the ſiege.—Half a mile from hence, on the Appian way, is an antique Monument, called *Capo di Bove*, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, wife of Craſſus. It is a ruined tower, with a frieze and cornice, ornamented by ox-heads in *relievo*, and garlands of cypreſs. The walls are extremely thick. In the pontificate of Paul the Third, an excavation was made in the tower, which brought them to a cavity that contained an urn made of Parian marble and fluted. It now ſtands in the court of the Farneſe palace. The inſcription on the frieze of this Monument is, *Cæciliæ Q. Cretici F. Metell. Craſſi.*

Deo Ridicolo, Temple of.

Capo di Bove.

The Mauſoleum of Auguſtus is ſituated behind *S. Carlo al Corſo.* It conſiſts of a great round tower. There are ſtill remaining ſome columns and marbles, with which the outſide was decorated. As the roof or covering is entirely deſtroyed, they have filled up the inſide with earth, and made a pretty odd garden within the tower. A terras, formed by the thickneſs of the walls, ſurrounds all. There are *Souterrains*, or rooms, where the aſhes of the Auguſtan family were depoſited.

Mauſoleum of Auguſtus.

The Pyramid of Caius Ceſtius is the only entire tomb remaining. It is near Porto S. Paolo. The out-

Pyramid of Caius Ceſtius.

outſide is formed of large blocks of white marble. This monument has a fine effect when viewed at a proper diſtance; being, I ſuppoſe, about forty feet in perpendicular height.

There are many veſtiges of tombs to be ſeen in the *environs* of Rome, and is it not a cuſtom that might be productive of happy conſequences, if practiſed at this day in Chriſtian countries, were great and good men, who have ſerved their country eſſentially, to be interred by the ſides of the high roads leading to the capital, with proper inſcriptions on their tombs (which might be alſo extremely ornamental), reminding their ſucceſſors and others of the noble examples they had ſet them, and exciting in their minds a laudable ambition for the like honours? It might perpetuate the memories of our national benefactors, in my mind, more effectually than all the gaudy monuments that can be erected to them in Weſtminſter Abbey—which few think of viſiting after the tour made in their childhood — of the lions in the Tower, St. Paul's, the wax-work, and Weſtminſter Abbey. I ſuppoſe there is no city in the world ſo provided with excellent water and beautiful fountains as Rome. That of Termini, of Trevi, of the Piazza Navone, and many others, are worthy the attention of travellers. I dare not enter into the inſpection of them, nor even venture to mention the obeliſks and ſingle columns which you find in every quarter of the town. The only Fountain you ſhall hear of

Fountains.

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Fountains.

That of Egeria.

of at preſent is antique, that of the nymph *Egeria*, which is not in modern Rome, but at a little diſtance from the town, or to ſpeak with the Romans, *Fuori di Roma*. Here it was that Numa is ſaid to have had his aſſignations with that nymph. Its preſent appearance is that of a pretty large roomy vault. There are few remains of its antique marble ornaments. A mutilated ſtatue of the Nymph, and niches where the Muſes were placed, are ſtill to be ſeen. It affords plenty of excellent water, of which you may be ſure we drank; alſo ſeveral aquatic plants that ſpring ſpontaneouſly from theſe ſtreams, and hang down over the entrance in many a fantaſtic garland. It is woody and gloomy all around, and, in my opinion, a moſt charming romantic ſpot, where one might indulge in contemplation

Of foreſts and inchantments dear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Happily for you I have not viſited all the churches at Rome. Indeed I have ſeen but a few of them; ſo do not be alarmed, for I ſhall mention yet fewer than I have ſeen. *S. Giovanni di Latterano* is a fine church, decorated with columns, *&c.* antique and modern, of the moſt precious marbles. Several ſtatues of ſaints and apoſtles; the beſt is that of St. Bartolomeo. Round the altar are four very curious antique pillars of bronze fluted, which were found where the famous tem-

Churches. St. Giovanni di Latterano.

ple

ple of Jupiter Capitolinus ſtood. The relics preſerved in the churches of Rome are too abſurd to mention. This once only, by which you may judge of the others, I ſhall inform you, that they here boaſt the inheritance of a piece of Moſes's rod, and a morſel of Aaron's, a ſtick of the ark of the covenant, the table on which our Saviour eat the paſſover with his diſciples, and the napkin which he made uſe of to wipe their feet. Relics.

The Church of St. *Maria Magiore* is eſteemed the moſt noble and grand of all thoſe dedicated to the Virgin. It is built on the ſpot where ſtood a temple conſecrated to Juno. The plan of this church was, *we were told*, miraculouſly traced out by a cloud which fell from Heaven. The architecture is much admired; the inſide of the church ſtrikes the eye with a noble ſimplicity; the view of a great number of lofty pillars, of the Ionic order, of white marble, have a fine effect; the altar is formed by a beautiful antique urn of porphyry. The fineſt chapel belonging to this church is that of *Borgheſe*. Here is a profuſion of rich marbles, *lapis lazuli*, the opaque precious ſtones, ſome paintings and freſcos by Guido, and many very valuable ornaments. Amongſt others, an image of the Virgin (attributed to St. Luke), ſurrounded with precious ſtones. I had determined not to tire you with more relics, but here I cannot help announcing to you the manger in which our Saviour St. Maria Magiore.

Saviour was laid, the ſwaddling clothes he wore, and ſome ſtraw on which he was placed.

S. Paolo fuori di Roma Church.

S. Paolo fuori di Roma alle tre fontane. This Church is built upon the ſpot where St. Paul was beheaded. The pillar to which he was bound, and where he ſuffered martyrdom, is near the firſt of the three fountains. Theſe ſprung up, as you will believe, miraculouſly from the three bounds his head made when ſtruck off. The Church, however, is extremely well worth ſeeing; it is adorned on the inſide with very curious antique columns *, particularly two of black porphyry; there are no ſuch to be ſeen any where elſe. Antiquarians are at a loſs to determine whence they were brought, but the moſt probable conjecture is, that they were the productions of Ethiopia, where quarries of *Baſalte* are common.

St. Urbano Church.

The Church of *St. Urbano alla Caffarella* was a temple of Bacchus, and graceful, indeed, are its remains. It is built of brick, with ſtrength and ſolidity. The Moſaic in the arched roof and between the double row of pillars is finely done. Here are repreſentations of the vintage through all its progreſs: the wine-preſs is particularly worth obſerving. The different figures of birds, large as life, are elegantly executed; and the pheaſants ſuperior to the others. The diameter of the

* Some of which meaſure twenty-two feet in circumference.

ground-

ground-plan, between the inner row of pillars, meaſures about forty-five feet Engliſh, and ninety feet between the walls, or from one ſide to the other. The ſarcophagus of Bacchus is of one entire morſel of porphyry, nine feet long, ſix broad, and four deep; the ſhell nine inches; the lid or cover twenty inches thick. It is ſculpted in baſſo relievo, repreſenting the Infant Bacchus, feſtoons of vine leaves, grapes, *&c.*

S. Sebaſtiano alle Catacombe, ſituated on the Appian way, was founded by Conſtantine the Great, in honour of this ſaint; who is repreſented lying in his tomb, pierced with arrows. The ſculpture by Giorgetti. The portico of this church is ſupported by ſix antique columns of a very rare ſpecies; two of them of white granite, and two of green, with uncommon ſpots in them. S. Sebaſtiano alle Catacombe.

The catacombs are the vaſteſt, and the moſt noted in the neighbourhood of Rome. We explored them accompanied by a ragged ill-looking fellow, whoſe buſineſs is to ſweep the church, and ſhew theſe ſilent manſions of the dead. One of our footmen was ſent of a meſſage, the other followed us. We were provided with little wax candles, and deſcended the ſtair-caſe, each carrying a lighted *Bougie*; the others were for proviſion, leſt any of thoſe already lighted ſhould burn out or extinguiſh. Having, at length, reached the bottom, after no very agreeable deſcent, we found ourſelves in a labyrinth of very narrow

narrow paſſages, turning and winding inceſſantly; moſt of theſe are upon the ſlope, and, I believe, go down into the earth to a conſiderable depth. They are not wider than to admit one perſon at a time, but branch out various ways like the veins in the human body; they are alſo extremely damp, being far under the ground, and cauſed our candles to burn blue. In the ſide-niches are depoſited the bodies (as they ſay) of more than ſeventy-four thouſand martyrs. Theſe niches are moſtly cloſed by an upright ſlab of marble, which bears an inſcription deſcriptive of their contents. Several are alſo buried under theſe paſſages, whoſe graves are ſecured by iron grates. We followed our tattered guide for a conſiderable time through the paſſages; at laſt he ſtopt, and told M—— if he would go with him to a certain quarter juſt by, he would ſhew him a remarkable catacomb. At that moment I was ſtaring about at the inſcriptions, and took it for granted that M—— was really very near, but after ſome moments I aſked the footman who was ſtanding at the entrance if he ſaw his maſter; he replied in the negative, nor did he hear any voice: this alarmed me; I bid him go forward a little way, and that I would wait where I was, for I feared loſing myſelf in this labyrinth in attempting to get out, not knowing which way they had turned. I waited a little time, and finding the ſervant did not return, called out as loud as I could, but, to my great diſap-

diſappointment, perceived that I ſcarce made any noiſe; the ſound of my voice, from the dampneſs of the air, or the lowneſs of the paſſages, remaining (as it were) with me. I trembled all over, and perceived that my *Bougie* was near its end; I lighted another with ſome difficulty, from the ſhaking of my hands, and determined to go in ſearch of M—— myſelf, at any hazard; but figure to yourſelf the horror that ſeized me, when, upon attempting to move, I perceived myſelf forcibly held by my clothes from behind, and all the efforts I made to free myſelf proved ineffectual. My heart, I believe, ceaſed to beat for a moment, and it was as much as I could do to ſuſtain myſelf from falling down upon the ground in a ſwoon. However, I ſummoned up all my reſolution, and ventured to look behind me, but ſaw nothing. I then again attempted to move, but found it impracticable. Good God, ſaid I, perhaps M—— is aſſaſſinated, and the ſervant joined with the guide in the perpetration of the murder, and I am miraculouſly held faſt by the dead, and ſhall never leave theſe graves. Notwithſtanding ſuch dreadful repreſentations that my frighted imagination pictured to me, I made more violent efforts, and in ſtruggling, at laſt diſcovered, that there was an iron grate, like a trap-door, a little open behind me, one of the pointed bars of which had pierced through my gown, and held me in the manner I have related. I ſoon extricated myſelf, and walk-

ing forward, luckily in the right path, found M—— who was quietly copying an inſcription, the guide lighting him, and the ſervant returning towards me with the moſt unconcerned aſpect imaginable. I had the diſcretion to conceal my fright as much as I was able, and only expreſſed, with ſome impatience, my deſire of returning into the light and air. M——, who is ever complaiſant to my wiſhes, inſtantly complied; and as we were retiring, the poor guide, whom my imagination had repreſented as an aſſaſſin, told us, that there was a pit amongſt the Catacombs of which the bottom could never be diſcovered; and he had been told, that formerly a great many people had been abuſed, robbed, and flung into it. I thanked God, inwardly, that he had not told me this ſtory earlier.—Having entered the carriage, I determined within myſelf that this viſit to the Catacombs ſhould be my laſt. That you may not dwell longer upon the adventure, I ſhall return to Rome, and conclude my letter with a ſlight deſcription of the Vatican.

Vatican. The ſuperb palace called the Vatican is attached to St. Peter's church, and was, for many years, the reſidence of the Pontiffs. But they have of late preferred *Monte Cavallo*, as a drier and healthier ſituation. The dimenſions and elaborate deſcriptions of this palace have been given by ſeveral Italian and other authors. According to M. Venuti, it contains eleven thouſand and five hundred

hundred rooms; but according to *Bonanni* thirteen thouſand, including the *Souterrains* and cellars. It is aſſerted by ſome, to have been built on the ruins of Nero's palace; others ſay, on the ſame ſpot with that Emperor's gardens. The principal objects that merit the attention of a traveller are, the library, the paintings of Raffaello, and the antique ſtatues. After having paſſed through two great courts, you aſcend a ſtair-caſe called *La Scala Regia*, deſigned by Bernini, which is really magnificent. You then enter a vaſt ſalloon called *Sala Regia*, painted in *freſco*, by various artiſts; the ſubjects moſtly allegorical and hiſtorical. Many of them have been much injured by the painters who were employed, owing to their rivality and private enmities to each other; blurring over and maliciouſly ſpoiling the labours of their brethren from motives of envy and malignity. You are then ſhewn the Chapel of Sextus the Fourth. Michael Angelo painted the vaulted cieling. The plan of this Chapel is an oblong ſquare. Over the tapeſtry are twelve pictures repreſenting different hiſtories from the Old and New Teſtament, by Pietro Perugino. The heads of the figures are finely executed, but their drapery is quite abſurd, being, for the moſt part, attired in gold and ſilver. Over the door, a picture repreſenting St. Michael fighting with devils for the body of Moſes, is executed with great force, by Matteo Dalecio. The famous picture, by

Michael Angelo.

Pietro. Perugino.

Matteo Dalecio.

Michael Angelo.

by Michael Angelo, of the laſt judgment, occupies the whole end of the Chapel. It is painted in freſco. The group in the middle repreſents Jeſus Chriſt; on his right hand the elect; on his left, the condemned ſouls; at the top, two groups of angels, who bear the attributes of the paſſion. The ſaints, ſpectators of the laſt judgment, are ranged on each ſide of two groups which ſurround our Saviour. There are alſo choirs of angels who ſound the trumpets, ſome conduct the bleſſed into heaven, and others thruſt the damned into hell. At the bottom of the picture is Charon in his boat; and in the corner of hell ſtands a man with ſerpents twiſting round him, being the portrait of a perſon to whom Michael had a particular averſion. This vaſt piece of painting is more ſurpriſing than pleaſing; the confuſion ſuch crowds of figures produce—the variety and ſtrength of deſign—the powers of imagination, and all the whims of fancy, are here united. The back ground, repreſenting an azure ſky, all of one tint, gives no *relief*; and, upon the whole, there is a poverty of colouring, though with a great correctneſs in the drawing.

I ſhall here omit the chapel Paulina, having mentioned it already. In a grand apartment called that of Borgia are many paintings by Raffaello, Giulio Romano, Pierino del Vaga, Pelegrino da Modena, and others. The celebrated *Salloni di Raffaello* conſiſts of a long *ſuite* of rooms, painted

painted in freſco by that great maſter. The firſt Raffaello.
ſaloon contains all the virtues, charities, &c. under ſymbolical figures; the ſecond, the twelve apoſtles, &c.; the third, called that of Conſtantine, exhibits the miracle of his converſion; the aërian croſs is borne by two angels. In another, the battle and victory of Conſtantine, gained over the tyrant Maxentius, at Ponte Mole. In this laſt is a remarkable figure of an old ſoldier who lifts his ſon, juſt expiring, from the ground; the expreſſion in the father is truly affecting. This ſaloon is completely covered with repreſentations of different events in the hiſtory of Conſtantine. The next ſaloon preſents hiſtories from the book of the Maccabees; here is a compliment to Pope Julius the Second, who would be introduced as borne into the temple where *Onias* the High Prieſt is invoking Heaven. His meaning was, that, after the example of Onias, he had delivered the eccleſiaſtical ſtate from many uſurpations and diſorders which had affected the patrimony of St. Peter. Alſo a famous picture, and finely done indeed; it is called the Maſs, and repreſents a miracle which happened at Bolſenna: A prieſt, who doubted of the real preſence in the Euchariſt being at the moment of conſecrating the wafer, blood dropped from it. The different effects of ſurpriſe and aſtoniſhment amongſt the people is repreſented in the moſt lively and natural manner.

The ſubject of another piece which merits attention is Atilla, who ſees St. Peter and St. Paul coming in the clouds to give him battle. Here Pope Leo the Tenth appears alſo mounted on his mule, with the whole cavalcade of cardinals prancing on various nags. Raffaello has alſo introduced his maſter Pietro Perugino as mace-bearer, curvetting before his Holineſs.

School of Athens.

In the fifth ſalloon are ſome of his moſt eſteemed paintings. The School of Athens is a picture remarkable for its invention, grouping, perſpective, and colouring. It repreſents a place decorated with fine architecture. About the centre appear Plato and Ariſtotle, who ſeem engaged in philoſophical diſcuſſions, ſurrounded by their diſciples. Socrates is repreſented ſpeaking earneſtly to a young and beautiful hero in armour, by which figure is meant Alcibiades. In another place, Pythagoras is graving muſical concords upon a tablet, held by a youth clothed in white, who repreſents *Franceſco Maria di Rovero Duca d'Urbino*, and nephew to Pope Julius the Second. At a diſtance is Diogenes, reclined on a ſtep of the architecture; he has a book in his hand, and a ſmall bowl near him. Raffaello has placed a relation of his own in another part of this picture. One Bramanti, who was a famous architect at that time; he is repreſented as Archimedes, tracing an hexagonal figure. Near him appears a young man, who puts one knee to the ground, and pointing

pointing to him expreſſes great reſpect and veneration; by this young man is meant Ferdinand the Second, Duke of Milan. Zoroaſter makes a capital figure; he is draped in cloth of gold, and holds a globe; by him ſtands Raffaello himſelf, with a black bonnet on his head and the moſt ſilly face imaginable under it; he has placed his maſter Perugino by him. The *coup-d'œil* of this picture is very ſtriking, and it demands ſome time to examine it properly. Oppoſite the School of Athens is a large painting, the ſubject a diſpute about the ſacrament, ſo replete with ſymbolical, typical, and allegorical repreſentations, that we did not contemplate it long.

Mount Parnaſſus is another eſteemed picture. Raffaello has introduced here all the moſt celebrated poets of Italy, and placed himſelf between Virgil and Homer. Apollo plays on a modern violin; a great abſurdity. The moſt capital figure is Sappho; her head, in particular, is finely done. Several other paintings merit obſervation, but you will excuſe my paſſing them over.

The cieling of the ſixth room is painted by Perugino. Its beſt picture repreſents the fire of *Bergo S. Spirito*, eſteemed a *chef-d'œuvre*. The tumult, the conſternation of the people, the effect of the wind upon the flames, and the different epiſodes introduced, render this piece extremely curious.—The ſeventh room is called that of the Conſiſtory: the ſubjects of the paintings are, St. Leon

Perugino.

Leon purſuing the Saracens, and Charlemagne crowned emperor. The two laſt chambers exhibit
Baltazer Peruzzi. ſome fine perſpectives, by Baltazer Peruzzi. In the apartment of the Counteſs Matilda are elegant
Roma-nelli. freſcos by Romanelli. There are many other apartments, chapels, and galleries, finely decorated with paintings, by famous maſters, which I ſhall
Belvidere. paſs over, and proceed directly to the *Belvidere*, or the *Torre di tutti gli Venti*. It has a communication with the Vatican by means of an open gallery or terras, and is called *Belvidere*, on account of the glorious proſpect ſeen from it, which I fear would loſe by any deſcription I ſhould attempt. The apartments of the Belvidere have been inhabited by ſeveral Popes, though but ſimply furniſhed. Here are ſome curious articles in antique moſaic; one, in particular, repreſents an Egyptian
Model of St. Peter's Church. dance.—A Model of St. Peter's Church opens in the middle ſo as to ſhew the ſections, and, by means of a void left in the centre, you may ſhut yourſelf into it, and ſee all the iſles, chapels, *&c.* at one view. In order to go to the court of the Antique Statues, you muſt paſs along the great corridor of the Belvidere, which is in length 1692 feet, or about the third of a mile. Halfway is an iron-gate which conducts you to the Vatican library. We returned back to the library,
Antique Statues. after viſiting the Antique Statues. At the end of this gallery is the famous Statue of the dying Cleopatra. She is repreſented in a ſupine poſture, with a ſerpent

a ſerpent twiſted round her arm. I am ſorry to be obliged to confeſs to you, that notwithſtanding ſhe is ſo much admired, we were not ſtruck as with a perfect piece of ſculpture. Very improperly, from the pedeſtal or baſe of this Statue proceeds a ſheet of water, which falls into a baſon on your left hand as you enter the above-mentioned Court. It is aſſerted to be the moſt ſuperb aſſemblage of the fineſt Greek Statues in the whole world; there are eight in all. The Laocoon, the Apollo, the Antinous, and the famous *Torſo*, are thoſe I ſhall particularly mention; the other four being, in my opinion, unworthy of their ſituation here, though they might poſſibly appear to ſome advantage in another place. This Antinous is eſteemed of more beautiful proportions than that in the Capitol. He is a model for grace; his limbs are elegant, and there is a lightneſs and eaſe in his whole figure, which is rarely found in the moſt beautiful nature; his attitude is more genteel than noble; he expreſſes more penſiveneſs than joy; yet we rather prefer the face of the Antinous of the Capitol to this of the Belvidere.—The Laocoon aſtoniſhes and terrifies; the ſubject is ſo horrible, and the expreſſion ſo juſt, that I could not contemplate it for any time together, but returned to it frequently; my imagination almoſt cauſed me to fancy I heard the piercing ſhrieks of the ſons*, proceeding from the agoniz-

Court of the Antique Statues.

Antinous.

Laocoon.

* Theſe are in ſhut-up niches to preſerve them from being injured by the weather.

ing

ing pain expreſſed in their diſtorted yet beautiful features, and from the cruel folds of the ſerpents that confine and twiſt round their delicate limbs. The old man's diſtreſs is of another ſpecies, and equally horrible. I believe Michael Angelo may be juſtified when he pronounced the Laocoon *Il protento de l'Arte.* This Statue was found in the baths of Titus. I ſhould have added alſo that the Antinous was taken from a place called *Adrianello*, near the church of *S. Martino di Monte.*

Apollo. When the folding doors were thrown open of the nich which conceals the Statue of Apollo, I ſtarted back with ſurpriſe. Never did I ſee any ſculpture come ſo near the life, nor animation expreſs ſo much majeſty and dignity. I was ſtruck with awe. The beautiful proportions of the limbs, the grandeur and noble air diffuſed over the whole figure, his commanding aſpect blended with angelic ſweetneſs, joined to the moſt perfect features, made me almoſt fancy he breathed, and was about to ſpeak: at length, coming out of my firſt ſurpriſe, I ſaid to myſelf, it is but marble that I ſee.—This Statue was found at *Nettuno* *.

The Torſo. As to the famous *Torſo*, I cannot pretend to ſay that I am knowing enough to be ſenſible of its beauties. A headleſs trunk, without arms or

* Nettuno is a maritime town of the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, ſituated near Capo d'Anzo, the ancient port of Antium, a town originally belonging to the Volſci, and where Coriolanus was killed.

legs,

legs, appeared to me a frightful object; but I make not the leaſt doubt of its poſſeſſing all the beauties and perfections attributed to it by antiquaries and connoiſſeurs. The muſcles are ſo ſtrongly marked, that I ſhould think it muſt have been a ſtatue of Hercules; and what makes this conjecture very probable is, that it is placed or reſts upon a lion's ſkin.

From hence we adjourned to the Library. I ſhall paſs over the garden, which is very large, and laid out in the old-faſhioned taſte: it is remarkable for little elſe than a great number of concealed water works, or rather *water traps*, intended to ſprinkle the unwary. Here are alſo more *conſiderable* fountains. Library.

This Library is ſo conſtructed as to afford a very agreeable *coup d'œil* at your entrance; but the books being incloſed in preſſes which are painted, deprives it entirely of the appearance of a library. The paintings are by various maſters, and the ſubjects taken from ſacred hiſtory, or the hiſtory of the early ages of the church of Rome. Some good antiques ſerve to adorn it; fine Etruſcan vaſes, and amongſt other curioſities, a remarkable column of oriental alabaſter, white and tranſparent; which is ſolid, and beautifully fluted. Oppoſite to this pillar is a tomb of white marble, and in it a winding ſheet made of a linen which readily catches fire, but does not conſume thereby. This linen is ſecured by iron-work, and in order

order to prove that it ſtands the fire, our Ciceroni pulled one end of it through the iron, and ſet fire to it with a lighted *Bougie*. It burnt faſt, and preſently extinguiſhed of its own accord. The corner which had endured the flame appeared rather cleaner and whiter than the reſt of the ſheet, which was all the effect the fire produced. I pulled it as hard as I could, with deſign to have torn and brought off a rag of it with me, but in vain; and I believe the *Ciceroni* ſuſpected me, for he thruſt it into its place, and ſo ſecured it from any further attempts. It is probably formed of the *aſbeſtus*, or, what is called in the Royal Cabinet of natural hiſtory at Paris, *Le lin Foſſile*. Here is alſo a great collection of medals, which we had not time to examine. They told us the preſſes contained ſeventy thouſand printed volumes and forty thouſand manuſcripts; ſeveral curious antique Bibles, in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, *&c.*; a very pretty Greek manuſcript of the Acts of the Apoſtles in gold letters, given by Pope Innocent the Eighth to Charlotte Queen of Cyprus; ſeveral manuſcripts, with curious and high-finiſhed miniatures. Amongſt theſe is a Pliny, with the pictures of all the animals; a Virgil of the fifth century, all wrote in capital letters, with the figures of the Trojans and Latins, in their proper habits; a beautiful manuſcript of Taſſo, and a Dante, with miniatures at the top of each page deſcriptive of the ſubjects. The Original Letters

of

of Harry the Eighth to Ann Boleyn, and a Treatiſe on the Seven Sacraments, compoſed by himſelf: he ſent it as a preſent to Leo the Tenth, with theſe lines, written with his own hand;

Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo Decimo *mittit*,
Hoc opus, & fidei teſtem & amicitiæ.

Here are many other curioſities of leſſer note, which our time did not permit us to ſcrutinize.

The Arſenal is a long ſalloon, ſaid to contain arms for eighteen thouſand men. Arſenal.

Adieu. You ſhall hear from me again as ſoon as I have ſufficient materials for as long a letter as the preſent. Believe me as ever, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

Rome, May 1, 1771.

IT is impoſſible to feel *ennui* at Rome, though not a place of gaiety. This city is the moſt agreeable retreat in the world (if a capital can be ſo called) for all thoſe who love the fine arts, and have a real pleaſure in the ſtudy of antiquity; which yet rather inclines one to melancholy than cheerfulneſs. We propoſe, however, quitting it in a few days; but it will be with ſome regret, as we feel ourſelves ſettled very much to our liking in every reſpect. Even the ceremonial of returning and receiving viſits is not exacted here from us Engliſh, as it would be in our own country: one reaſon is, we are ſuppoſed to come here to *ſee*, and to inform ourſelves; another, becauſe whatever an Engliſhman does, *is right*. Such is the flattering idea the Italians, in general, entertain of our nation. This is a ſubject we muſt not enlarge upon, leſt it ſhould increaſe our vanity. The very recollection of all the civilities and friendly ideas our Roman friends have impreſſed upon us, are difficult to combat; ſo predominant is ſelf-love. Therefore I ſhall ſay no more on this head, but proceed to a deſcription of what we have

have ſeen ſince I wrote laſt. The Palace Borgheſe is a magnificent building, decorated with all the orders of architecture. The arcades of the court are ſupported by an hundred columns of granite. The whole ornamented with antique ſtatues. Thoſe of Julia, Fauſtina, and an Amazon, are amongſt the beſt. The apartment of the *rez-de-chauſſée* (lower-floor, over the under-ground apartments) conſiſts of eleven noble rooms or ſalloons, all *en ſuite*, as full of fine paintings as their walls can bear. We were told this Palace contains ſeventeen hundred original pictures. Do not imagine I am about to give you a deſcription of them all; I ſhall confine myſelf to a very few, as I have ſo many palaces to mention. A Picture, by Dominichino; the ſubject, the ſports of Diana and her nymphs; the Goddeſs is repreſented giving the reward to one of them, who has had the good fortune to gain the prize. This beautiful ſcene paſſes at a river's ſide: the Nymphs are in various attitudes; one, in particular, the moſt admired, is undreſſing herſelf for the bath. Two fine portraits of Cardinal Borgia and Machiavel, by *Raffaello*. The three Graces blindfolding a Cupid, by *Tiziano*. In a gallery highly ornamented and covered with looking-glaſſes and gilding, the Paintings that conceal the joinings of the glaſſes are extremely pretty; they repreſent Cupids, little River-gods, *&c.* in many elegant attitudes; the works of *Ciroferi*. A fine Drawing, by Giulio Romano;

Palace Borgheſe.

Dominichino.

Ciroferi.

Romano; the ſubject Adonis dead in the arms of the Graces; a weeping Cupid and an afflicted Venus; two ſwans offer to careſs her; and in another part of the picture are Cupids mounted on the back of a wild boar, and piercing him with arrows. There are charming Fountains in the middle of many of the rooms, which play conſtantly, and fall into beautiful antique marble baſons. In this Palace is a great curioſity amongſt the collection of marbles; it conſiſts of three antique ſlabs of white marble, found at *Monte Dragone* at *Fraſcati*; they are above three feet long, and about an inch thick, yet ſo pliable, you may bend them with little force; and when they lean againſt a wall, placed on their edge, they bend of themſelves, ſo as to form a curve of above an inch.

Palace Corſini.

The *Palazzo Corſini* is eſteemed one of the fineſt in Rome; it was the reſidence of Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, whilſt in this capital. Her apartment is neither large nor magnificent, nor does it contain any thing curious or remarkable. From reſpect to her memory, they have not changed or removed the furniture, *&c.* which is now much faded and worn. Near her bed-ſide are ſome pictures, *&c.* of the ſort often found as furniture to bed-chambers in Roman-catholic countries, *emblems of ſuperſtition.* The exterior architecture of the Palace is not much eſteemed, but the interior plan is indeed very fine; the apartments noble

noble and well contrived, as are the ſtair-caſes which lead to them. Here is a vaſt collection of pictures. I ſhall mention the following, as they ſeemed to us to be amongſt the beſt. But where one ſees ſuch numbers, and does not return to them again, I cannot, with the ſame certainty, decide upon their merits, as when I have had an opportunity of conſidering them a ſecond time.

Pictures. Guercino. Tenieres. Wovermans.

A Saint Girolimo, by Guercino, in a great ſtyle.—A Butcher's-ſhop, by Tenieres; horribly natural, particularly *in a hot day*.—A fine Wovermans repreſents a ſportſman on horſeback, leading another horſe; the ſubject is coarſe; the moment the painter has taken is a vulgar German, or Dutch *joke*.—A fine Picture of a Field of Battle, by Bourgignone.—A beautiful Piece, by Guido; the ſubject Herodias, with the head of St. John: the girl's head is extremely graceful, and the whole highly and elegantly finiſhed.

Bourgignone. Guido.

Roſa. Statues.

A Prometheus; the vulture dragging out and feeding upon his bowels. All the horrors attendant on ſuch a ſcene are repreſented to the life, by Salvator Roſa.—Amongſt the Antique Statues with which this Palace abounds, there are two Buſtos of admirable workmanſhip, one a Veſtal, the other Seneca; and a beautiful Statue of a Woman, finely draped. There is alſo here a very great Library, conſiſting of ſeven rooms contiguous to each other; the books contained in them are ſaid to treat of ſeven different ſubjects; a ſubject to

Library.

each room; and that all that can be ſaid upon *each* by different authors is collected here. They contain alſo ſome curious manuſcripts, and a large collection of prints and drawings. The gardens belonging to this Palace are pretty, in an old ſtyle; a great deal of ſhade and regular arbours; alſo a Sylvan amphitheatre with a fountain in the middle, being frequently the place of meeting for the academy of *Quirini*, at which the cardinal *Neri Corſini* preſides, and where many curious and intereſting ſubjects are diſcuſſed, particularly ſuch as relate to the antiquities of Rome. The public are allowed to walk in theſe gardens; a very great convenience, and an inſtance, amongſt others, of the Italian hoſpitality.

Palace Barberini.

The *Palazzo Barberini* reſembles two or three palaces joined together, and contiguous to it is a very large garden, ornamented with fountains, ſtatues, *&c.* The cieling of the grand ſalloon was painted by Pietro da Cortona, and is eſteemed a *chef-d'œuvre*; its ſubject allegorical, and relates to the Barberini family. This Palace contains a prodigious collection of fine pictures, antiques, and other curioſities. As I have had frequent opportunities of examining its contents at my leiſure, from the intimacy of our acquaintance with the family, I may be more accurate in my deſcription, than in regard to ſome of the others that I have only ſeen by walking once through the apartments. I ſhall begin with the Pictures:

A Sleeping Infant, by Guido; the colouring delicate and tranſparent, the drawing correct, the figure of the moſt amiable character, and ſleeps as if *rocked by the Graces.* Pictures. Guido.

A Portrait, by Raffaello, of his favourite Miſtreſs, for whom he died. She is of a brown complexion, and if at all handſome, to my mind one of the moſt diſagreeable beauties I ever ſaw. Her face is of a vulgar *contour*; a ſharp chin, ſtrong lines, with features lean and hard; her countenance ſtupid and inſenſible. She has a bracelet above her elbow in the antique faſhion, on which is engraved Raffaello. Raffaello.

A Holy Family, by Parmeſan. Hagar in the Deſart, by Mola; finely coloured; the head of Hagar is beautiful. A very pleaſing Picture, by *Pietro da Cortona*; its ſubject the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban. A Magdalen, by Guido, in high eſtimation with all the Virtuoſi, which I muſt confeſs I do not like. She fails in character. The figure is, no doubt, beautiful, but it might be taken for any other perſon. Repentance, remorſe, devotion, ſhould be ſtrongly expreſſed in a Magdalen, and, to my eyes, none of theſe are here to be found. There are ſeveral fine Portraits by Tiziano, and one of Raffaello by himſelf. Parmeſan. Mola. Pietro da Cortona. Guido. Tiziano. Raffaello.

Amongſt the Antiques are two famous Buſtos of Marius and Sylla; a beautiful Head of Jupiter; a fine Head of Alexander the Great, and another of Antigonus. A Diana; her body of oriental Antiques.

agate. A ſmall Statue of Diana of Epheſus. A Head of Julius Cæſar, of Egyptian pebble. A Scipio Africanus, of *giallo antico*. A Coloſſal Buſto of Adrian; the head of bronze, the cuiraſſes and ſaſh of marble, with curious red veins. An Antique Moſaic, very well done; its ſubject the Rape of Europa. A beautiful antique Lion, in white marble. A fine Statue, in a nich, of a young Man, who holds in one hand a kind of ſtick, and in the other a *patera*; this Statue is perfectly well proportioned, and of very antique ſculpture. A Sleeping Fawn, which is a Greek ſtatue, and deſerves to be held in the higheſt eſtimation for its admirable workmanſhip. Two triangular Altars, and one round; in *baſſo relievo* appear Egia Goddeſs of Health, Iſis holding the flower Lotus, and Mars. The *baſſo relievos* on the other altar are, Jupiter, Juno, and a young Man, who, with one hand, is leading along a ram for ſacrifice, and in the other holds a cup. A Bernini. Modern Statue, by Bernini, of a ſick Satyr lying on his back: there is admirable expreſſion of pain and ſuffering in this figure. A Statue, in *terra cotta*, of Pope Urbino the Eighth, made by a blind man, and ſaid to be extremely like. It bears this inſcription; *Giovanni Gambaſio cieco facit.*

Library. Here is a fine Library, conſiſting of above ſixty thouſand volumes, beſide a great collection of valuable manuſcripts, medals, antique gems, cameos, intaglios, and bronzes. One of the moſt curious things

things in this cabinet of Antiques, is an ancient inſcription, which bears a treaty of peace between Rome and Tivoli. The apartment inhabited by the Dutcheſs of *Montelibretti* is nobly furniſhed in the Italian ſtyle. Some of the fineſt Pictures in the collection are its decorations; but the rooms are not crowded with them, as is frequently the caſe in Italian palaces. Her bed-chamber is extremely pretty; it is hung with a Lyons ſilk, brocaded with ſmall flowers, and ſtriped with ſilver, which has an exceeding good effect: the chairs, curtains, *&c.* are all covered with the ſame materials. The jewels of this family (as is the cuſtom with all the great and princely families in Italy) are kept in a large cabinet, and form a kind of *regalia.* They are ſhewn to ſtrangers, and an houſehold officer has the care of them, who is anſwerable for his truſt. Quantities of precious ſtones and pearl to amaze one; the jewels the Dutcheſs wears are magnificent; the diamonds of a much larger ſize than any I have ſeen in England, excepting thoſe belonging to the crown, and a vaſt number of large pearl of the fineſt water and moſt exact formation. The apartment of the Princeſs Paleſtrine is furniſhed in a graver ſtyle than that of her daughter-in-law, and contains ſeveral curious cabinets, china, and ſmall pictures in oil, ſome of which are very well done.

Pallazzo Farneſe. This magnificent edifice was, for the moſt part, built by Michael Angelo. The Pallazzo Farnese.

Colliſeo, and the Theatre of Marcellus were, by ſacrilegious hands, ſtripped of their marble ornaments to adorn this Palace, as I have already mentioned in a former letter; and the memory of Pope Farneſe, Paul the Third, is held in execration at Rome for this illiberal action. It is a noble pile, but not without faults in the architecture; many of the members, by their ſculpture, ornaments, *&c.* have too ſolid and weighty an appearance; and the conſequence of enriching the fronts has been the throwing a gloom over the apartments. The grand court is a ſquare, decorated with the three orders; under the arcades, which environ it, are placed certain famous antique ſtatues. The Hercules, called the Farneſian (to diſtinguiſh it from the other Hercules), is eſteemed a *chef-d'œuvre*, and was ſculpted by one Glicon an Athenian, as the inſcription upon it ſets forth. It may be very beautiful, and the moſt perfect model of a man in the world; but I am inſenſible enough to its charms to own, that if all mankind were ſo proportioned, I ſhould think them very diſagreeable and odious. The muſcles of this Hercules (allowing for the manner of ſpeaking) are like craggy rocks, compared with the Belvideran Apollo. Here is placed, alſo, the large urn wherein were depoſited the aſhes of Cecilia Mitella, taken out of her Mauſoleum, called Capo di Bove, on the Appian way, as I told you before; but leſt you ſhould have forgot it, I mention it to

you

you again. The Flora is a fine Statue; her arms and feet have been replaced, and but indifferently; but the antique part has great merit; the drapery is glorioufly done. Having aſcended the great ſtair-caſe, the Statues of two Slaves make a ſtriking appearance, and are worthy the attention of the curious. In the interior part of the Palace are a numerous aſſemblage of buſtos, ſtatues, *&c.* all antique. The vault of the great gallery is painted in freſco, by Annibal Caracci, and is eſteemed one of the nobleſt efforts of this maſter. The ſubjects are; in the centre, the Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne; the proceſſion is comic, and old Silenus on his aſs makes a capital figure; at one end of this piece appears the God Pan, offering a fleece to Diana; at the other, the Judgment of Paris. The whole is admirably well done. Between the centre, and the extremities, are the following: Triton on the Sea, with Galatea; the Rape of Cephalus, by Aurora; the epiſode here introduced of Morpheus aſleep, has a very fine effect. Polypheme endeavouring to charm Galatea with muſic, and then hurling a fragment of a rock at Acis, are finiſhed with great ſpirit. Other compartments repreſent Jupiter inviting Juno to his nuptial bed. Juno, graced with the Ceſtus, entertaining Jupiter. Diana careſſing Endimion; the love expreſſed here is worthy of ſo chaſte a Goddeſs. Hercules and Iole; they have exchanged dreſſes, and he is trying to amuſe her by playing on the *tambour de*

Baſque. Anchiſes taking off the Buſkin of Venus. There are many more events of the fabulous hiſtory here repreſented, and which take up a great deal of time to examine, as they are all worthy of the cloſeſt notice. At the ends of the gallery are two fine Paintings in freſco; one repreſents Andromeda chained to the Rock; the other, Perſeus converting into ſtone, by the view of the Meduſa's head, Phineus and his companions; but I think the picture we ſaw at Genoa, on the ſame ſubject, better done. This gallery is painted with various ſubjects, all taken from the heathen mythology, and decorated with curious antique buſtos; many very fine are in a *Gabinetto*, particularly the famous repreſentation of Hercules between Vice and Virtue (by Annibal Caracci), in which the figure of Vice is out of all compariſon more charming than that of Virtue.

Annibal.

A great number, in every room, of antique ſtatues and buſtos of the firſt claſs, and each merits a particular deſcription. That of Caracalla is unqueſtionably the fineſt yet found. The deſcription of the contents of this Palace would eaſily furniſh matter for a folio. The famous Group of Dirce, the Bull, and the two Men, can never be ſufficiently admired. This enormous compoſition is of one block of marble, as white and as freſh as if newly executed; it would take me half a quire of paper to enter into a detail of its merits: let it ſuffice, that it is one of the moſt ſtupendous efforts

of

of ſculpture that has as yet been diſcovered, and that I am ſure we ſpent at leaſt two hours in gazing upon it. It is kept under a ſhed in a court contiguous to the Palace.

A fine *Baſſo Relievo*, repreſenting an *Orgie* of Bacchus broke into three pieces: A ſecond repreſents Trimalcion leaning upon a Fawn, whilſt another odd creature pulls off his ſandals; a troop of comedians follow him. There are ſeveral Antiques in this place that are extremely curious.

Near the *Pallazzo Farneſe* is that of *Spada*, an inferior palace at Rome, but which, however, is worth ſeeing. The moſt remarkable Antiques and Pictures are; of the former, a Pompey, about fourteen feet high, and finely proportioned. Paris, Venus, and a Gladiator. A beautiful Statue of a Greek Philoſopher. A Ceres, finely draped. Eight very large tables of Marble, wrought in *baſſo relievo*. Amongſt the Pictures, the Rape of Helen, by Guido. A repoſe in Egypt, by Carravagio. The Sacred Fire ſupplied by the Veſtals, a fine ſketch, by Ciroferri. A large Portrait of Cardinal Spada. A View of the Market at Naples during the uſurpation of the famous Maſſienello, the *lazzarone*. In a ſmall court is a pretty deception in perſpective; it is a little gallery, or arched vault, ſuſtained by Doric pillars, which leſſen according to the rules of perſpective; the plan on which they are built drawing towards the point of view in which the reality would have appeared to

Pallazzo Spada.

Guido.

Carravagio.

Ciroferri.

the eye. The plan is only twelve feet in front, and contracts gradually, being but ſix feet at the end. It is built upon a ſlope, is eighteen feet high at the entrance, and but nine at the oppoſite extremity. A Statue of a Fluter is placed at the end of the little Court, which, when ſeen through this arch, appears to be full five feet high, but is, in reality, no more than three. This little piece of architecture might be eaſily imitated, and would have a very pleaſing effect in a London garden.

Pallazzo Colonna.

The *Palazzo Colonna* is a vaſt edifice, with a garden in proportion, and a prodigious collection of antiques and pictures. The grand apartment is nobly furniſhed. Amongſt the Pictures I obſerved the following in particular: A St. Margaret and Dragon, by Guido; a beautiful ſketch. A Cephalus, and Procris endeavouring to diſſuade him from the dangers of the chace; this is by Titian, and extremely intereſting. The Rape of Ganimede by the Eagle of Jupiter; by the ſame artiſt, and very fine, though the colouring has ſuffered a little. The Gallery is ſuperb, and of a prodigious length; it is furniſhed with fine paintings: A St. Francis, by Guido. A Flight into Egypt, by the ſame. St. John preaching in the Deſart, by Salvator Roſa. A fine Picture, by Guercino; the ſubject, David bearing Goliath's head; the daughters of Iſrael following, dancing and beating little kettle-drums; altogether ridiculous in the compoſition, though deſervedly admired

Guido.

Titian.

Guido.

mired in other reſpects. A Man drinking out of a Glaſs, by Tiziano; what is curious in this Picture is the noſe, lips, *&c.* of the Man foreſhortened, as ſeen through the Glaſs. A moſt admirable groteſque Picture of a Peaſant eating beans, by Tintoret. The Gardens are in a bad taſte, having too many parterres formed of box edgings and coloured ſtucco, which are dignified by the name of Engliſh Flower Gardens. Tiziano. Tintoret.

The *Pallazzo Bracciano*; rich in valuable antique marbles, and many good pictures. On the ſtair-caſe is a fine Buſto of Antoninus Pius, and in the firſt ſalloon a rare Statue of Caligula. Amongſt the Pictures that decorate the apartment, is the Woman taken in Adultery, by Tiziano. The Hiſtory of Cyrus, in five Pictures, by Rubens; and ſeveral other originals, by great Maſters. The Dutcheſs of *Bracciano* told me, that the beſt Pictures in the *Palais Royal* at Paris, and all thoſe, in particular, which are hung in the Lanthorn-Room there, were part of the *Bracciano* collection. She is a near relation of the Duke of Orleans. I am not ſure that I did not mention this circumſtance in my firſt letters from Rome, where I had occaſion to ſpeak particularly of this noble Lady, who is as much diſtinguiſhed at Rome for her ſenſe and accompliſhments as for her high rank and great connexions. Pallazzo Bracciano. Tiziano. Rubens.

The Cabinet of Curioſities belonging to this family contains a ſuperb collection of medals. Cabinet of Curioſities.

They

They belonged formerly to Chriſtina Queen of Sweden. Amongſt the Antique Gems is a Cameo in oriental agate, its ſize exceeds ſix inches by four; it repreſents the Profiles of Alexander the Great, and his Mother Olympia.

Pallazzo Altieri.

Pallazzo Altieri. This Palace ſtands alone upon a great deal of ground. The grand apartments are highly ornamented with paintings and gilt ſtucco, embelliſhed in a very good taſte. There

Claude Lorrain.

are two Claude Lorrains in them, eſteemed the beſt productions of that famous landſcape painter. One is a View of the Sea; the other, to which the preference is generally given, repreſents a beautiful Landſcape, in which is introduced the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli. If I might venture to criticiſe this great artiſt, I ſhould ſay, that his landſcapes would have been better, was there not an air of ſtiffneſs in all his objects:—his trees too trim, and of too fine a green, failing in that contraſt that withered branches and fantaſtic old roots and trunks of trees often produce in a repreſentation after Nature. At the ſame time it is juſt to obſerve, that his paintings are highly finiſhed, the glowing warmth of his ſkies are inimitable, and never to be found in the landſcapes of any other painter.

Salvator Roſa.

Two Philoſophers, by Salvator Roſa; and two Landſcapes of fine Rocks and Water, by the ſame.

Corregio. Guido. Guercino.

A Virgin, by Corregio. A Lucretia, by Guido. A Roman Charity, by Guercino: this ſubject is curi-

ouſly

ouſly treated; the ſcene preſents the outſide of a dungeon; the Daughter looks through the grated window, and calls to her Father, who is very conſpicuous in the interior of the dungeon, but from his age and defect of hearing, he turns his head and looks behind him, in order to diſcover from whence the voice proceeds. His error produces great expreſſion of anxiety in the countenance of the Daughter.

Pallazzo Chigi.

The *Pallazzo Chigi* contains ſome good paintings, a curious collection of original ſketches and drawings of the greateſt maſters, with ſome antiques. An Adoration of the Shepherds, by Carlo Marratti. Some fine Landſcapes, by Claude Lorrain: one, in particular, which preſents a beautiful View of the Sea: on the fore-ground, the Rape of Europa. A pretty Landſcape, by Salvator Roſa; in which he has introduced Mercury piping to Argus, in order to make him ſleep, and the beautiful Cow *Io* watching the event. A Satyr carrying a baſket of Fruit; by his ſide a *Bacchante:* this Picture is finely coloured; it is by Rubens. An extravagant Picture, by Carravagio; the ſubject Mars whipping Cupid in the preſence of Venus.

Carlo Marratti.

Claude Lorrain.

Salvator Roſa.

Rubens.

Carravagio.

Library.

Here is alſo a very good Library, containing many curious manuſcripts, enriched with fine miniatures. A Miſſel of Pope Boniface the Eighth, bound in ſilver, inſtead of leather.

The Chapel is pretty, and richly ornamented.

Pallazzo

Pallazzo Giuſtiniano.

Pallazzo Giuſtiniano has not a very brilliant appearance. The Interior wants new furniſhing, but it contains a vaſt collection of Statues and Paintings, which are not protected and kept as they ought to be. There are ſeveral valuable Antique Statues in the Court. The Grand Apartment is decorated with antique columns of green porphyry and green marble, ſtatues, freſco-paintings, and pictures. Amongſt the latter is a very fine Flemiſh Picture, by the famous Handſtorſt of Utrecht, known in Italy by the nick-name of *Gerardo della Notte*; for how can a ſoft Italian mouth pronounce ſuch a hoarſe rumbling word as that of *Hundſtorſt*. The ſubject of this Picture is Pilate on the Judgment Seat. The effect of the candle-light ſhews wonderfully. A Picture repreſenting St. Peter, whom the executioners are undreſſing, in order to prepare for his martyrdom on the croſs; the colouring and the expreſſion are great; it is by Saltarelli a Genoeſe.

Gerardo della Notte.

Saltarelli.

A Portrait of a Widow, to whom Cupid preſents a looking-glaſs, by Paul Veroneſe. St. Anthony and St. Paul, a fine Picture, by Guido. Socrates in Priſon, to whom they are about to preſent the poiſoned bowl; and oppoſite to it Seneca, with his veins opened and bleeding to death. Both theſe tragic ſcenes are repreſented at night; the lights of the flambeaux and lamps are finely thrown by the Utrecht painter I mentioned before.

Paul Veroneſe.

Guido.

Gerardo della Notte.

In

In the Chamber of the Madonnas are various repreſentations of the Bleſſed Virgin, by Raffaello, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Parmeſan, and Andrea del Sarto.

Raffaello. Leonardo da Vinci. Perugino. Parmeſan. Andrea del Sarto.

The Gallery holds a crowd of Statues. The beſt amongſt them, an antique Goat, lying down. An antique Marble Vaſe, with beautiful rowled handles. A Minerva. A Veſtal. A Fawn, with his hand full of grapes. A Head of Homer. A Head of Vitellius. A Buſto of Serapis. A Diana of Epheſus; and ſeveral Buſtos of Emperors. Meſſalina ſitting. The greater number of ſtatues, and other antique marbles, depoſited in this Palace, were dug up in ſinking for its foundations amongſt the ruins of Nero's Baths.

Pallazzo Roſpigliosi. This Palace belonged formerly to the Borgheſe family. Here are ſeveral pictures highly worthy particular attention; but I muſt reſtrain myſelf in their deſcription for want of time, and proceed to the antiques. In the Gallery is a remarkably large round Baſon of *Verd antique*, ſupported by a pedeſtal of porphyry. An antique Piece of Freſco-painting, repreſenting a landſcape, with a houſe in the middle, and palm-trees about it, in the Chineſe taſte. Four ſmall Freſco-paintings, antique, found in the ruins of Conſtantine's Baths; the ſubjects chiefly Bacchanalian, but one, in particular, is extremely pretty; it repreſents a Cupid on a Branch of Flowers, holding a ladder. In the Garden is a well-proportioned

Palace Roſpigliosi.

tioned little building, which contains the beſt paintings in the collection. On the cieling of its ſalloon, or veſtibule, is the famous painting in freſco, by Guido, known by the name of the *Aurora*, and repreſents the bringing on of the Day. Phœbus, in a triumphal chariot, is drawn by four fiery courſers a-breaſt; the hours, under the figures of beautiful nymphs, dance around him; he is preceded by a Cupid, holding a torch, and Aurora, who ſtrews the earth beneath with flowers. The figures here repreſented may ſerve as models for grace; the folds of the draperies are light, natural, and ſimple; and the clouds finely rendered. It is much to be regretted, that the ſalloon, the repoſitory of this fine piece of freſco, is damp, by which it has ſuffered conſiderably, as well as by neglect. Here are alſo two fine Friezes painted in freſco, by Tempeſta. I ſhall now have done with Palaces, leſt you ſhould be ſurfeited with them, as you were with Churches at Paris, and mean to conclude this voluminous letter with a deſcription of the Jeſuits College. You ſhould here aſk, How it was poſſible for me to have ſeen the Jeſuits College? I ſhall inform you; for, to be ſure, no female has ever entered it (at leaſt, by public permiſſion), ſave the Empreſs Queen, Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, and your moſt humble ſervant. Know then, that I, not devoid of that curioſity natural to us all, had learned that this ſame *Sanctum Sanctorum* of a ſeminary for learning

Guido.

learning was poſſeſſed of a moſt rare collection of antique marbles, gems, pictures, natural hiſtory, and what not, and was conſequently deſirous of inſpecting this pure and holy edifice, but found that females were never permitted to enter, ſave only the before-mentioned royal perſonages, who had, as a great grace and favour, obtained permiſſion, to that effect, from the ſovereign Pontiff; and that, in ſhort, it was impoſſible for me to gain admittance, unleſs by an order from the Pope. I ſtill perſiſted in wiſhing to ſee it, and frequently expreſſed my conjectures in regard to its contents, in preſence of a dignified eccleſiaſtic, who was in his Holineſs's good graces, and who being tired, I ſuppoſe, with conſtantly hearing the ſame ſubject harped upon, undertook to aſk the favour. The Pope had the goodneſs to grant it, and an order was accordingly given upon ſtamped paper, addreſſed in the form of a letter to the general of the Jeſuits, with our names mentioned, and thoſe of * * * * *; this gentleman and lady having much wiſhed to accompany us, and we ſucceeded in procuring this additional gratification. The paper was ſigned in all form, firſt by his Holineſs himſelf, then by *Monſigniore Pallavicini*, ſecretary of ſtate, the general of the Jeſuits, and this paper empowered us to viſit the College, and every part of it at any hour, and as often as we pleaſed. We accordingly went thither, and were received by the general and the chiefs of

that ſociety with the utmoſt politeneſs. They were ſo obliging as to give themſelves the trouble of conducting us about, and ſhewed us all the interior of the building, with its curioſities. It is a vaſt edifice; contains excellent apartments, well fitted up, and moſt commodiouſly diſpoſed. A Muſeum that would employ an antiquary many months to give a proper deſcription of its rare antiques and other contents. Part of this ſuperb collection is compoſed of the famous cabinet of Father Kircher, that of the *Marcheſe Gregorio Copponi*, and a collection of gems given by Auguſtus King of Poland. Here are beautiful antique vaſes of agate and cornelian, cups of egiade-jaſper and onyx, fine cameos and intaglios, antique ear-rings; the drops in various ſhapes; ſome repreſent little Cupids ſuſpended, others vaſes, *&c.* Gold chains for the neck, of exquiſite neatneſs. A ſeries of medals, and, amongſt them, ſeveral of gold, and extremely rare. Antique marbles, ſuch as ſtatues, *baſſo relievos*, altars. Inſtruments of ſacrifice very antique, and of beautiful workmanſhip. Inſcriptions, *&c.* beſides weights, meaſures, and various other articles in bronze. An antique Sun-dial, found at Tuſculum, eſteemed a very great curioſity: by this Dial it appears, that the Romans reckoned twelve hours to the day, including one hour of twilight. A prodigious ſeries of natural hiſtory, including the whole ſcience, animal, foſſil, mineral, vegetable, *&c.* nothing excepted

Jeſuits College.

cepted. All the ſciences are taught here, and there are profeſſors appointed to inſtruct youth. Almoſt every neceſſary and uſeful article is made within their own walls. Here are buildings for the taylors, ſhoe-makers, carpenters, &c. who are ſolely employed for the College.

A very fine Library; alſo ſome excellent pictures. Amongſt theſe I particularly remarked the following. A beautiful one of the Woman of Samaria; it is, I think, the beſt I ever ſaw on this ſubject; ſhe is charming, and her figure graceful in the higheſt degree. Our Saviour's figure is not quite equal to hers, but has great expreſſion. The copper bucket, which ſhe has juſt drawn out of the well, appears wet, and chilled with the coldneſs of the water. The whole of the picture is as highly finiſhed as poſſible, not the ſlighteſt circumſtance omitted; even the cord faſtened to the bucket is as natural as if really there. It is a ſmall picture, the joint work of Livia Fontana and Dominichino, and cannot be too much admirded. A St. Jerome, by Carravagio. A young Chriſt among the doctors. A Reſurrection, by Vandyke. A holy Family, by Corregio. A Nativity, by Calvert, Dominichini's maſter. The Diſciples at Emaus, a fine picture, by Jacopo Baſſano. St. Gregorio, by Guercino. All theſe are perfect, and in the higheſt conſervation. There is a fine terras at the top of the building, from whence you have a beautiful view of all Rome and the country

Livia Fontana, and Dominichino.
Carravagio.
Vandyke.
Corregio.
Calvert.
Jacopo Baſſano.
Guercino.

adjacent. Amongſt the many conveniences attached to this College, I had almoſt forgot to mention a botanic garden, with a laboratory, where are all ſorts of chymical utenſils, the fineſt drugs (I ſuppoſe) in the world, and many curious preparations for different branches of phyſic. In the garden is a fountain that pleaſed me much by its ſimplicity. Suppoſe a moderately large arched nich in a wall, and rocks piled up within the nich, ſo as to form half a protuberant or convex pyramid. Theſe rocks are overgrown with various moſſes, over which the water gently ſtreams, and falls into the baſon below. In the ſpace between this ſmall pyramid of rocks and the nich has grown a quantity of maiden hair, which hangs down to a great length, and makes a graceful appearance. We then adjourned to the church of St. *Ignazio*, which belongs to the College. The riches of this edifice are immenſe. A profuſion of the fineſt marbles adorn the inſide. The chapels are beautiful, and the cleanlineſs and neat order in which it is kept moſt ſtriking. Here are ſome good pictures, but that which moſt caught my eye was, the Portrait of St. *Ignazio*, done by a brother of the order. It is the repreſentation of a beautiful young man, with an innocence and ſweetneſs of countenance that charms you. It might very well paſs for a repreſentation of that glorious ſaint St. Stephen, at the moment of his martyrdom, when he ſaw heaven open to him. My partiality to the portrait of St.

Church of St. Ignazio.

St. Ignazio was extremely grateful to the holy fathers, who conceived an excellent opinion of my *taſte* and *diſcernment*, and made me many compliments thereupon. At length we took leave, highly ſatisfied with the obliging deportment and hoſpitable reception we had met with. We were offered all kinds of excellent refreſhments, and the profeſſor of botany having obſerved me examining ſome drugs I ſaw in the laboratory, inſiſted upon my accepting ſome Venice treacle, and ſome Arabian gums, the beſt I ever ſaw. I ventured to ſlip a ſequin into an empty crucible which was near me, in hopes the lad who was at work might find it, but was perceived by one of the fathers, who returned it to me with ſome reſentment. Nor would they ſuffer us to leave any perquiſite for their ſervants.

I do not wonder this ſociety is ſo numerous. The advantages they have over others are conſpicuous. A Jeſuit may indulge himſelf in every inclination. If he loves the *Belles Lettres*, he will find an ample ſociety to improve and inſtruct him in that purſuit. If his diſpoſition prompt him to a rigorous devotion and hard ſtudy, he may purſue it without interruption. Does his taſte lead him to travelling? No people travel more. It is, no doubt, by the permiſſion of the general of the order, or by his commands; but he is furniſhed with every convenience for the occaſion. If he prefer lazineſs and idleneſs, the pleaſures of the

table and ſenſual delights, he will not find himſelf deſtitute of companions or opportunity. Has he his own notions of religious matters, or no religion at all? There are of the holy brotherhood who would only wonder he was not worſe, and bid him be thankful that a creature born prone to all evil, and averſe to all good, ſhould be capable of the ſlighteſt virtue, in any reſpect. But I muſt expatiate no longer on this artfully contrived religious ſociety, or my letter would never finiſh. So adieu, *&c.*

P. S. I ſhall write once more before we quit Rome.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

Rome, May 14, 1771.

THIS is the laſt letter you will receive from hence, as we propoſe leaving Rome to-morrow or next day, and purſuing our *route* to Loretto with all poſſible expedition.

As the weather is extremely hot, I think it will be more agreeable to you to make your ideal excurſion to Freſcati, Tivoli, and ſome of the villas, than to be detained by a view of the *Cloaca Maſſima*, in which we paſſed ſome time admiring its curious conſtruction, being built of large blocks of ſtone, which unite ſo cloſely, that no cement or mortar was neceſſary. But, as I ſuſpect you would chooſe to breathe a purer air, I ſhall immediately conduct you, firſt to *Caſtel Gondolfo*, and then to *Albano*, where we lay one night. *Caſtel Gondolfo* is a ſmall town, or rather a village, built on the borders of a lake called *Lago Caſtello*, from a houſe or ſort of caſtle where the Pope generally paſſes the autumnal ſeaſon, called by the Italians *la Villagiatura*, anſwering to the ſeaſon for the *Vandanges* in France, when all the great people are at their villas and country-houſes. There is nothing remarkable in *Caſtel Gondolfo*; it is a

Cloaca Maſſima.

Caſtel Gondolfo.

plain, ſtrong-looking, old-faſhioned houſe. The road from thence to Albano lies along the borders of the lake, which renders it delightful. The proſpect is very beautiful, the lake being fringed round with fine trees, and the grounds lying wildly ſcattered in a variety of ſhapes. The reflection produced by the different tints of greens, *&c.* with the ſky, forms a fantaſtic appearance in the lake, which is about ſeven or eight miles in circumference, and ſeems a great round mirror, fixed in a prodigious concave frame. Near Caſtel Gondolfo, in the gardens of the Villa Barbarini, are the Ruins of a country Palace of Domitian. The remains are conſiderable, though detached from each other. Here are to be ſeen vaulted chambers; a wall, with nitches in it, ſuppoſed to have been a gallery; an arched way, about fifteen yards wide, as many high, and above two hundred and fifty long, ſtuccoed in compartments, exactly reſembling thoſe of the interior part of the Arch of Septimius Severus. Some of the gilding on theſe compartments is ſtill diſtinctly viſible; therefore, it is probable this place was never intended for a reſervoir of water, which the *Grande Virtuoſi* here aſſert it to have been. On the border of the Lake D'Albano or Lago Caſtello are two Grottos (which were diſcovered by the famous *Piraneſe)*; they are practiſed in the mountain on the ſide of the Lake; one is of a regular form, about the ſize of a moderately large church, in

Lago Caſtello.

Villa Barbarini Gardens. Ruins.

Grottos of the Nymphs.

which are niches apparently deſigned for ſtatues, and two or three ſmall chambers detached. The other a cavern of about forty yards long, and fifteen wide; it has neither nich nor other ornament. Theſe *Souterrains* are called the Grottos of the Nymphs, and probably were uſed as baths; for there are remains of ſeats to repoſe upon, and the centre of the grotto is hollowed out as if it had been a receptacle for water. The Canal which proceeds from the lake is of great antiquity. It is a ſubterranean aqueduct, made by the Romans three hundred and ninety-eight years before the Chriſtian æra; when this lake having ſwelled to an amazing height, it was apprehended that, ſhould it overflow, Rome might be in danger from the inundation; the Delphic oracle was hereupon conſulted, and the Pythian god replied, that the Romans ſhould poſſeſs the town of Veia, which they were then beſieging, when they ſhould have found a vent to carry off the ſuperabundant water of the lake, and not before. They were ſtill farther encouraged in this undertaking by the propheſies of a ſoldier to the like effect. They begun the work and completed it in one year, penetrating through the mountain, and forming an aqueduct of three miles long, near four feet wide, and between nine and ten in height. The work was finiſhed with ſuch ſolidity, that it has never wanted repairing ſince, and ſtill ſerves the ſame purpoſe as it then did, carrying off the waſte waters that

Canal.

riſe

riſe above a certain level. A few years paſt, a man undertook to walk through this aqueduct. He entered, but was never more heard of. The water paſſes freely through it, and ſpreads itſelf over a plain on the other ſide of the mountain whence it comes out. Piraneſe, in his *Antichita d'Albano*, &c. has given a moſt curious account of this work, with very ingenious conjectures of the manner in which it was carried on, *&c.* In this famous mountain of Albano are frequently found marble pillars, cornices, *&c.* of beautiful ſculpture. It is alſo curious to obſerve, that the ſoil bears the moſt evident marks of former volcanos and irruptions, like thoſe of mount Veſuvius, it being incorporated with burnt ſubſtances, ſuch as black talc, a ſort of cinders, and ſhining vitrified particles like that mixed with the lava; alſo ſcoria, or droſs of metallic ſubſtances. Juſt before we entered the town of Albano, we ſaw the ruins of a Mauſoleum, which the people here call the Tomb of Aſcanius, the ſon of Æneas. Near the other entrance of Albano is a great Mauſoleum. This ſtructure is of a coarſe and rude architecture. Five round broken pyramids ſpring from a large ſquare baſe; it is here called the Monument of the Horatii and Curatii; but the learned antiquarians differ much in this point, ſome believing it to be a monument of Pompey the Great. To you I may venture to add my opinion, and own I ſhould think it of earlier anti-

Monument of the Horatii and Curatii.

quity.

quity. One of our poſtillions inquiring the road to this Ruin, of a gardener upon the road, received for anſwer, that the *Antica Roba Ingleſe* he aſked for, was about half a mile from the town. This idea of its being an Engliſh antiquity muſt have ariſen from the numbers of Engliſh who inquire for and viſit it. The town of Albano is a ſmall inconſiderable place, yet contains ſome pretty clean-looking modern-built houſes, where people lodge for the benefit of the air, when the heats of ſummer become incommodious at Rome. We lay at a little Albergo or inn, were pretty well lodged and ſerved, and returned to Rome the next morning. Our excurſion to Tivoli took us up the greater part of a day, though we ſet out between three and four in the morning, as we ſtopped frequently upon our road thither, and ſaw the caſcades, *&c.* quite at our leiſure. From Rome to Tivoli is ſixteen miles. The road very good. We croſſed the river Teverone, or the antique Anio, twice. It would conſume too much of my time, ſhould I particulariſe the antique bridges which ſtill remain upon this river. At about fourteen miles from Rome, we came to the *Aqua Zolfa*. It is a kind of canal, about five or ſix feet wide, and as many deep. Its water of a deep blue colour, ſtinks horribly of ſulphur and rotten eggs, and is of ſo penetrating a quality as to have undermined a great part of the plain through which it runs. This Canal was cut by a cardinal

Albano.

Tivoli.

Antique Anio.

Aqua Zolfa.

cardinal of Eſte, and takes its ſource from the *Solfatara*, a ſmall lake above a mile out of the road, of a very muddy yellowiſh caſt, and ſtinks as much as the canal. This is covered with little floating iſlands, or rather large tufts of graſs and ruſhes growing in a ſoil from one to about three feet thick. Some are as large as a moderate-ſized ferry-boat, others not larger than a card-table. You may pull theſe latter towards the ſhore, and the children of ſome of the poor people who live near the lake jump on them, and ſail about by the help of a ſtick, with which they paddle. Several kinds of weeds grow on theſe iſlands, and flouriſh along with the graſs, which is remarkably green, though the water of the lake is ſo impregnated with ſulphur, that one would think no plant could vegetate in its vapour. On throwing pebbles in, the water boils up and bubbles ſtrongly for ſome time after, nor do they ſink as ſoon as in common water. The poor people who live near this lake told us it was unfathomable toward the middle; but we had no time to make the experiment ourſelves, nor were we properly provided for the purpoſe. This water forms incruſtations, which at length become ſtone, and retain a ſtrong ſulphureous ſmell. All about this country are remains of antique country-houſes. Among others, that of Regulus, which had magnificent porticos (as mentioned by Pliny). Near the *Ponte Lucano* are the remains of the Tomb of the family

Lake.

Floating Iſlands.

Incruſtations.

Houſe of Regulus.

Ponte Lucano.

family of Plautius, which had ſome little reſemblance to that of *Capo di Bove*. At preſent it makes no other appearance than that of a round tower. Near it are the ſhafts of ſix columns. Two inſcriptions ſtill remain on ſlabs of marble, one of which is very legible; it runs thus: Tomb of the Plautius.

M. Plautius m. f. an. Silvanus coſ. VII. *vir. Epulon. huic Senatus triumphalia ornamenta decrevit ob res in Illyrico bene geſtas. Lartia gn. f. uxor A. Plautius M. F. Virgulanius. vixit an.* IX. Inſcription.

Having paſſed Ponte Lucano, we turned off to the right, in order to viſit the Ruins of Adrian's Villa, which is two miles from that bridge, and the ſame diſtance from Tivoli. Theſe Remains cover a large piece of ground. Several country-houſes have been built upon them, and the greater number of the fineſt antiques in the Roman collections have been found here. Various authors agree, that this Villa was in length three miles, and in breadth a fifth of that ſpace. Two theatres, of ſemicircular plans, terminate theſe Ruins. An exterior portico belonging to one of them, with chambers for the actors, ſtill remains; with ſix ſtair-caſes, to aſcend to different parts of the theatre. One of the ſide-entrances to the proſcenium and the orcheſtra are yet diſcernible. Ruin. Adrian's Villa.

Ranging along a terras are a great number of rooms, which let into each other. They are all vaulted,

vaulted, and of ſtrong architecture. Theſe are called the *Cento Camerelli*, and are ſaid to have been the lodging-rooms of the Prætorian guards. Alſo edifices for baths (ſome ſupplied by the *Anio*, others by the *Aqua Martia)*, and a variety of buildings, with various-ſized apartments, ſome very ſmall, others large and well proportioned; in many of which are ſtill diſcernible the ornaments of the cielings in ſtucco, and painted in arabeſque. Amongſt many other ruined ſtructures, one is very remarkable: it is called *Canopus*, and forms a great baſon, ſuppoſed to have been uſed for *Naumachias*. The front of this edifice is fallen, and a temple belonging to it (that is, in any degree perfect) only remains. It was dedicated to Neptune, who was worſhipped by the Egyptians under the name of *Canopus*. There have been ſeveral fine antique ſtatues found in this place. A Sea Horſe, conſecrated to *Canopus*. An *Iſis*, *Oſiris*, *Ibis*, with hieroglyphic inſcriptions. Here are alſo the remains of a beautiful grotto, conſiſting of ſeveral apartments, ornamented with niches for caſcades of water, with contrivances to let in the light to great advantage. The cielings of theſe grottos are painted in compartments of various colours. On part of theſe gardens is built a religious houſe for the Jeſuits; they are ſaid to have been laid out formerly in the moſt beautiful repreſentation of the Elyſian fields, contraſted with the regions of Pluto; even the rivers

Lethe,

Lethe, *Cocytus*, and *Flegeton* were introduced, and the moſt exquiſite efforts of art contributed to heighten the deluſion. Here ſtill remains veſtiges of colonades, temples, aqueducts, *&c.*; and in another part are porticos, ſupported with marble columns of great beauty. Much more may be ſaid of this Villa, even in its preſent ruined ſtate; but what it has been, is ſtill to be gathered from a variety of ancient authors. Suffice it to ſay, that the utmoſt efforts of the arts and ſciences were exhauſted in its improvement, with all the *refinements* luxury could invent, *riches* and *deſpotic power* beſtow, upon a ſpot kind and beautiful by Nature. A wet and marſhy piece of ground, which was partly under water, and had been an immenſe baſon in the front of this Villa, is rented by a Mr. Hamilton, a very ingenious Engliſh artiſt, who keeps a great number of men at work upon it, and has ſucceeded ſo far as he has gone, in draining it, with great expence and labour. He very ſenſibly fixed on this ſpot, concluding that many valuable antiques might have been thrown into the water, to preſerve them from the barbarous fury of thoſe who demoliſhed this ſuperb edifice. He has already found a great number of curious articles, which will, I believe, by their ſale, yield him an ample indemnification. The work is continued with vigour, and I do not doubt but that in time you will ſee in England very fine morſels of antique ſculpture, reſcued from obliyion by this induſtrious artiſt.

In

Villa of Caſſius.

In continuing our rout to Tivoli, we paſſed by the ſpot where once ſtood the Villa of Caſſius, and where the conſpirators met. Tivoli is ſituated on a hill; the town itſelf is a wretched place, and made more diſagreeable by a number of forges: it was founded fifteen hundred years before the Chriſtian æra; was famous for its oracle, as mentioned in Virgil, and for the ſalubrity of its air. Horace, Cicero, and many other claſſic authors have celebrated it highly. The former had, unqueſtionably, a houſe there, or in its neighbourhood: at preſent it is an epiſcopal town. The cathedral is built upon the Ruins of the Temple of Hercules; but the moſt remarkable antiquity here is the Temple of the Sybil: the beautiful architecture and fine proportions of this ſmall edifice ſtrike you at the firſt view: its form is moſt elegant, its ſculpture perfect and peculiarly graceful. The lines ſo inſiſted upon by Hogarth in his Analyſis of Beauty, are to be traced in all the ornaments of this building. Its ſituation is on the brow of a hill; on one ſide appears the town, and in front the great caſcade. This Temple has been ſo accurately deſcribed with the plan, meaſurements, *&c.* by various architects, and particularly by Palladio, Vitruvius, and others, that I am ſurpriſed it has not been copied in ſome of the fine gardens of England, where there might eaſily be found ſituations proper for ſuch an ornamental building. The Engliſh unqueſtionably ſurpaſs all the nations of the world in their gardens. That

Temple of the Sybil.

free

free people take the beauties of Nature *captive*; they then preſent Art to her acquaintance, who flatters, adorns, and dreſſes her, till, forgetting ſhe is impriſoned within the limits of concealed walls or inviſible *ha-ha's*, ſhe willingly conſents to diſplay her native charms in all their luſtre, and ſubmits to the rules Art has enjoined her, in purſuit of *elegance*, *utility*, *convenience*, and *liberal neatneſs*. But I muſt not let the gardens of England conſume my time; Italian only ſhall at preſent engroſs my thoughts, as I am ſoon to conduct you to the Villas near Rome. At preſent we are at the great Caſcade of Tivoli; it is formed by the Teverone or antique *Anio*. This river following its natural courſe till it comes near and above Tivoli, is there confined within a narrow valley, between two mountains, and precipitates itſelf down a high and pointed rock, which oppoſes its paſſage, into another ſteep valley. The daſhing of this torrent is re-ecchoed back from the inmoſt receſſes of the ſhades of Tivoli, and the ſpray of the water ſo fills the air, as to produce a very broad and beautiful rainbow, compoſed of a greater variety and of more glowing tints than that of the Heavens. The *Caſcatella*, which I think a much finer cataract, is a little way out of the town. This is compoſed of one great ſheet and three leſſer falls, which at length all unite. In their deſcent they tumble down amongſt rocks, and, by the force of their fall and the reſiſtance they

Caſcade of Tivoli.

they meet, are thrown up with ſuch violence as to form new caſcades. Amongſt the rocks grow trees in the moſt fantaſtic ſhapes. The ſpray cauſes rainbows as in the great caſcade, and the whole landſcape forms the moſt romantic and pictureſque view imaginable. The rude brawlings of the water, daſhing from rock to rock, is finely contraſted by the ſtillneſs that reigns in the adjacent paſtures, covered with ſheep, feeding and repoſing in the utmoſt tranquillity.

Here are remains of the houſe of Mæcenas, at leaſt they are ſhewn for ſuch. They chiefly conſiſt of ruined arcades and detached morſels, but it is very doubtful whether theſe were not rather ruins of baths, that might poſſibly have belonged to Mæcenas's villa. Returning to Tivoli by a ſteep hill (another way) we had a fine view: the dome of St. Peter's is quite viſible; the country which forms the nearer proſpect preſents the moſt agreeable variety of ground: Tivoli loſes its defects by the diſtance, though it is but ſhort, and forms a moſt beautiful amphitheatre; the Temple of the Sybil appears much larger, and ſeems to overlook the whole view; the ſky behind it is extremely advantageous, and there is ſomething ſo lively and agreeable in the diſpoſition and aſſemblage of all the objects, as muſt enliven the dulleſt imagination. The Caſcades of Tivoli have a particular effect on the morſels of broken rock upon which they fall, grinding, and as it were, poliſhing

ing them in ſuch a manner as to give them exactly the appearance of the fineſt and whiteſt ſugar-plums of various ſhapes, but particularly thoſe of almonds and barberries, and are ſo correctly faſhioned, that they would deceive the niceſt eye. Theſe little ſtones are to be had of the cottagers whoſe habitations are near the caſcades, and who diſpoſe of them to travellers as a natural curioſity.

The Villa Eſtenſe is built on one of the heights of Tivoli; it was a very fine thing in its day. The cardinal d'Eſte, ſon of Alphonſo Duke of Ferrara, and Lucretia Borgia, built it in the year 1544. The ground is laid out in hanging gardens and terraſſes, fountains, baſons, parterres, labyrinths, *&c.*; it is decorated with ſtatues, and appears altogether pretty enough in a very old-faſhioned way. At the top of a caſcade is a grotto; it formerly contained a water-organ, which is at preſent out of repair. There are ſome pretty water-works in the gardens; one ſet, in particular, which play from the beaks of eagles, and are placed ſo as to form the coats of arms of the houſe of Eſte. I believe I forgot to mention, that in the road to Tivoli a conſiderable part of the plain is covered with incruſtations, produced by the quality of the water or river; they are, when newly formed, extremely brittle, but, after ſome time, grow hard; they take the forms of herbs and blades of graſs, or whatever other ſubſtance

Villa Eſtenſe.

the inundations of the river have flowed over, and would be extremely ornamental in grotto-work.

Villa Albani. Having, I think, been ſufficiently particular in regard to Tivoli and its environs, I ſhall now proceed to the Villas near Rome. That of cardinal Albani is the moſt eſteemed: it is rather a ſmall palace than a villa, but the Italians give this modeſt name to all the fine buildings in the environs of their capital cities. The portico of this elegant edifice is ſupported by columns of Egyptian granite, and ornamented with antique ſtatues of the emperors, and ſome very curious *baſſo relievos*, which ſerve them for pedeſtals. Amongſt the ſtatues of the emperors, the moſt remarkable is that of Domitian, being the only one of him that has as yet been found quite entire. Here are two beautiful vaſes of *alabaſtro fiorito*; they meaſure above ſeven feet in diameter. Through the veſtibule, which is alſo filled with

Chapel. antique marbles, you enter the Chapel, where is a profuſion of precious marbles and ornaments of gold. The altar is a ſarcophagus of red granite, which contains the body of a ſaint and martyr. The wings or ſide-colonades are formed by pillars of granite, between which are placed, on one ſide, the buſtos of the moſt celebrated conquerors in antiquity, and on the other ſide the moſt famous philoſophers, orators, and poets. Amongſt many other very curious antiques, an Etruſcan altar, in parti-

particular, here claims our attention: it is ſquare, and is ſculpted in *baſſo relievo* on three of its ſides; theſe repreſent Mercury conducting a Nymph, preceded by Bacchus; the ſecond ſide Ceres, Neptune, and Juno: on the third appears a Divinity, holding a bird on the top of a ſtaff, and two Nymphs, who follow each other, bearing ſtaffs; the hinder holds her that precedes by part of her drapery. Theſe figures are correct in their deſign, and perfectly graceful.

Here are alſo two beautiful Urns of a very large ſize, of yellow tranſparent antique *Alabaſtro:* they were found in a vineyard belonging to the *Marcheſe Paliotti*, who preſented them to his Eminence the preſent Cardinal *Albani*. The *Sala*, or principal *Stanza* above ſtairs, contains two beautiful columns of *Giallo Antico*. In the gallery is a fine collection of rare antiques, columns, moſaicks, *baſſo relievos*, *&c.* Two ſtatues are particularly admired; one a Pallas, the other an Ino with the infant Bacchus in her arms. Here is a very fine portrait of *Antinous* in *baſſo relievo*, eſteemed by the *Virtuoſi* at Rome, a moſt rare and curious morſel.—All the apartments are elegantly decorated with antique bronzes, vaſes, fine pieces of moſaic formed of real marbles, and opaque gems inſtead of compoſition; very large looking-glaſſes, gilding, old japan, *&c.* The cielings are painted; one in particular repreſents Apollo and the Muſes: theſe perſonages are all of them por-

traits. * * * * * * * * * * * *

What charmed me much in this villa, is the elegant order in which all is kept, joined to the moſt exquiſite and univerſal cleanlineſs. The gardens are large for Italy, and laid out in the old taſte of parterres, terraſſes, and formal walks. Some very curious antique ſtatues, fountains, and baſons, contribute not a little to their decorations. The Egyptian ſtatues are more curious than beautiful: one is of Theban alabaſter, the others baſalte. In the middle of a large parterre you ſee an antique fountain and baſon of granite, ſupported by four old crouching fawns, of good workmanſhip, in the Etruſcan ſtyle. Here are arcades and arbours formed of trees planted regularly, and a building called the Temple of Jupiter; conſiſting of a vaulted room ſupported by two large columns, one of which is of an entire piece of *alabaſtro fiorito*.

Villa Aldrobrandini.

The Villa Aldrobrandini is near that of Albani: this is worth ſeeing only on account of certain antique fragments, and a famous painting in *freſco*, found in the baths of Titus, which repreſents a wedding; ſome of the female attendants are graceful; the bridegroom ſeems not very far from his *grand* climacterick, the bride is young and looks *ſorrowful*. Altogether, the perſonages repreſented might well paſs for aſſiſtants at a funeral feaſt, ſo little appearance is there of mirth or gaiety. The colours have ſuffered much by the

the under-ground damps, and the tints are univerſally inclined to a brick colour caſt.

The Villa Pamfili, or *Belreſpiro*, a country Palace belonging to Prince Doria, ſtands in a park and gardens about ſix miles round: theſe gardens are ſuppoſed to occupy the ſame ſpot with thoſe of the Emperor Galba, on the Aurelian way. The architecture of this villa has been much criticiſed; however, its appearance at firſt ſight pleaſes the eye. A kind of ſquare tower riſing from the middle of the building, agreeably breaks the too great length and formality occaſioned by the linear uniformity of the elevation. Here are ſome good antique marbles and ſome pictures worthy of notice.—In one of the rooms is a fine antique ſtatue of a Veſtal; there is great dignity and expreſſion in her face and figure; the drapery is elegant, and the plaits eaſy and natural. In another room is a Claudius in woman's clothes; his expreſſion of countenance is admirable. In one of the lower rooms are the portraits of two remarkable perſons, Pamfilio Pamfili, brother to Pope Innocent the Tenth, and his wife Olympia Maidalchini, who is ſaid to have had the power of a queen in Rome, during the pontificate of her brother-in-law, with whom ſhe was believed to have been too intimate: this pontiff flouriſhed about the middle of the laſt century. Above ſtairs, is a Venus and ſleeping Cupid painted on wood, by *Tiziano*; a Cupid and Pſyche, by

Villa Pamfili or Belreſpiro.

Guido.—In the tower before-mentioned at the top of the houſe, is a round room, which contains ſeveral curious articles, pretty morſels of ſculpture in coral and amber, gold and cryſtal diſhes curiouſly wrought; a whole ſervice in gold ſet with turquoiſes, and one beautiful fruit-diſh of the ſame metal pierced and richly ornamented with turquoiſes; alſo a great number of cups, ſaucers, bowls, vaſes, cruets, and ewers, of ſerpentine ſtone.—Antique vaſes, and a few Etruſcan.—A great collection of very fine old China, and various articles of Natural Hiſtory. In other apartments are ſome fine verd antique columns, with a ſtatue of an hermaphrodite much admired by the virtuoſi: groups of children by Alguardi extremely well ſculpted.

The garden is laid out in very bad taſte; the parterres contain no flowers, nor were they intended for that purpoſe: they deſcribe a formal and very ugly pattern, filled up with coloured plaſter, and edged with ragged box *ſtruggling in vain* to grow. The walks are ſtraight, fenced in on each ſide by ever-green hedges clipped to the quick; alſo a labyrinth not very unlike in appearance to ſome of Euclid's problems: lines interſecting each other, and forming various ſharp angles. Here are alſo terraſſes ſurmounted with baluſtrades, a ſemicircular court ornamented with fret-work, and ſome indifferent ſtatues and buſtos. However, in the middle of this court is a receſs,

and

and a very fine water-organ concealed behind the ſtatue of a fawn, *&c.* This receſs is an agreeable retreat from the heat of the ſun, for when the organ plays, a very fine breeze proceeds from it: the water alone occaſions the wind, and at the ſame time turns a wheel ſhaped like a cylinder. In ſhort I can explain this no better to you than by ſaying, there is *a wheel within a wheel.* To one of theſe belong keys or hammers, which the water cauſes to riſe and fall; the effect of this piece of machinery is really delightful; the organ plays ſeveral airs in exceeding good time; birds ſing as if in great numbers, accompanied by falls of water: at the end of each ſtrain, the birds repeat the two or three cloſing bars, which are finely returned to you again by an echo, and the ſound of diſtant falls of water gradually dying away, concludes the muſic.—They told us the machine was not ſubject to be out of order, nor could I diſcover that the expence attending the making ſuch an organ, exceeded one hundred pounds ſterling.

The Park contains a few deer; but do not imagine it laid out and planted like an Engliſh park.

The Villa Barberini is built in the ſame place where Nero had a houſe, from whence he could ſee the ſports in the *Circus Caïus*; and where he repaired to glut himſelf with the ſpectacle of the cruel deaths he gave the Chriſtian martyrs in that place. This villa is extremely habitable and agree- Villa Barberini.

able;

able; the gardens, though not as well laid out as they might be, are nevertheleſs in a good old faſhioned ſtile: the trees are fine, and not much tortured; the walks well kept, and there is a great abundance of flowers.—In the garden is a houſe, here called an Engliſh Coffee-houſe, to which however it bears not the moſt diſtant reſemblance. It is an elegant, well built compact houſe, on one of the prettieſt plans I ever ſaw; ſuch a one would be eſteemed a beautiful villa near London. The curious contrivance of the ſtaircaſe is worthy the attention of good architects, and I am ſorry we did not procure the plan and exact dimenſions of this Engliſh Coffee-houſe. There are exceeding good rooms in it, the proportions of which have hit moſt luckily. In the gardens are ſome very pretty perſpective views, well painted, which terminate the walks, and produce an exceeding good effect: alſo ſeveral fountains with very fine baſons of earthen ware, painted by Raffaello; large vaſes of alabaſter, and ſome veſtiges of antique baths. To this villa the duke and dutcheſs of *Montelibretti* often repair and paſs their evenings: there is a very good billiard room, where they, and a ſmall party of their friends, amuſe themſelves part of the evening, in walking in the gardens. In the Engliſh Coffee-houſe they are ſerved with all ſorts of refreſhments. La Farneſina, a beautiful country palace, ſituated on the banks of the Tiber, is a large edifice, compoſed of

La Farneſina.

of three parts; that which forms the centre is the moſt conſiderable, the others conſiſt of two pavillions: the front of the centrical building is ornamented with the two orders, Doric and Ionic, well executed. An arcade below conducts to a *Sala*, decorated by the paintings of Raffaello and his pupils: they repreſent the Council of the Gods: the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche; groupes of figures occupy large angles between the windows, and various ornaments of feſtoons of fruits, flowers, Cupids, *&c.* with curtains drawn up in large folds well expreſſed; all theſe are painted on the wall, and are extremely fine, though they have ſuffered much by the air at the time the arcades were open; which are now glazed, though too late. They have alſo received much injury from being retouched by Carlo Maratti, who heightened ſome of the back grounds with a kind of blue colouring, which has taken from the figures their proper keeping. The wiles and pranks of a great number of little Cupids are here delineated, in a very ingenious allegorical ſeries, with various repreſentations of the loves of Cupid and Pſyche; that diviſion, which repreſents him ſhewing her to the Graces, for their approbation, is extremely pretty: the gods and goddeſſes are finely done, their attitudes noble and characteriſtic; and the wedding banquet particularly well ordered and grouped. I muſt not venture into a detail of the various repreſentations on the cielings and walls of

Raffaelio.

the other apartments decorated by this great maſter, though they have all very great merit.—Here are alſo ſome antique ſtatues extremely fine. Amongſt the beſt is the celebrated Venus, called by the Italians *Venere Callipighe*; the head and hands are modern. Two crouching Venuſes. A Coloſſal Head of Cæſar, and ſome other antiques that are very good. The *Villa Mattei*, formerly a fine houſe with gardens, is now much neglected and out of repair: it is ſituated upon *Monte Celio*; and here you find ſome very curious remains of antiquity. A long graſs walk in the garden pleaſed me much, on account of ſeveral antique *cennerarias* (ſmall tombs containing the aſhes of the dead) ranged along the ſides. What a fine even-ing's walk would not this have been for our famous Doctor Young? What a ſcene for his contempla-tions, what moral reflections would not have riſen to him out of theſe tombs?

Villa Mattei.

Oppoſite to one of the fronts of the houſe, upon a piece of turf ſurrounded with trees; a monu-ment is placed, which, though not very good in itſelf, produces a fine effect from its point of view. In theſe gardens is a Coloſſal Head of Auguſtus, ſo wonderfully executed, as to have the appear-ance of that of a *giant's petrified*, you will make allowance for the extravagance of this idea of mine. Here are ſome pretty grottos, fountains, antique inſcriptions, *&c.* and the garden, upon the whole, muſt be better at preſent than when it

was

was kept, the trees having grown out of the tortured ſhapes into which they were forced by the mercileſs ſhears of the Roman gardeners. The plan of theſe gardens is not bad, and ſhould an Engliſhman take a fancy to purchaſe the villa (which is now to be ſold), he might, at a very eaſy expence, give a model to the Romans for their imitation in gardening. I ſay any of our countrymen, for I flatter myſelf that I do not know one void of, and many who poſſeſs, a very great ſhare of taſte; and I preſume as well of thoſe with whom I have no acquaintance. Amongſt the antique ſtatues in the villa, are the following, which are very good, and deſerve to be particularly noticed: an Amazon ſhooting with a bow and arrow; her drapery appears to be of fine lawn, through which her limbs and muſcles, though very delicate, are extremely conſpicuous. A horſe fleaed in bronze, the anatomy very fine. An Altar, ſmall, but elegantly decorated with feſtoons of flowers faſtened to the ears of fawns. A ſmall baſſo relievo of Etruſcan ſculpture; it repreſents two Women and a Dog, one ſeems employed in teaching the animal to dance, ſhe holds him by one of his fore-feet. A beautiful table of green porphyry; this kind of marble is very rare, and greatly eſteemed at Rome. A little ſtatue of Ceres, of the moſt delicate ſculpture in every reſpect, and highly finiſhed. A Fauſtina draped after the ſtatue of Modeſty; her drapery is very fine.

fine. A Diana of Greek ſculpture: a Satyr lying down, whilſt a Fawn extracts a thorn out of his foot; the expreſſion is very good in both theſe queer creatures, and the effect of the charitable aſſiſtance ſeems to be nearly completed.

Villa Borgheſe.

The Villa Borgheſe, or Pinciana, is famous among the villas near Rome. Here is an aſſemblage of Antiques, that merit much attention: many fine *baſſo relievos* are inſerted in the walls on the outſide of the building, which is highly decorated; it would conſume much of my time and patience, to enter into a particular detail of the various ſtatues, buſtoes, *&c.* all of which preſent themſelves before you enter the palace; ſo I ſhall paſs over theſe, and be as conciſe as poſſible in regard to the interior collection. In the firſt *ſtanza*, you are ſhewn a capital repreſentation of Seneca dying in the bath, in touchſtone, or black marble; the eyes enamelled, and round his waſte is a ſaſh of yellow marble: this ſtatue is amazingly well executed, the anatomy is rendered with a variety truly admirable; the effect of the great loſs of blood appears on the ſurface of the veins, and in the muſcles, particularly of the feet and legs; and the progreſs of diſſolution in the whole figure is very affecting: the expreſſion of his countenance is in conformity with the exalted ſentiments of that martyred philoſopher. This ſtatue is placed in a grey marble baſon, lined with red porphyry at the bottom, to appear like blood. In the ſame room

Antiques.

Statue of Seneca.

room is a very fine wolf, of red Egyptian marble, ſuckling the founders of Rome. The famous hermaphrodite, eſtimated at Rome greatly ſuperior to that at Florence, is ranked in the ſame claſs with the Seneca, as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the powers of antique ſculpture in their different ſtyles. A Juno, her head and arms of white marble, her drapery finely done in porphyry to imitate the purple; her countenance is noble and majeſtic; her arms are modern, and not as well done as they might have been.—A group, by Bernini, of elegant modern ſculpture in one entire morſel, to the full as large as life: it is the fineſt thing I ever ſaw of his doing. The ſubject is the metamorphoſis of Daphne into a laurel-tree; the moment the ſculptor has taken, is the commencement of her transformation; Apollo purſues, and has not quite come up with her; he appears out of breath, and aſtoniſhed at the approaching change; her figure is perfectly beautiful! ſhe is ſtopped in her flight by the quick growth of the bark and branches; young ſprigs of laurel ſpring from her toes, and her feet and ancles are taking root, while the increaſing bark makes a rapid progreſs to incloſe her delicate limbs. She lifts up her extended arms, and from the ends of her ſtiffened fingers ſprouts the budding laurel: her hair, which falls from her ſhoulders in beautiful ringlets, is partly blown by the wind, and begins to thicken into wreathing bays: her face is beautiful, and the

Modern Bernini.

ſculptor

ſculptor has expreſſed in it a ſurpriſing mixture of agitating paſſions; it is plain ſhe fears Apollo, but the effect of her prayers being granted, frightens her ſtill more, ſo that regret, terror, and horror at the quick progreſs of the growing rind, is plainly to be perceived in her countenance and action. On the pedeſtal are the following lines, written by Pope Urbano the Eighth, when he was a young man;

Quiſquis amans ſequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ,
Fronde manus implet, baccas vel carpit amaras.

There are here two other groups of this famous ſtatuary, by no means equal to this. They repreſent Æneas and Anchiſes, and a David throwing the ſtone at Goliah: the David is too old, but it ſeems Bernini meant to repreſent himſelf under that character. A modern piece of ſculpture in *baſſo relievo*, by François Flamand; it was preſented by the king of France to the Borgheſe family: the figures are in touch-ſtone, upon a ground of *lapis lazuli*, they repreſent Bacchanalian children.

François Flamand.

Antique. A beautiful Diana antique; her body is one piece of agate. A Hercules Aventinus, with the bull's head under his club. A group of Fauſtina and her lover Carinus the gladiator, whom ſhe loved to diſtraction. A moſt beautiful buſto of Lucius Verus, the famous gladiator. I do not think I can convey to you a competent idea of the merits of this piece of ſculpture: his attitude is that

that of ruſhing upon his adverſary, fired with rage and ambitious of victory, every nerve and ſinew ſhew ſtrained to the utmoſt; his features are beautiful, his countenance haughty, fierce, and impatient; the ſymmetry of his limbs is wonderful, and you every moment expect the onſet: ſuch is the movement and violent action expreſſed in this marble; it is antique, and was ſculpted by Agathias of Epheſus. A ſmall group in bronze, the ſubject Dejanira bore away by the Centaur Neſſus: it is finely done, particularly Dejanira, who ſtruggles violently, and endeavours to leap off his back, on which ſhe is forcibly held by one of his arms, whilſt he gallops away with her at full ſpeed. Another Centaur in marble; a Cupid riding, and breaking him as a horſe, who ſtrikes him with his fiſts, and kicks him with all his might: this is a moſt animated group. A Fawn, dandling an infant Bacchus; a beautiful and highly eſteemed antique. A Cameo, large as life, the face is antique, and finely done; it repreſents the buſto of Alexander the Great, in different coloured marbles: Michael Angelo has reſtored the caſque and plume. The antique Fluter, is a Fawn about twelve years old, his attitude is elegant, and his air beſpeaks a correct ear and maſterly performance.

Agathias of Epheſus.

A modern Morpheus, by Algardi; this god of ſleep is here repreſented under the figure of a beautiful child, ſleeping on his back; in one hand he

Modern Algardi.

holds a bunch of poppies in a negligent manner: by him lies a toy, the Italians term a *giro*; the ſoftneſs and ſleepy look in his limbs and fleſh, are ſurpriſingly natural: he even ſeems to perſpire: this ſtatue is in black marble or touch-ſtone.

Antique. An antique *baſſo relievo*, repreſenting the young Telephus found by the Nymphs; one is ſitting, the others ſtanding; they are well done, and expreſs great admiration and joy on the diſcovery of this beautiful child. The goat that ſuckled him is repoſing; but what is very remarkable in this piece of antique ſculpture is, that Telephus appears to be in ſwaddling clothes, ſwathed round in the ſame manner as now univerſally practiſed through Italy; and differing very little from the method of treating ſome children in England: the linen being rolled round and round them, till by cloſe ſtraining, a total deprivation of liberty is effected, to the great gratification of the vulgar nurſes. In one of the rooms, is the oddeſt and uglieſt bed I ever ſaw; it is carved in brown wood partly gilt, and is the clumſieſt, awkwardeſt piece of lumber, that ever crowded a houſe: but it is of the ſculpture of Michael Angelo, and was made for Pope Paul the Fifth, who beſpoke, and always lay in it. In another room is a chair with ſprings, being a trap to whoever ſits down in it, for they are held faſt, and ſo confined, as to have no uſe of their limbs. I am obliged to omit mentioning a great number of fine antique ſtatues and pictures,

by

by famous maſters; this villa is ſo filled with rare articles of every kind. The garden is by no means beautiful; is laid out in a bad taſte; the trees chiefly conſiſt of yew, box, and bay, and other ever-greens, looking black and ragged. The flower-garden is ſmall and very formal, but this kind of garden admits of more formality than any other. There are two pretty aviaries in it, ſhaped ſomething like bells, and well laticed; here they keep turtles and ſome other birds. Amongſt the flowers, which are very fine, I was much ſurpriſed at the carnations; ſome were brown with yellow, others deep yellow with dark brown edgings; and ſome of a ſky blue all over, extremely double, but of the burſting ſort; they were well dreſſed on pieces of gilt paſte-board, and ſo large, as to cover a ſaucer, or ſmall deſert plate: had I not ſeen theſe blue carnations, ſmelt, and touched them, I ſhould have eſteemed myſelf credulous for believing from books, or from ordinary report, that ſuch really exiſted. I ſhould have procured ſome of the ſeed, had not the gardener aſſured me it was not to be depended upon for producing the ſame ſort; and that it frequently happened, that among a great number of ſeedlings, perhaps not above one has proved blue; they therefore, to ſecure the kind, propagate them by layers; I might have had ſome of theſe, but I conſidered they would be very troubleſome to carry with us, and difficult to preſerve through the reſt

of our tour; particularly over the *Appenines* and the *Mount Cenis*, where the colds and viciſſitudes of weather muſt have infallibly deſtroyed them.

I forgot to mention, that there are ſtatues and antique *baſſo relievos* in the gardens, ſome of the latter *Etruſcan*, and very curious. Here is an odd idea (but not antique), a coloſſal maſque; the eyebrows and beard formed of petrified water, the teeth are of ſtucco, a caſcade of water falls from the mouth, which is of ſo ample a breadth, as to ſhew a conſiderable part of the garden through its jaws, like a landſcape ſeen through an arch. The park is fine, and with a few alterations, would be eſteemed ſuch in England; the verdure lively, and the trees old and well-grown; there are ſome deer in it. To this park the Engliſh are permitted, by the Borgheſe family, to repair twice a week, and play at cricket and football: we women go ſometimes and ſee the ſport, as do the Roman ladies and their fine *Abbates*, who form a brilliant body of ſpectators, * * * * * * * * * *. I muſt haſten to give you a deſcription of Fraſcati, when I ſhall conclude this long letter, which had I not the art of ſcribbling away very faſt, I muſt have finiſhed at Loretto: but I know you can read any writing of mine, and are not ſcandalized at interlineations, abridgments of words, neglects of ſtops, *&c.*

Fraſcati. Fraſcati, or ancient Tuſculum, is about twelve miles from Rome, ſituated in *Latium*, or *La Campagna*

pagna di Roma; it is a biſhop's ſee, now filled by the Cardinal of York. Tuſculum is often marked in ancient hiſtory, as the ſcene of many memorable events; it was the birth-place of Cato the Cenſor, the great grandfather of Cato of Utica; it was rendered illuſtrious by the celebrated villa of Cicero, to which he frequently retired, where he compoſed thoſe philoſophical diſſertations ſo juſtly admired in our times: Fraſcati boaſts, with juſtice, the giving birth to Metaſtaſio, who is unqueſtionably the firſt poet of modern Italy. The preſent town of Fraſcati is agreeably ſituated; it is not ancient: in the year 1550, there were no other remains than ſome veſtiges of the ruins of Tuſculum, overgrown with brambles and thorns; from this circumſtance, the new town took its name of *Fraſcati*. It is built on the ſide of a hill, and commands a fine view of the country below, and of the many villas and gardens, which clothe and beautify the brow of the mountain.

The principal Villas at Fraſcati.

Villa Aldrobrandini.

The Villa Aldrobrandini is very remarkable for its architecture and decorations, and the gardens for their curious water works. The approach is by avenues, which conduct to a fountain, near which are two flights of ſteps leading you to a terras, and from thence you mount to another terras on which the villa is built; it contains few marbles, and fewer good pictures, but here are

of our tour; particularly over the *Appenines* and the *Mount Cenis*, where the colds and viciſſitudes of weather muſt have infallibly deſtroyed them.

I forgot to mention, that there are ſtatues and antique *baſſo relievos* in the gardens, ſome of the latter *Etruſcan*, and very curious. Here is an odd idea (but not antique), a coloſſal maſque; the eyebrows and beard formed of petrified water, the teeth are of ſtucco, a caſcade of water falls from the mouth, which is of ſo ample a breadth, as to ſhew a conſiderable part of the garden through its jaws, like a landſcape ſeen through an arch. The park is fine, and with a few alterations, would be eſteemed ſuch in England; the verdure lively, and the trees old and well-grown; there are ſome deer in it. To this park the Engliſh are permitted, by the Borgheſe family, to repair twice a week, and play at cricket and football: we women go ſometimes and ſee the ſport, as do the Roman ladies and their fine *Abbates*, who form a brilliant body of ſpectators, * * * * * * * * *. I muſt haſten to give you a deſcription of Fraſcati, when I ſhall conclude this long letter, which had I not the art of ſcribbling away very faſt, I muſt have finiſhed at Loretto: but I know you can read any writing of mine, and are not ſcandalized at interlineations, abridgments of words, neglects of ſtops, *&c.*

Fraſcati. Fraſcati, or ancient Tuſculum, is about twelve miles from Rome, ſituated in *Latium*, or *La Campagna*

pagna di Roma; it is a biſhop's ſee, now filled by the Cardinal of York. Tuſculum is often marked in ancient hiſtory, as the ſcene of many memorable events; it was the birth-place of Cato the Cenſor, the great grandfather of Cato of Utica; it was rendered illuſtrious by the celebrated villa of Cicero, to which he frequently retired, where he compoſed thoſe philoſophical diſſertations ſo juſtly admired in our times: Fraſcati boaſts, with juſtice, the giving birth to Metaſtaſio, who is unqueſtionably the firſt poet of modern Italy. The preſent town of Fraſcati is agreeably ſituated; it is not ancient: in the year 1550, there were no other remains than ſome veſtiges of the ruins of Tuſculum, overgrown with brambles and thorns; from this circumſtance, the new town took its name of *Fraſcati*. It is built on the ſide of a hill, and commands a fine view of the country below, and of the many villas and gardens, which clothe and beautify the brow of the mountain.

The principal Villas at Fraſcati.

Villa Aldrobrandini.

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ſome cielings tolerably painted; one repreſents David and Abigail, by Giuſeppe d'Arpino; another Judith and Holofernes, and a third David and Goliah, all by the ſame maſter. They have contrived to introduce air into their apartments, by means of pipes operated upon by water, which alſo cauſes a ſound reſembling that of thunder; from the terraſes is a fine and very extenſive view. The gardens ſurpriſe and aſtoniſh by the water-works, and being formed upon falling grounds, they conſiſt chiefly of terraſes, riſing one above the other. A building is conſtructed againſt the ſide of the mountain (to cauſe the caſcades to fall regularly from ſtep to ſtep), decorated with pilaſters of the Ionic and Corinthian orders. Here are ſeveral ſtatues made muſical, by the means of water-organs; a Centaur ſounds a horn, the blaſt of which may be heard (as they aſſert) at the diſtance of four miles; Pan plays various airs upon his paſtoral flute of ſeveral tubes. A Lion and Tiger appear fighting, the water ſpurts to a conſiderable height from their mouths and noſtrils; from the tiger proceeds a hiſſing and ſnarling ſound, which is ſaid to reſemble the noiſe that animal makes when enraged: think what the melody muſt be, produced by this *trio*; I never heard any thing ſo diſagreeably curious.—At the top of the water-building, appears the mountain covered with trees, and from its ſummit, a river precipitates itſelf down, forming a beautiful caſcade, which

Giuſeppe d'Arpino.

which ſupplies a fine fountain in a grotto, practiſed in one of the terraſes, and encruſted with petrified water: it then falls down the ſteps of the water-building, paſſes under a braſs globe, which ſpurts water on every ſide; this is ſuſtained by an Atlas, aſſiſted by a Hercules, and accompanied by various allegorical ſtatues, forms *jets d'eau*, and at length breaks away over rocks and is loſt. Amongſt the ſtatues that adorn this water work, is a Silenus of antique Greek ſculpture in marble of Paros, a much eſteemed figure. In a large *ſala*, near the grand caſcade, is a repreſentation of Mount Parnaſſus, with Apollo, the nine Muſes, and Pegaſus; they perform a concert, by means of a water-organ concealed behind. The walls of the *ſala* are painted in freſco, by Dominichino, and repreſent all the hiſtory and adventures of Apollo. Dominichino. One of the beſt, is that of the flaying of Marſyas, in the preſence of three women and a ſatyr. This laſt figure implores Apollo on his knees, in behalf of Marſyas: his attitude, uplifted hands, and poor diſtreſſed countenance, is extremely affecting, the painter having blended the moving expreſſion of a human creature, with the dumb pleadings of a beaſt for mercy. The *ſala* is paved in moſaic, and in the centre is a hole, over which a light ball is kept continually dancing in the air, through the action of a ſtrong guſt of wind, forced up the hole by the water underneath. In theſe gardens is a wilderneſs, ſeveral fine ſhady walks, very few

ever-greens, but a conſiderable number of large and well-grown plane-trees; the effect is, that this garden appears much more natural and agreeable, than do in general thoſe of Italy.

Villa Conti. The Villa Conti is worth ſeeing, upon account of its gardens and water-works, and particularly for the ancient remains of eighteen vaulted buildings, ſaid to have been part of the *menagerie* of Lucullus.

Villa Taverna. The Villa Taverna belongs to the Borgheſe family; it is very large, well built, habitable, and elegantly furniſhed; contains ſome good pictures, and ſeveral curioſities; amongſt which, the following are the moſt remarkable; a ſmall wooden cruciſix, carved by a blind man. The victory of the arch-angel Michael over the dragon; this animal is repreſented with a woman's head, the face a portrait, and the countenance expreſſive of the moſt infamous and vile character, by Perugino. A St. Pietro, by Spagnoletto. Several animals, by Pioli. The portraits of the unfortunate Mother and Daughter, of the family of *Cenci*; the daughter is beautiful; I ſaw another portrait of her taken juſt before ſhe was led out to execution; I think it was in the *Pallazzo Colonna*, and I ſuppoſe I mentioned her ſtory in one of my letters, ſo will not hazard the troubling you with a repetition of ſo ſhocking a tragedy.—The view from the villa is beautiful; the gardens are of great extent, and through them you mount up to

Perugino.

the

the *Villa Dragone*, built in a much more elevated situation, which alſo belongs to the Borgheſe family. In theſe two villas, this noble family receive and entertain a great concourſe of company, during the autumn ſeaſon *per villagiature*. I have before mentioned this cuſtom in Italy. This is a large palace, they told us they could reckon 364 windows in it; I did not diſpute it; leſt they ſhould count them, and we had not time to ſpare for ſuch minuteneſs. The architecture is not very remarkable, the portico by Vignola has a good effect, being built of *pietro di perone*, which is of a fine brown colour. The building is rather too heavy; ſome paintings in this villa are tolerable; one at the end of the grand gallery, repreſents Solomon ſurrounded by his concubines ſacrificing to idols, by Paulo Veroneſe. Here is an antique coloſſal head of Fauſtina, wife to Marcus Aurelius. A coloſſal buſto of Antoninus, and ſome other antiques not of the firſt claſs.

Villa Dragone.

Veroneſe.

Antiques.

From the terras is a moſt beautiful view of Rome, and the country adjacent, till the ſea bounds the proſpect on that ſide; villages, ruins, and the *Lago Caſtiglione* with mountains, form another beautiful proſpect; the whole is truly admirable, uniting all the advantages of a near, to all the grandeur of an extenſive proſpect.

The Villa *Bracchiano*, formerly *Montalto*, is a very pretty country-houſe, neatly and elegantly furniſhed:

Villa Bracchiano.

furniſhed: here is a cieling painted by ſome of the ſcholars of Dominichino; the ſubject is the ſun's courſe. The gardens, nothing remarkable; they conſiſt principally of long walks regularly planted, where I obſerved a great number of cherry laurel amongſt other evergreens.

Villas Ludovici and Falconieri.

The Villas Ludovici and Falconieri are worth ſeeing, principally for their water-works and gardens. In the villa Falconieri, is a cieling painted by Carlo Maratti. The ſubject, the birth of Venus: a Neptune in the ſea, preſents her with all the treaſures of his element, while the Graces upon the ſhore attend with impatience to crown her with flowers; it is well compoſed, and the figures graceful. The other cielings, painted by Ciro Ferri, repreſent the Seaſons.

Carlo Maratti.

The ruins of the ancient town of Tuſculum, are to be traced above a villa belonging to the Jeſuits, called La Rufinella: here they ſhew what are called the grottos of Cicero; but it is by no means certain, that theſe veſtiges made part of his villa.

Villa La Rufinella.

I muſt now take leave of you and of Rome, and ſhall write to you, when we ſhall have reached Loretto.

I am very ſorry for an event, which has juſt happened here, to the univerſal regret of her family, her friends, her acquaintance, and the public in general: the amiable daughter of the dutcheſs of Bracchiano (the princeſs Chigi), died yeſterday

yeſterday in child-bed! She expired in the arms of her mother, perfectly reſigned to her fate: amiable ſhe was indeed, in mind, and in perſon, therefore univerſally beloved, eſteemed, and lamented!—Should an opportunity offer to write to you on the road, I ſhall not neglect it. Adieu, and wiſh me a happy pilgrimage *a la ſantiſſima Madona.*

I am as ever, *&c.*

P. S. I promiſed to mention ſome of the principal artiſts now at Rome; but am ſo preſſed in time, that I cannot enlarge on their different manners and genius as they deſerve; I ſhall therefore be as conciſe as poſſible. Battoni is, I believe with juſtice, eſteemed the peſt portrait painter in the world. Pickler father and ſon are admired by every body of taſte and judgment, for their great abilities in the engraving on gems; they execute *cameos* and *intaglios* in a great ſtyle for correction of deſign, elegance, and finiſh: I believe no modern artiſt can be compared with them; they are reaſonable in their prices, in their dealings act with an honourable honeſty, and deſervedly meet with that encouragement, both from Italians and foreigners, that their excellent characters as artiſts, and their reputation as men of probity, ſo juſtly entitle them to. As for Piraneſe, his prints are ſufficiently known to rank him amongſt the firſt of engravers on copper. He

ſome-

ſometimes is carried by his taſte, into romance: as a ſculptor, he can do almoſt what he pleaſes; when he is in good humour, he is very uſeful, informing, and agreeable to ſtrangers; he is what in England would be called a humouriſt, conſequently uncertain and capricious. To deal with him, it is neceſſary to know before-hand, his peculiarities.—A miniature painter, of the name of Giorgio, paints the beſt pictures I have ſeen in that way: his colouring is glowing, his deſign correct, his finiſhing high, and his paintings will bear the ſtricteſt examination and compariſon with the beſt miniatures of theſe times, and even of thoſe of former days. The beſt miniature portrait painter, eſteemed for taking likeneſſes at a moderate price, is one Marſigli; he is a diligent attentive artiſt, and I make no doubt capable of great improvement. There are ſeveral young men, who are ſent by their families and friends to Rome, in order to ſtudy painting, ſculpture, *&c.* many of whom promiſe to attain to a great degree of excellence in thoſe arts: it is a pity they are ſo frequently reduced to very diſagreeable ſtraits, by the ill-judged parſimony of their friends in England. The Engliſh gentlemen upon their travels have indeed often generouſly ſupplied their wants, but as they cannot always enjoy ſuch advantages, and this reſource muſt, from its nature, be more or leſs precarious, it is ſelf-evident a young perſon has little encouragement to ſtudy the beauties of painting,

painting, ſculpture, &c. &c. whilſt in want of ſuch neceſſaries, as makes the body ſuffer great inconvenience, and the mind a total want of eaſe. As for ſuch Engliſh artiſts, who are already in affluent circumſtances in England, and who travel into Italy to improve their taſte and gratify their curioſity; the Italian artiſts are continually mentioning them with great encomiums on their genius, works, &c. Amongſt theſe, no man holds a higher place than Mr. Strange, who has taken copies, and engraved prints, after the moſt capital original pictures in Italy; and executed them in ſo liberal a manner, as to give the beholder the true image and ſpirit of the original; not a hard and ſervile copy ever came from his hands. I muſt obſerve here, that I think baſe and laborious copyiſts do infinite injury to the world of artiſts. They excite falſe ideas, prejudice the minds of people who, not having ſeen the works of the great maſters, diſguiſed by their copies, are apt to ſuppoſe ſome glaring fault in the original; when, alas! moſt probably the defect may be found only in the ſelf-ſufficience and conceit of the young artiſt; who flattered himſelf, perhaps, with improving upon a Tizziano, a Corregio, or a Raffaello.

The poſt-horſes are waiting, the baggage faſtened on to the carriage, ſo I muſt ſeal this letter and ſend it immediately to the poſt-office. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

Narni, the 25th May, 1771.

Road from Rome to Narni.

WE are well and ſafely arrived here without any accident, and might have reached Terni, though we ſet out late, had it not been for the warmth of the weather, which obliged us to lie by in the heat of the day; and are therefore obliged to ſleep here to-night. The face of the country the firſt three poſts from Rome, is diſgracefully uncultivated; no villages, no habitations (except poſt-houſes), nothing but a dreary diſmal waſte, without track of man or beaſt to be ſeen. Having paſſed Rignano, the fourth poſt, the country begins to improve a little towards Soreſte, and then to Civetta-Caſtellana (the ancient Veia), and ſo on to Borgetto, Otricoli, and Narni, where it becomes very beautiful. Near Rignano our road lay over part of the Flaminian way; it is extremely firm and good, compoſed of very large blocks of ſtone, ſo nicely fitted and put together, and withal ſo ſmooth, that the horſes could with difficulty keep their footing.

Flaminian way.

Civetta Caſtellano.

Civetta Caſtellano is ſituated in the ancient country of the Sabines: it is built on a rocky elevation, and appears like a ſmall iſland; three ſides of

of it being incloſed by as many little rivers, which falling into the valley below and uniting together, at length empty themſelves into the Tiber. On the other ſide of the town is the citadel, behind which, the mountain immediately riſes. Three ſides of Caſtellano is inacceſſible, on account of the perpendicularity of the rock on which it ſtands; and the fortreſs defends it ſo well from behind, as to render it (I ſhould imagine) capable of ſuſtaining a long ſiege. Some antiquarians have diſputed the ancient Veia's being ſituated on this ſpot, but the greater number are of opinion, that it certainly was.

Having paſſed through Borghetto, we came to a fine bridge built by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, over the Tiber; it is called *Pontefelice*. The next poſt is Otricoli, near which place are remarkable hills, formed of what the Italians call *breſcia*, round pebbles, which ſeem to have acquired that form from having been in the ſea. The proſpect from Rignano to Narni conſiſts of hills, ſome clothed with woods, others with vines, and ſome crowned with villages: ruined fortifications and old towers appear amongſt the trees; and frequent remains of Roman antiquities, as fragments of temples, mauſoleums, *&c.* The valleys are narrow, fertile, and moſt *pittereſque*; imagination cannot feaſt upon a more variegated and beautiful aſſemblage of objects; but this variety of ground produces a moſt fatiguing effect to travellers, as you

Pontefelice.

you are repeatedly aſcending or deſcending ſteep and rapid hills.

Narni. Narni is a ſmall town, fifty-five miles from Rome; it is ſituated on the ſide of a hill, and forms an amphitheatre. At the foot of the town runs the Nera; here is a fine aqueduct of fifteen miles long, which conveys water through a mountain to the town, where it ſupplies ſeveral fountains. Our inn is tolerable, and we have not as yet met with inſolent poſtillions, or extortioning poſt-maſters, I hope a good omen for the remainder of our journey. I had made proviſion at Rome againſt our *eating cares*, of a piece of cold boiled beef, ſalted the Engliſh way, and ſome dozens of lemons; as we generally drink nothing but lemonade on our journey, on account of the heat of the weather, and the ſtrong wines of this country being rather inflammatory, we have found our proviſion very neceſſary, the inn affording us nothing but eggs not entirely rotten; no butter, very ſtale and coarſe bread, and no meat of any kind excepting goat's fleſh, which I could not eat unleſs near ſtarving; the rank odour fills all the rooms in the houſe, and I have an unfortunate averſion to the ſmell of thoſe animals *living* or *dead*: our hoſt, it is true, offered us ſome half-ſtarved old fowls, that were importunately cackling and demanding food at the door, and which he would have executed upon the ſpot if permitted, but we preferred our cold beef, to the

fruits of ſuch aſſaſſination, and have dined extremely well upon it.

To-morrow morning, M—— goes to ſee the ruins of the famous bridge built by Auguſtus; it is only half a mile from the town, but the way is diſagreeable, and there is a deſcent juſt before you arrive at it, which they tell us is extremely rapid; I do not think I ſhall accompany him, for fear of the heat and fatigue, dreading the ſlighteſt indiſpoſition upon the road, as Italian inns are by no means commodious quarters for the ſick.

I ſhall keep this letter open, and write in it occaſionally, till I have an opportunity of ſending it by the poſt, which is ſo uncertain and ſo ill regulated, that I do not know when I may have it in my power. Good night for the preſent.

May the 16th.—We are juſt arrived at the next poſt, Terni. M—— went this morning to ſee the bridge: he ſays the way to it is much worſe than was repreſented, the deſcent exceedingly rapid, and muſt be walked down, as it is covered with heaps of large round ſtones, over which he ſtumbled every moment, many of them rolling down after him, of ſize ſufficient to break the legs, if you are not quick and cautious to avoid them; I am convinced this walk would not have ſuited me. When he came to the bridge, he found it had been built in the common manner, with mortar and cramped with iron: ſo little can Terni.

the authors be depended upon, who all aſſert the contrary, and rank it as a wonder of the world; nor did it in any manner anſwer the idea he had formed of it, from what he had heard. Notwithſtanding that, it is a fine remain of antiquity, and would ſurpriſe and pleaſe much more, was it not ſo much over-rated. Five miles from hence, is the famous caſcade, but I cannot ſee this neither, for the mountain is ſo ſteep, that there is no aſcending it but upon a mule's back, or on a very ſure-footed horſe; and in order to ſee it well, there are ſuch ugly ſteps to paſs, that I fear I may break my neck, and M—— wiſhes me ardently not to attempt it; at the ſame time, that he is ſorry to perceive my diſappointment; it is a great mortification to me to be ſure. He is juſt ſetting out, for he will ſee it; and I have been recommending ſtrongly to him to walk, if he ſhould find the road very ſteep. The inn here is tolerable, and the people a little humanized. Above Narni ap-

Ceſi. pears a town called Ceſi, ſituated at the foot of ponderous Rocks, which ſeem to threaten its deſtruction every moment. The common people aſſert, that the town is faſtened with adamantine chains (which they grant are inviſible) to the neighbouring mountain; but it is certain that their law forbids, on pain of death, the felling any of the trees that grow amongſt the rocks on the mountain above the town; by which it ſeems the rocks are ſuppoſed to be ſupported, and pre-

vented from falling, by the roots of the trees being interlaced with them.

On the right, a little before we came to Terni, appears the village Collicipoli (the ancient Collis Scipionis), and on a height *Torre Majore*, a kind of obſervatory, where the learned father Boſcovick had geometrical inſtruments, in order to take the heights of the lands between Rome and Rimini, *&c.* For this purpoſe he had poles fixed in the ground in proper places for meaſuring the angles, *&c.* and the ſtupidity and folly of the peaſants impeded this learned man as much as poſſible in his ingenious labours, by moving his marks, ſuppoſing them placed with deſign to aid him in the magic art, which they believed he ſtudied. Collis Scipionis.

In this country the peaſants have a contrivance for catching pigeons. They tame a certain number, which they call *Maudirini*, who, flying before the wild ones, decoy them into trees, where the peaſants remain concealed and catch great numbers of them. From Narni to this town, Terni, the road is very good; it lies through a fertile valley, ſeven miles long; the eye is conveyed over a wide extended country; the river Nera, like a great ſilver ſerpent, winding along in volumes through theſe plains, forms peninſulas, which, in ſome points of view, appear like iſlands of various ſhapes; ſome preſent you with rich meadows, others ſtately groves of oak, others are covered with corn and planted with regular rows

of mulberry trees, which ſuſtain the luxuriant branches of the vine, whoſe arms embrace the mulberry-trees from ſide to ſide; little hills of different heights and forms interſect each other; ſome of theſe are clothed with wood, and top'd with ruined towers and fortreſſes, and at the foot of them lie the humble villages, which, being very irregular, appear the more pictureſque in proſpect. This view extends itſelf wide of the road, and is the commencement of the plain of Rieta, compared by Cicero to the valley of Tempe.

Terni. Terni is juſt ſixty-two miles from Rome, a city famous in antiquity; Tacitus the hiſtorian was born here, and ſeveral other remarkable perſonages. Here are ſtill to be ſeen ſome ſmall veſtiges of antiquities; in the biſhop's garden is a fragment of an amphitheatre, and ſome *ſouteraines:* in the church of S. Salvadoro, are ſome ſmall remains of a temple of the Sun, and part of a temple to Hercules in the cellars belonging to the Jeſuits. M— is returned, and quite charmed with the caſcade; it is called *Caduta delle Marmora*, and is formed by the river Velino, which falls above two hundred feet in height into the Nera. This prodigious fall of water deſcends in three caſcades; its ſpray forms curious incruſtations, ſome of which he brought me in his pocket. He ſays, the colours ſeen in the drops of water, which by being violently daſhed up in the air fall again in ſhowers, are equal in beauty to the glowing tints in priſms; he

he believes there cannot be any caſcade in the world more extraordinary and more romantically beautiful than this. He placed himſelf in different parts of the mountain, to view it in all its glory, and the variety of its appearances exceeded his expectations; at the ſame time he aſſured me, I never ſhould have been able, on a mule or on foot, to have clambered up and down the frightful precipices that he did, for he was obliged to walk a conſiderable way, it not being poſſible in ſome deſcents for his mule to keep her feet, or avoid being in the utmoſt danger of falling down the declivities, even without a rider; I dare ſay you are very glad I did not go. Adieu, our carriage waits.

(In continuation.) We have reached Spoletto, where we ſleep to-night, though only twenty-one miles from Terni; but as we did not ſet out early, and met with ſome impediments in the way, which occaſioned much loſs of time, we are determined not to preſs on, but to remain here quietly till to-morrow morning. Having quitted Terni, the road was tolerable till we came to a ſtupendous Appenine called the *Somma*, about ſix miles before we reached Spoletto. The road by which we aſcended is a prodigious work, cut out of the living rock; it winds along the ſide of the Appenine; is but juſt broad enough for a carriage; is as hard as marble, and almoſt as ſmooth, but not an inch allowed for the conſequences of

Somma Appenine.

the ſtarting or waywardneſs of a horſe, or the ſmalleſt inattention on the part of the drivers. The mountain riſes to the clouds perpendicularly ſtraight on one ſide, with a precipice aſtoniſhingly deep, and almoſt as rapid on the other ſide, without any wall, hedge, pail, or fence of any kind. At the bottom of the precipice runs a river like a torrent, which ſeen from the road appears no broader than a ſkeyne of ſilk. We whirled along the edge of this mountain in a conſtant gallop, drawn by four of the ſtrongeſt, largeſt, and moſt furious black horſes I ever ſaw; the poſtilions making the moſt frightful ſhouts to encourage their pace, and urging them on by whipping them inceſſantly, the horſes ſqueaking the whole time. This method of driving, it ſeems, is your beſt ſecurity, for if the horſes were ſuffered to recollect themſelves, or even to ſlacken their pace, they would be ſubject to ſtart, or might fear the precipice, and from apprehenſion grow reſtive, which would be certain deſtruction to themſelves and thoſe they conveyed; but by being kept conſtantly attentive to their maſters, and obliged to exert all their ſtrength, we happily attained the ſummit of the Appenine, without any accident. A carriage had need to be ſtrong and well put together that goes this road, for ſhould any article of it give way, the conſequences could not fail of being diſagreeable, if not fatal. We ſtopped at a houſe on the top

of

of the mountain, for refreſhment; where we had a high regale: the velocity of our motion and the freſhneſs of the air had gained us an appetite, and we fared deliciouſly, in our carriages, on wild boar ham, broiled for us in thin ſlices, accompanied with plates of ſliced truffles, which they heated over the fire in a moment, and proved an excellent ragout. Having eat heartily, and forgot the fright I had ſuffered from the precipice, I was curious to know the method of conſerving and dreſſing theſe truffles; ſo I called for the miſtreſs of the houſe (for there is a woman in this inn), and ſhe told me, that when they are quite freſh, they muſt be waſhed extremely clean, in water juſt warm, then in cold wine, and left to ſteep in this latter for about a quarter of an hour; after which they are cut in ſlices, then hung up in baſkets to dry in the air under cover, ſo as to protect them from the ſun, rain and dew: when criſp, they are put into paper-bags and kept in a dry place; they are dreſſed in pewter or ſilver plates, over a lamp or charcoal, putting to them ſome oil, an anchovy, and muſtard: for thoſe who do not like oil, they ſubſtitute butter, which you may believe the Engliſh *Forreſtieri* generally prefer. I purchaſed ſome bags of her truffles, and a very fine ham of the wild boar, diſcreetly providing againſt our neceſſities, in caſe we ſhould not on our journey meet with equally good proviſion. Having deſcended the Appenines, the

road lying amongſt the nether mountains, very narrow and ſteep in ſeveral places, we were overtaken by a dreadful ſtorm of thunder and lightning; the claps were loud as cannon, and ſeemed quite cloſe to us; the lightning flaſhed and darted along the ground; the air was poiſoned with the ſmell of ſulphur; it poured caſcades inſtead of rain, as if all the clouds in the heavens had burſt over our heads: we preſſed on to reach Spoletto, the ſtorm augmenting, the horſes ſcreaming and ſtarting every moment; however, we arrived ſafe, and without the leaſt accident. The ſtorm continued and increaſed; the claps of thunder redoubling, ſo that there was not half a minute's ceſſation between: the lightning fell twice into the ground amongſt the mountains, but did no hurt. This ſtorm laſted full three hours from its commencement, without ceſſation, and concluded with two amazing claps of thunder, re-ecchoed from the mountains, like what I ſhould ſuppoſe might be the exploſion at the ſpringing of a mine.

Spoletto.

Spoletto is a conſiderable town, eighty-eight miles from Rome, ſituated on the top of a mountain. One of the antique gates of this city is ſtill nearly perfect; it is called *Porta Fugæ*; on it you read this inſcription, indicating the cauſe of its appellation.

Antique gate.

Annibal cæſis ad Traſyminum Romanis, urbem Romam inſenſo agmine petens, Spoleto magna ſuorum clade repulſus, inſigni fugâ portæ nomen fecit.

The

The Cathedral is almoſt entirely built of marble; they ſhew an image of the Virgin, pretended to have been made by St. Luke. A picture, by Guercino, repreſenting St. Cecilia and two monks, praying to the Virgin, who appears in a glory, which is infinitely more valuable; its colouring is good, but the aërian perſpective is not well preſerved in the glory. The Church of St. *Fillipo di Neri* contains a good picture of this ſaint, who is invoking the Virgin; the painter's name not known. There are ſome palaces here alſo, and ſeveral other churches, but we are too much fatigued to viſit them. They told us, there are antique remains of a temple of Jupiter, in the convent of St. Andrea; and of a temple of Mars, in the church of St. *Iſacco*, but we have not ſeen them. There is a wonderful aqueduct to be ſeen to-morrow morning, before we purſue our route; it is about two miles from hence. We are tolerably well lodged in our inn; and as it is ſummer, do not ſuffer much by the want of curtains to the beds. Our fare conſiſts of pigeons, ſtrongly reſembling crows, and plenty of fried liver and brains, very bad ſoup, with gizzards of various birds ſwimming therein; in ſhort, the ham and truffles are by no means indifferent to us. Good night.

Cathedral.

Guercino.

Church.

LETTER XLVII.

Serravalle, 17th of May.

Serravalle. THIS morning M—— went on horſeback from Spoletto, to ſee the famous aqueduct two miles from thence; it conveys, from one hill to another over a deep valley, two conſiderable bodies of water, which flow upon arches built like bridges; the centre is a double arch, one being built over the other, the height about two hundred and fifty feet; the other arches gradually decline in height, as they ſpring from the ſloping ſides of two mountains, the water being thus conveyed to the town of Spoletto.

When we had completed the firſt poſt from Spoletto, to a place called Vene, we turned off a few paces from the road, to ſee the ruins of a beautiful little temple, built near the ſource of the once famous river Clitumnus; it is called the Temple of Clitumnus, ſuppoſed to have been dedicated to that river god. The plan is an oblong ſquare, it has four columns, and two Corinthian pilaſters; the portico is vaulted within; on the frizes are *baſſo relievos*, repreſenting olive branches, grapes, and leaves finely executed. The two centre pillars of the four are ſculpted from

Clitumnus.

from top to bottom, deſcribing laurel leaves, placed in alternate rows, the other two are fluted in ſpiral lines; the pediment they ſupport is beautifully proportioned. Its two entrances, which were at each end, are quite in ruins. The little room in the interior of the temple, meaſures only ten feet by eight: this ſmall edifice is built of an iron-grey marble, which appears to have been highly poliſhed.

The river Clitumnus, at this time but a ſhallow brook, runs at its foot: its banks were formerly famous for feeding white cattle *, which Pliny attributes to the effects of the water; be that as it may, the white were ſought for ſacrifice, in preference to every other colour, as the moſt acceptable to the gods; which when not to be eaſily had, the victims were rubbed over with chalk. We obſerved many oxen, and other white horned cattle, upon its banks, which I was determined to believe the deſcendants of the antique breed. From ſome poor people who were fiſhing here, I bought a very fine trout, and a large ſilver

* —— On the cheerful green
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are ſeen,
The warrior horſe here bred, is taught to train,
There flows Clitumnus thro' the flow'ry plain;
Whoſe waves for triumphs after proſp'rous war,
The victim ox, and ſnowy ſheep prepare.—

DRYDEN's Tranſlation of VIRGIL,
Book II. of the GEORGICS.

eel;

eel; on the former we dined well at Foligno, and have juſt ſupped on the latter; for Foligno or Seravalle afford but live pigeons, and wretched fowls alive alſo, whoſe exiſtence we reſolved not to ſhorten, to gratify the luxury of dining or ſupping. But to return to our route from Vene; we had a very good road to Foligno, which is twelve miles from Spoletto, and one hundred from Rome. On each ſide of the road, our view was of a rich country, cloſely planted with white mulberries, ſycamores, elms, and vines. The corn grows between the rows of trees, and here the peaſant's toil is rewarded with four rich harveſts; mulberry leaves for the ſilk worms, the mulberry fruit, grapes, and corn. Foligno is a large town, but contains nothing curious except a convent, called *La Comteſſa*, where are ſome very fine pictures: a capital one by Raffaello, beſpoke of that great maſter by *Segiſmondo di Comitibus*, who was ſecretary to the Pope, and who preſented it to his niece, then in this convent; it repreſents the Virgin in a glory ſeated on a cloud, ſupported by the rainbow, holding the infant Jeſus in the midſt of cherubims; below appears St. John, St. Francis on his knees, a cardinal in the ſame attitude, and admirably well done; a St. Jerome ſtanding behind him; a little angel in the centre, who holds with both hands a tablet, but without any inſcription. I could expatiate for an hour on the different beauties of this picture; the Virgin anſwers

Raffaello.

preciſely

preciſely the idea I have formed of her; a noble ſimplicity, blended with perfect innocence, and piety, dwell upon her face; grace, dignity, and complacence, are diffuſed over her whole perſon. The infant appears in the attitude of ſtruggling to get away from his mother, in order to grant the prayers of the ſaints below; his figure is animated, and his benign countenance ſeems to breathe forth divine love. The St. John is finely done; he appears with all the characteriſticks of his foreſt education, and a noble firmneſs of mind in his countenance; the colouring is rich and glowing, and in my opinion this picture ſhould be claſſed amongſt the *chef-d'œuvres* of *Raffaello*. Our fine road now ended, and we again aſcended and deſcended the Appenines, the way being extremely rough and rapid in many places; near Seravalle the mountains ſeemed cloſing upon us, ſhooting one above the other, till they roſe far above the clouds, and the road extremely narrow and winding, when all at once the little ſky we could ſee, grew black, the thunder rolled, and the lightning and ſtench exceeded that of yeſterday; the whole artillery of Heaven ſeemed now pointed upon this narrow valley: with much difficulty the poſtillions kept the horſes to their draught, the rain and wind beating ſtrong againſt their faces. In about an hour or leſs we reached this moſt wretched of all villages; the ſtorm continued with the utmoſt violence between five and ſix hours; though

in

in this inn, I cannot ſay we were in ſhelter, the ſtorm and rain beating through and through the houſe; I laid myſelf down upon the ſtaircaſe, which is of very rough ſtones, and expected every moment the houſe to come level with the ground: what induced me to chuſe the ſtaircaſe was, that the wall was arched in a vault over head, which made me think it the moſt ſecure place. The ſtench of the ſulphur was ſuch, and the cloſeneſs of the air, that it made me extremely ſick, and I apprehended the being ſuffocated at every inſtant. M—— never left me for a moment, but kindly endeavoured to conſole me, by aſſuring me theſe ſtorms muſt be common amongſt the Appenines; that the people of the houſe did not appear much terrified, *&c. &c.* but I very frequently could not hear what he ſaid, ſo loud was the noiſe of the thunder: the lightning meantime darting all about us, of a livid blue and white: the poſt-horſes never ceaſed ſcreaming and kicking in the ſtables: at length it ceaſed.

When I had recovered from my fright and ſickneſs, our hoſt came, and was ardent to know what we would have for ſupper; and not being able to get rid of his importunity, I recollected our Clitumnus eel, which I ordered to be dreſſed, and to ſend up whatever he had in the houſe, which, upon inquiry, proved to be nothing but *bread* and *eggs*, not *newly* laid. I mentioned to you before, that we ſpared the lives of the old fowls. Our bed-

bed-chamber has caſements to it; the walls are white-waſhed, and adorned with bad pictures of *la Santa Caſa* and *Noſtra Dama di Loretto*; the beds are not quite ſo bad as many we have already experienced, and I expect to ſleep profoundly; but firſt I muſt mention one circumſtance, which is, that though it generally thunders every day during the ſummer amongſt theſe Appenines, yet this ſtorm was ſo uncommonly violent, that a young woman, the wife of one of the helpers in the ſtable, and who had been born and bred in this village, was ſo terrified, that ſhe ran along the ſtreet in the midſt of the ſtorm to her mother's cottage; thinking in her fright ſhe ſhould be more ſecure if with her old mama.—This miſerable village is in a manner ſhut in amongſt Appenines heaped on Appenines, ſo that the ſun's beams are rarely viſitants here; but clouds and fogs ever hover over the mountains, ſeldom yielding more than a kind of doubtful light: this ſo much ſurpaſſes a romantic ſituation, that one may pronounce it, a long and narrow pit, big with horror. M—— calls it a thunder-cup.

Loretto, May the 19th. Here we ſafely arrived yeſterday in the evening, having paſſed over nothing but mountains, and traced the brinks of dreadful precipices, whoſe perpendicular ſides were furniſhed with vaſt craggy rocks, whilſt mountain-torrents roar loudly at their feet: this

ſort

ſort of road continued more or leſs alarming, till a little before we reached Loretto. Near Tolentino, part of our carriage broke, and we were detained above an hour to have it mended: through the kind providence of the almighty God we received no hurt; and happy was it for us, that we were ſo near a town when this accident happened. Tolentino is thirty miles from Loretto; there is nothing remarkable to be ſeen there. Macerata, which is twelve miles from thence, is built on the ſummit of a mountain, from whence the Adriatic is plainly diſcernible. About two miles and a half from Macerata, after having paſſed over a very long wooden bridge, which croſſes the river Potenza, are ſome veſtiges of the
Recina. ruined town of Recina: ſome remains of a theatre are here ſaid to be diſcernible, but we did not ſtop to ſee them. From Macerata to San Buchetto, the face of the country improved upon us very much, is well cultivated, and planted with mulberry trees, *&c.* From San Buchetto to Loretto, which is the laſt poſt, there is a great deal of aſcent and deſcent, but more of the former than the latter; the road is tolerable, and very near Loretto is perfectly good. From Foligno to this town is about fifty-five miles, ſo that Loretto is nearly an hundred and fifty miles from Rome. When within two or three miles of this town, the road is infeſted by ſturdy boys and girls half naked, who purſue travellers begging, ſinging, dancing, run-

running, and tumbling over and over; their numbers and clamour increaſe, till happily gaining the town, they diſperſe. It is but juſt to confeſs at the ſame time, that they are the moſt complimental beggars in the world; for when tumbling fails to excite your charity, they proſtrate themſelves, and kiſs the ground you are about to paſs over, invoking your beneficence, and giving you all the titles of dignity they ever heard of; and if thoſe fail, then they give you ſome of their own invention, as for example to M—— *Felice ſpoſo della Madonna*; to me *Eccellentiſſima Madonna*. On the road coming into Loretto, we overtook two pilgrims; one was dreſſed in a pilgrim's habit, of pale olive-green luteſtring, ornamented with ſcollop ſhells; he was a young ſtout looking man, with red hair tied behind in a ribbon; he appears to me to be a Scotch Gentleman: he endeavoured to conceal himſelf as much as poſſible from our obſervation, and was particularly anxious to prevent our ſeeing his face. The other pilgrim was a poor old prieſt, who was employed in dragging along a very large wooden croſs; however, there was a little wheel faſtened to the end of it, to lighten the draft; theſe two perſonages were not in company with each other.

Loretto is ſituated on a plain, at the top of a mountain; it has a clean, deſerted, and bleak look: the houſes make but a very mean appearance; the principal ſtreet conſiſts, for the moſt Loretto.

part, of ſmall ſhops, in which are ſold little elſe beſides beads for roſaries, gold and ſilver ornaments for the ſame, worked in fillagree, ſmall braſs bells, much bought by the country people, as preſervatives againſt thunder and lightning, brown paper caps to cure the head-ach, and broad ribbons with the effigies of *Noſtra Dama di Loretto*, painted on them, to be worn by women in child-birth.

The inn is very indifferent and dirty; they ſerved us in the dirtieſt pewter plates I ever ſaw, and greaſy trenchers. The proviſions conſiſted of very ſtale fiſh, ragoued in oil, and highly ſeaſoned with garlic; peaſe ragoued alſo, and cabbage; but all was ſo diſguſting, that we were obliged to feed upon ſome very bad cheeſe, and the bread, it being a faſt day, was plentifully ſeaſoned with coriander and anniſe-ſeed, which to me is very diſagreeable. Our beds were tolerable, and we ſlept well. We have employed this morning in viewing the *Santa Caſa, &c.* The church, which contains the Holy Houſe, is very large; the piazza before it not yet nearly finiſhed; the architecture of the church is neither beautiful nor remarkable; the door of entrance is of bronze, ſculpted in *baſſo relievo*; the ſubject relates to Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, *&c.* and are not ill executed. Towards the further end of the church is found *la Santiſſima Caſa*, built of a kind of ſtone, which exactly reſembles brick; the outſide is incruſted with

Holy Houſe.

with marble, as a caſe for it: this caſing is loaded with various ornaments of ſculpture, all heavy and ill done. They tell you, that the ſtones with which this houſe is built never wear, although rubbed and ſcraped continually by the pilgrims; yet the marble pavement, which is modern, is extremely worn by their knees, continually trailing themſelves round and round it, one after the other. As I was looking up at the architecture, and not attending to my footing, I made a *faux pas*, and ſtumbling, tumbled over a ſturdy female pilgrim, who was proceeding on her knees, ſaying her prayers, and in a great heat and ſweat; I could not help laughing, and I begged her pardon with the beſt grace I could, the other pilgrims laughed alſo, at the oddity of the accident; the woman was ſurpriſed, but not angry. The *Santa Caſa* is ſurrounded with a great number of ſilver lamps (very thin), which burn conſtantly. In the interiour is placed the miraculous image, with the infant Jeſus: the Virgin is made of cedar, but having been in a fire, from which it was miraculouſly preſerved, is as black as a coal. She is dreſſed in a very bad taſte, with a farthingale, or old-faſhioned hoop-petticoat: the outſide garment is gold or ſilver ſtuff, I am not clear which; ſhe is in ſuch a cloud of ſmoke, proceeding from the lamps, that I could not be certain; you are not permitted to touch her. She had ſeveral *crochets* of diamonds, reaching from the top of her ſtomacher

down to the hem of her petticoat, but they appeared to me to be compoſed of a great mixture of ſtones, none of any great value, and many very indifferent; I ſaw none ſo fine, or ſo large, as ſome belonging to the dutcheſs of *Montilibretti* at Rome: ſhe wears a triple crown ſet with jewels, and a black gauze veil; ſhe has new clothes every year, and her veil, when ſhe puts it off, is cut into ſmall pieces, and ſold, or given to devout perſons, and genteel pilgrims, as a charm againſt witchcraft. As to the coloured precious ſtones, they are by no means good, being for the moſt part clouded and ſtreaky, and many of them no better than the root of emerald, amethyſt, ruby, *&c.* Here are ſome lamps of fine gold, but extremely thin. Several votive gifts, preſented by various princes and great people, decorate the image; ſuch as hearts, chains of gold ſet with precious ſtones, cruciſixes, *&c.*; in particular, a ſtatue of an angel, ſhewn for gold, but which appears to me to be ſilver gilt; he is in a kneeling poſture to the Virgin, and offers a gold, or gilt heart, ſet with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. This ſtatue was preſented to the Virgin, by James the Second's Queen of England, who was of the houſe of Eſte, in order that the Virgin in return might give her in exchange a ſon; her gift was *accepted*, her requeſt was *granted*, and ſhe produced the *Pretender*. On the other ſide of the Virgin is a like ſtatue; this is of ſilver, was preſented at the

the ſame time, and offers a heart in the like manner; the gift of Laura, widow of Alphonſus the Fourth, duke of Modena, and mother of James the Second's Queen. Here is alſo another ſilver angel, preſenting Louis the Fourteenth (who is made of gold) upon a cuſhion: they told us, this golden infant was made exactly of the ſame weight with the living infant when juſt born. The nich in which the Virgin is placed, is lined with ſilver, and ornamented with gold; but I ſuſpect many of the plates that appear to be gold, to be no more than ſilver gilt. The door-caſe, and architraves of the window, are ornamented with plates of the ſame metal: it was by this window that the angel Gabriel entered to ſalute the Virgin. There is a fine altar at her feet, and before it a ſilver baluſtrade, which ſeparates this *Sanctum Sanctorum* from the reſt of the houſe, which in ſize is no more than thirty feet by thirteen, and about eighteen high. The canons who ſhew this place, were extremely polite and obliging to us; they admitted us behind the ſanctuary to the holy chimney or hearth, which is exactly beneath the nitch wherein the Virgin ſtands, and in which fire-place or hearth is a trunk that belonged to her: here they ſhewed us the *Santiſſima Scodella* or porringer, which is of coarſe blackiſh earthen-ware, broke in two or three places, and ſtuck together with maſtic; this they aſſert to be the ſame in which the pap was made for the infant Jeſus; the canon

permitted me to take it in my hand, which was a prodigious favour, and I deſired him to ſhake about in it ſome roſaries, chaplets, *&c.* which I had purchaſed to preſent to ſome Roman Catholic friends in France, and I begged him to do every thing by them, which ſhould render them *extraordinary efficacious*; ſo they have been ſhook about in the porringer, rubbed to the holy walls, and to the image and all; he could not help ſmiling at my requeſt. There are but eight canons, they are the only gentlemen that inhabit this city; here alſo is a widow lady, a marchioneſs, * * * * * * * * * * *; the other citizens are all common and poor people.

We were much diſappointed at the ſight of the treaſury; the treaſures they keep ſhut up in preſſes, and are by no means very valuable: here you find a few indifferent cameos; the gems in general, and in particular, are but a paltry collection. The famous pearl appears to be formed of three or four grown together; it is a miſhapen maſs, not fine, though they have helped it here and there with ſome colouring, in order to induce *the faithful* to *fancy* they diſcover a rude repreſentation of the Virgin ſeated upon a cloud.

Her ſcarlet camlet gown, which ſhe wore when the angel Gabriel appeared to her, is incloſed with great care in a glaſs-caſe.

The

The pictures are all very indifferent, excepting two; one of which is by Annibal Carrachi, and repreſents the nativity of the Virgin. The other, is attributed to Raffaello; the figure of the Virgin is faulty, her head not being well placed on her ſhoulders, but the infant is ſo well done, and ſo natural, that at the firſt view it appears like a living child; the keeping and clare obſcure being admirably conducted. They told us, that lord Exeter would have given them ſixteen hundred pounds ſterling for this picture. We were offered a ſight of the cellars, which they ſaid contained one hundred and forty very large tons of wine; out of one of the tons may be drawn three ſorts of wine from the ſame ſpicket, but we declined viſiting them. Here is a *Speziale*, or apothecary's ſhop, where all ſorts of common drugs, particularly *ointments*, *Venice treacle*, *plaſters*, *&c.* are provided for the uſe of the pilgrims *gratis:* here is alſo a great number of large gally-pots of fine earthen-ware, painted by Raffaello and Giulio Romano, well worth the attention of the curious. The prieſt who ſhewed us the Santa Caſa was ſo obliging, as to preſent me with ſome morſels of *Noſtra Dama*'s black veil of laſt year ſtuck upon a paper, ſigned and ſealed, *&c.* as indubitable atteſtations of the identity of the ſaid veil, *&c.* The great reputation of the Santa Caſa, has much declined within theſe few years, from a lack of

Annibal Carrachi.

Raffaello.

Raffaello. Giulio Romano.

devotion in mankind; our conductor, and ſome other holy men we converſed with, owned the Virgin had not received a gift of value from any prince or crowned head, for theſe ſixty years paſt; and that few pilgrims came now, compared with the numbers that uſed to viſit Loretto ſome years paſt: it is remarkable, that this day, one of the firſt in the year for the arrival of pilgrims, we ſaw no more than twelve of them enter Loretto. About ten pilgrims on an average yearly arrive from England, where the people of Loretto believe thoſe of the Roman Catholic religion ſtick up more ſtrictly to the principles of their faith, than do thoſe of France or Italy; and I join them in opinion. They aſſured us, that for many years paſt, ſcarce any great people had performed the journey; and added, *their pilgrimage need not be conſidered by them as very painful, as they might perform it in a poſt-chaiſe, or otherwiſe, provided they walk but a little, when the weather proved favourable.* Pilgrims are fed and lodged *gratis* on the road, and during their ſtay in the town. Thoſe we ſaw were all common people, ſturdy, lazy vagabonds, who, preferring ſloth and idleneſs to labour and induſtry, ſet out on what they call a pilgrimage, as it coſts them nothing; and I make no doubt, fail not to pilfer what they can on their route: I ſhould be as much afraid to meet a *poſſe* of theſe pilgrims, as to encounter a band of robbers

bers in a lonely place. The Adriatic Sea is but one mile from the city, and were not the Turks perſuaded the treaſures of Loretto would not ſufficiently reward their trouble, it ſeems probable they might land and take the town, *porringer*, *ſanta caſa*, treaſury, and all its trumpery, with the greateſt eaſe.

To-morrow morning we depart for Bologna; our journey from Rome has hitherto been to me a painful pilgrimage, I aſſure you; and my expectation here thoroughly diſappointed.

P. S. If you ſhould be ſtill curious in regard to the Santa Caſa, I have provided myſelf with a book, containing various views of it, its treaſures, its journey through the clouds, its conveyance by angels, its nightly flights from region to region, which you ſhall ſtudy at your leiſure, *if you chuſe it.* The annual landed revenue of the holy houſe amounts to fifteen thouſand pounds ſterling: no bad *broth* for their *porringer*.

Encloſed you have a letter from father Gillibrand, an Engliſh Jeſuit at Loretto, to M——, to ſatisfy his inquiries in regard to the holy houſe.

" Dear

" Dear Sir, Loretto, 21ſt May, 1771.

" I Tried ſeveral methods to tranſcribe the ſhort " hiſtory you deſired; but finding it impoſ- " ſible, on account of ſome oil ſpilt upon the " ſtone, was obliged to ſend you a tranſlation of " it from the Latin, found in an ancient MS. " of the Auguſtinian library at Rome, and con- " fronted with one of Taremani; bearing date " 1460. The accuracy of mine, you will find, " upon comparing it with the French, to be met " with in a ſmall French book I gave to Mr. Ful- " larton, to whom my grateful reſpects, as alſo " to Mr. ——, lady, family, *&c.* yea, to all the " Engliſh there."

A ſuccinct Account of the miraculous Conveyance of the Bleſſed Virgin Mary's Houſe, from Nazareth to Loretto.

" THE chapel of Loretto was the houſe of the " Bleſſed Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord Jeſus " Chriſt, and ſtood in a city of Galilee, called " Nazareth, in which the Bleſſed Virgin herſelf " was born, brought up, and ſaluted by the angel; " in which alſo ſhe bred her ſon Jeſus Chriſt " unto the age of twelve years. After Chriſt's " aſcenſion, the apoſtles and diſciples, reflecting " on the many divine myſteries wrought in the " ſaid houſe, decreed by common conſent to con-

" ſecrate it into a chapel, and dedicate it in honour
" and memory of the Bleſſed Virgin Mary, which
" they accordingly did, and in it had divine ſer-
" vice. St. Luke the Evangeliſt is ſaid to have
" made an image of the Bleſſed Virgin, which is
" kept there to this day; the people of thoſe parts
" had it in great honours and devotions, while
" they were Chriſtians; but no ſooner did they
" embrace the Mahometan religion, than the
" angels conveyed it to a caſtle, called Fiuene, in
" Sclavonia; yet not being honoured there as it
" ought, the angels carried it over the ſea, and
" fixed it in a wood belonging to a noble woman,
" called Laurata of Recanati, whence it takes the
" name of our Lady of Loretto: but many rob-
" beries and murders being committed, by reaſon
" of the great concourſe of nations to ſee it, the
" angels again removed it to a neighbouring hill
" belonging to two brothers, who falling out
" about the preſents made to it, cauſed the angels
" once more to remove it to the high-road, where
" it now ſtands without foundations, attended by
" many ſigns, wonders, and favours.

" The people of Recanati came to examine it,
" and finding it ſo, were afraid of its falling, and
" therefore cauſed it to be ſupported by a more
" ſubſtantial wall, and well founded, as is ſeen to
" this day. During all this, no one could be met
" with, to give any account of its origin, or how
" it came there, until the Bleſſed Virgin herſelf

" appeared

" appeared to an aged perſon, devoted to her " ſervice, and revealed to him the whole, in the " year of our Lord 1296. He divulged it imme- " diately to ſeveral prudent men, who, bent upon " knowing the truth, ſelected ſixteen notable " ſworn men, to viſit the holy ſepulchre, and the " city of Nazareth: theſe taking the meaſure of " the ſaid chapel, found its foundations left at " Nazareth, to correſpond to a hair, with an " inſcription upon a neighbouring wall, ſetting " forth, that there had been ſuch a houſe there, " but that it was vaniſhed they did not know " where; the aforeſaid ſixteen men atteſted all " this to be true, upon oath. From that time " forward, all Chriſtian people had, and have a " great veneration for it, ſince the Bleſſed Virgin " Mary has, and does favour it with innumerable " miracles daily, as experience ſhews.

" Here was a hermit, called brother Paul de " Sylve, who lived in a hut in the wood, not far " from the chapel, and went to it every morning " to recite the divine office. He was a man of a " very abſtemious and ſanctified life, and ſaid, " now about ten years ago, that upon the feaſt of " the nativity of the Bleſſed Virgin, viz. the eighth " of September, two hours before day, and the " wind blowing clear, he ſaw a bright light de- " ſcend from heaven upon the ſaid chapel, about " twelve feet in height, and ſix in breadth; it " diſappeared as ſoon as it came to the chapel;

" this,

" this, he ſaid, was the Bleſſed Virgin that came
" there on her feaſt.

" To render all this the more credible, two
" worthy men of this town, the one called Paul
" Renalduece, and the other Francis, alias Prior,
" have often atteſted the ſame to me, the provoſt
" of Teremani, and governor of this church.
" The firſt affirmed, that his grandfather's grand-
" father ſaw the angels carry it acroſs the ſea, and
" place it in that wood; and that he, with ſeveral
" others, had often viſited it in the ſame wood:
" the ſecond, who was then one hundred and
" twenty years of age, often told me, that he
" himſelf had viſited it in that wood; he alſo ſaid
" to many other creditable people, that his grand-
" father had a houſe in that wood, in which he
" lived, and was tenant to the ſaid chapel; but
" that it was carried away, and placed upon the
" hills of the two brothers as aforeſaid, during his
" own time. So ends the ſtory.

" I believe I could cite a hundred that have
" written in defence of the above, and only five
" or ſix againſt it: but the oddneſs of its circum-
" ſtances, as evident to ſenſe, have greater in-
" fluence with me, than all authority. It could
" not be built in one night, ſo as to look a thou-
" ſand years old next morning. It is built with-
" out a foundation (a thing never done before
" or ſince to any other houſe), and yet has ſtood
" even here near five hundred years, with walls

" near

" near half a foot out of the perpendicular, and " wood in the walls as hard as ever, yea, a beam " under everybody's feet has outlaſted marble " floors. The walls are of ſtone, cut out of the " living rock, of a ſort not to be found in Italy, " but only in a quarry yet exiſting near Nazareth; " it is not ſupported by any thing, and never was " yet repaired: facts are ſtubborn proofs, and " can never ply to prejudice. Excuſe the liberty " of declaring my ſentiments, and reſt aſſured of " my being in every thing elſe, dear Sir,

" your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

" R. Gillibrand."

" *P. S.* I ſhould be glad to know where you " are, and how you are, from any part of the " globe."

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

Ancona, May the 20th, 1771.

LAST night I ſent a letter for you to the poſt; as every ſtep we now take brings us nearer to you, my letters will reach you in more frequent ſucceſſion. We have been this morning to ſee the famous triumphal arch, erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan, his wife, and ſiſter. Its ſituation is upon an eminence above the Mole, and muſt make a fine appearance when viewed from the ſea, being built of marble of Paros, of a beautiful kind, and full of ſhining particles, which glitter in the ſun: it is in good preſervation, though in ſo expoſed a ſituation; and before it was ſpoiled of its bronze ſtatues, trophies, *&c.* muſt have been a moſt noble monument of Roman magnificence. From this arch there is a fine view of the Adriatic and the coaſt. The Mole, when completed, will be a ſtupendous work; it is carried on ſolely by the galley-ſlaves; the cement uſed in the building is Pouzolane, brought in boats from Puozzoli and the coaſts of Baïa: we do not think it worth while to lie by here, although De Lalande mentions ſome pictures in the church; ſo ſhall depart as ſoon as the poſt-horſes are ready, and

and preſs forward to reach Bologna as ſoon as poſſible. This ſea-port is not an ugly town; the ſituation is eligible, and the people appear more induſtrious, richer, cleaner, and happier than in moſt other Italian towns; I except the great capitals: the cauſes of this difference are ſelf-evident, *viz.* toleration of all religions, and a permiſſion to people of every nation to ſettle here: it is moſt remarkable, that this place ſhould belong to the Holy See, and yet enjoy ſuch privileges. On one of the gates of the town is this inſcription,

Alma fides, proceres, veſtram quæ condidit urbem,
Gaudet in hoc, ſociâ vivere pace, loco.

On this coaſt they take a moſt extraordinary ſpecies of fiſh, which are generally ſent to Rome and much eſteemed there; they are found encloſed in ſtones; have a diſguſting, naked, and raw appearance; and reſemble more a kind of clear tranſparent fleſh than fiſh: I believe the high eſtimation they are held in, ariſes more from the difficulty of procuring them, than from any other reaſon, as we thought them but very indifferent eating. The horſes are ready, ſo adieu for the preſent.

Rimini, 12 o'clock at night.

This has been a hard day's journey, and though tired, I reſume my pen for you: we have come to-day eight poſts and a half, which is about ſixty-ſeven

ſeven miles, and did not leave Ancona as early as we ſhould have done; the viewing the arch and mole took us up ſome time, and accounts for our late arrival at this town: half our road lay cloſe to the ſea ſide, and ſometimes a little in the ſea till we reached Peſaro. The proſpect is very agreeable the whole way; on one ſide the Adriatic, and on the other a fertile country well cultivated and well peopled. Sinegalia, Fano, and Peſaro are places noted in hiſtory, but do not contain any very remarkable antiquities, pictures, *&c.* Our road lay over great part of the Flaminian way, which terminates with this town. It is famous in antiquity for being the firſt place that Cæſar poſſeſſed himſelf of after he had paſſed the Rubicon. On entering it, we paſſed under a famous triumphal arch of Auguſtus; this place is now an inconſiderable ſea-port. Good night, tomorrow we hope to reach Bologna.

May 22, Bologna. Here we ſafely arrived laſt night, after a long day's journey; at leaſt I thought it ſo, the hot weather greatly augmenting the fatigue of travelling. We quitted Rimini yeſterday morning, and paſſed the river Mareccia, over the beautiful marble antique bridge, compoſed of five arches of equal dimenſions. From Rimini our road lay through Santa Giuſtina, and we croſſed a river called the Luſo. Savignano is a ſmall village a few miles from thence: leaving this place, we croſſed another river, called the Fiume-

Bologna.

Antique Bridge.

Fiumeſino: but the moſt remarkable of the many rivers that cut this road, is the Piſatello or Rubicon, the ancient and famous *Rubicon*, which at this day is but a very inconſiderable ſtream. Ceſano our next poſt is a pretty little town, ſituated at the foot of a mountain: this place, as alſo Forli and Faenza, are all mentioned in hiſtory. Before we reached Forli, we paſſed through Ravenna alſo, where we experienced the truth of what is ſaid concerning the badneſs of the water, as well as of its ſcarcity; they boil it, in order to make it wholeſome, and it is ſo thick from the numbers of *animalculæ* contained in it, that it is neceſſary to ſtrain it alſo; after all this cookery it ſtinks abominably: the wine is excellent, richer than Cyprus: the people of this place look ſhockingly ill; they are of a kind of lead-colour. When we changed horſes, we obſerved the poſt-boys had brought water with them, to exchange for an equal quantity of wine, from the former poſt-houſe, which was done in our preſence. Imola is famous for having produced ſeveral celebrated perſons and excellent poets, one of whom is now alive and reſides there, the ingenious Count Camillo Zampieri. We paſſed rivers ſo frequently in our road from Rimini hither, that it grew at laſt extremely tireſome, otherwiſe the road is good.

The moment our arrival was known though paſt eight o'clock at night, ſeveral of our Bologna friends

friends called upon us, and others ſent us the moſt obliging meſſages; we can never forget, nor fail to acknowledge, the very friendly and kind manner in which we were at all times treated by the Bologneſe families in general, and in particular by our much eſteemed friend the Vice-Legate. We find it indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſtay here a few days; it would be highly ungrateful not to comply with the preſſing inſtances of thoſe to whom we owe ſo large a debt of acknowledgment. * * * * * * * * * *

We are extremely well lodged at the *Pelegrino*, where the people of the inn gave us as kind a reception in their way, as if we had conferred an obligation upon them: indeed we always conſider it as a duty to recommend to our countrymen, ſuch inns and houſes as have lodged and uſed us well; and I think every traveller ought to be careful to make this diſtinction, otherwiſe the inſolent and the impoſing may fare equally well with the civil and reaſonable. Here are letters juſt arrived from you and from England. * * * * * * * * * I ſhall write once more from hence, and am, as ever, *&c.*

LETTER XLIX.

Bologna, May the 28th, 1771.

WE have never been out of company and amuſements ſince our arrival here, and the weather has contributed to make theſe few days paſs away delightfully. There are ſeveral pretty villas and gardens in the environs of this city. We have paſſed our afternoons moſt agreeably. One day, after a ſuperb dinner at the Cardinal Legate's, he was ſo obliging as to conduct us himſelf, with two other ladies and two gentlemen, to the elegant villa of the ingenious and learned Count Algarotti: you muſt know it is a very great honour in this country to be invited to acompany a Cardinal Legate in his own coach; it is rarely the portion of his moſt intimate acquaintance and friends, and this, as it may have probably been the firſt time it has happened to ſtrangers, I acquaint you with, leſt you ſhould *not* be ſurpriſed at it. His *cortege* conſiſted of two fine gilt coaches, drawn by beautiful horſes decked with trappings and ribbons: his pages and gentlemen on horſeback; his troop of light-horſe attended as guards: paſſing through the town the people all turned out of their houſes, and the

ſtreets were extremely crowded in order to receive his benediction, which he beſtowed upon them by ſtretching out his hand. However, as even *Legates* themſelves are ſubject to accidents, his Eminence's coachman, by way of making a ſhort cut, miſſed his way, and the coaches very narrowly eſcaped being overturned in croſſing a ſhallow river. This, as you may ſuppoſe, occaſioned ſome loſs of time, and not a little vexation to the company. Though we went at a great rate, it was late in the evening when we arrived at the villa, where an elegant ſupper was preparing, and the houſe in the niceſt order, in caſe we ſhould chuſe to remain there till the next day; but after viewing the villa and its very pretty gardens, upon our expreſſing a deſire to return to Bologna, it was immediately complied with, and we were all ſet down at the Opera-houſe, where the audience had waited a conſiderable time, doubtful if the Cardinal Legate meant to *aſſiſt* there or not that evening: we had the honour of ſitting in his box, and the inſtant he appeared the curtain was drawn up. This opera is truly fine; it is complete in muſic, both vocal and inſtrumental; the ſcenery and decorations beautiful; the *ballets* well performed by two hundred dancers, and admirably adapted to the ſubject of the opera, which is Orpheus and Eurydice. The morning of that day, above three thouſand Jeſuits arrived from different places, whence they have been exiled, as Spain, Portu-

gal, France, Parma, the Spaniſh Weſt-Indies, &c. they are only paſſing through the town; ſome going to Rome, others to places where they may with ſafety conceal themſelves, and moſt of them appear to be in a very wretched and ſtarving condition: we ſaw them paſs through the ſtreets in the morning from our windows, but I was more ſurpriſed to find the pit of the opera crowded with them in the evening. We paſſed another afternoon at the villa belonging to the once famous ſinger *Farinello*. General Angeleli, a very fine old gentleman, recommended ſtrongly to us to go and ſee *Farinello* and his villa, aſſuring us they were both curious and worthy our notice; adding, that this once famous ſinger is upon ſo good a footing here, as to be viſited by the firſt families in Bologna. When we came thither, we were ſurpriſed to find an elegant houſe built in the taſte of an Engliſh villa, on what is there generally called an Italian plan: the grounds about the houſe are laid out in the Engliſh ſtyle, *(ferme ornée)* his cattle come up to the door; his hay harveſt is juſt over, and the hayſtacks are made up in the corner of one of his fields as with us; his trees are planted in hedge-rows and clumps, and the neatneſs and ſimplicity is ſuch, that I could ſcarce perſuade myſelf that we were not in England. He received us moſt politely at the gate, and ſhewed us into an excellent ſaloon for muſic, where we found the Vice-Legate and ſeve-

ral of our acquaintance converſing, and from them we learnt, that they frequented this villa, often paſſed their evenings here, and treated it as belonging to themſelves. Signor Carlo (as Farinello * is called at Bologna) is in perſon extremely tall and thin, and though conſiderably advanced in years has a youthful air. The moment we had entered his houſe, he began to expreſs his obligations to the Engliſh nation, for the kind protection and approbation they had beſtowed on him when in London; naming ſeveral of diſtinguiſhed rank who flouriſhed in his day, and who had treated him in the moſt generous manner, by aiding him with their bounty, and honouring him with their protection: he concluded, after having made the moſt grateful acknowledgments, with ſaying, he owed to the *Engliſh* that villa and land which he poſſeſſed, and the means of enjoying the remainder of his life in plenty, tranquillity, and eaſe.

Very genteel refreſhments of every kind were brought in, and this man appears in his own houſe as if he was made to ſerve all thoſe who honour him with their company, and without the leaſt conſciouſneſs of his being the owner: he bears an excellent character, and is much eſteemed by all the Bologneſe; his villa is neatly furniſhed, but

* The King of Spain has conferred upon him the dignity of Grandee of Spain.

very ſimple. I obſerved a picture of an Engliſh lady, at full length, in a magnificent frame: ſhe is about the middle ſize, of a very genteel make, dreſſed in a pink night-gown, muſlin apron, and a chip hat; I could not prevail on him to tell me who it was drawn for. He is alſo poſſeſſed of one of the fineſt harpſichords, I ſuppoſe, in the world; the portrait and this harpſichord are what he moſt values of all he is maſter of.

I could expatiate on the environs of this town till I had filled a long letter, but am obliged to quit the ſubject abruptly, having juſt received a moſt obliging meſſage from the Cardinal Legate to ſay, that he has commanded the opera to be performed again this evening, in conſequence of our intention to quit Bologna to-morrow; and as we approved of it much, he thought it might be agreeable to us to ſee it again before our departure. This is being kindly attentive, and a very great compliment in his Eminence, as it was not to have been performed till to-morrow evening. So adieu, for this invitation muſt be complied with, though I had rather employ the evening in your ſervice. We are determined to go to-morrow; for were we to leave it in the leaſt doubtful, our kind friends would invent ſome *fête* to detain us ſtill longer. Adieu, I ſhall write again at the firſt place we ſleep at, on our road to Venice.

I am, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER L.

Ferrara, May the 29th.

WE left Bologna this morning at ten o'clock, and ſleep here to-night. We have come only thirty miles to-day, having ſtopped at Cento for above two hours (it being but ſix miles out of our way), in order to ſee ſome remarkable paintings, by Guercino, who was born there; his real name was Giovanni Franceſco Barbieri, but he was nick-named Guercino, from his having but one eye. Cento.

In the church belonging to the Jeſuits college is a St. Jerome, and the Virgin ſuckling the infant Jeſus: it is a remarkable circumſtance in regard to this picture, that Guercino, by his will, ordered his heirs not to permit any perſon, upon what pretext ſoever, to take a copy of it. It is certainly good, the *chiaro oſcuro* is well preſerved, and the Ciceroni who ſhews it, points out ſome peculiarities worthy attention: when you walk backward and forward before it, the infant always appears to follow you with his eyes; alſo the other figures, as well in front as on either ſide, ſtill appear in a proper point of view, though not in the ſame. This effect muſt proceed from his great Church. Guercino.

great judgment in the doctrine of viſion, and the effects of light and ſhadow. Alſo by the ſame maſter, an Eliſha raiſing from the dead the ſon of the Shunamite; great expreſſion in this piece.

Church of the Roſary. Gennaro.

In the Church of the Roſary is a St. Jerome, a St. John, and a St. Thomas; the laſt by Gennaro, Guercino's maſter. In another church called *Nome de Dio*, is a prodigious fine picture of Jeſus Chriſt's appearance to the bleſſed Virgin, after his reſurrection.

Il Duomo Guercino.

In *il Duomo* is another painting, by Guercino; the ſubject, Jeſus Chriſt giving the keys of Paradiſe to St. Peter. At the church of the Capuchin Monks without the town, is an agreeable picture by the ſame maſter, repreſenting the diſciples at Emaus; and a Madonna, which is a portrait of Guercino's miſtreſs.

The road from Cento is too rough to be commodious; it lies over the ſea-beach, or rather in a ſhallow ſea. The rivers are diſagreeable to paſs, and the journey by no means pleaſant.

Ferrara.

Ferrara, where they ſhewed us ſome good pictures, is ſituated on a branch of the Po. In the refectory of the Carthuſian Church, is a repreſentation of the marriage feaſt in Cana of Galilee, by Bononi; they aſſured us, that they have been offered for it as many pieces of gold as would cover it.

Bononi.

In

In the Church of St. Benedetto is a curious picture, by Bononi; it repreſents Herod and Herodias, but they are the portraits of Alphonſo duke of Ferrara and his miſtreſs; here is alſo the tomb of Arioſto. Church of St. Benedetto.

To-morrow morning we ſet forward for Venice, from whence I ſhall immediately write, leſt you ſhould be idle enough to think a freſh-water journey more dangerous than a land one, and ſo fancy us at the bottom of the *Po*, which you muſt know is one of the fineſt rivers in the world. Good night, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER LI.

From the Po, May 30, 1771.

WE quitted Ferrara this morning, proceeding to a ſmall village called Francolino, which is only five miles diſtant from thence: we embarked at two o'clock on board one of the boats that are kept there, for the purpoſe of conveyance to Venice, and ſhall reach that city to-morrow about three o'clock afternoon, at the rate of about eight miles an hour; and as the weather is extremely fine, we mean to paſs the night on the *Po*; though there are no luxurious conveniences for ſleeping on board: however, it is ſo improbable that we ſhould find tolerable accommodation at a wretched inn in any wretched village ſhould we land, that the ſleeping on a table in the middle of the boat, with a broad bench on one ſide, ſeems preferable to us. We are well protected from the ſun, and the river is as ſmooth as a looking-glaſs: it appears to be about half a mile broad; the banks are not deep, and the verdure meets the water's edge in a gentle ſlope: at ſome diſtance, and on each ſide, are cottages and farm-houſes, with fine grazing meadows about them; the country appears well planted and cultivated. Our baggage is all on board with us,

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and our carriage makes a droll appearance in the boat, I aſſure you: we never travelled ſo agreeably in our lives; our rowers work hard, keeping time in their ſtrokes. I have had the prudence to lay in the following articles for our voyage; in the firſt place, two or three books for our amuſement, my mandoline and ſome muſic books, which I have unpacked, a tinder-box and bougies for the night, a cold ham, cold fowls, Permeſan cheeſe, wine, good water, and a dozen of lemons: the eatables are from Ferrara, which being the reſidence of a Cardinal, is well ſupplied with proviſions for the table. It is now night, and the riſing moon ſeems enamoured of her refulgent charms, reflected in the calm boſom of the Po. We have gone about ſix and thirty miles, and are juſt entering a canal; here our rowers become uſeleſs, as we muſt be towed by horſes through ſeveral canals, and we are preparing to go to reſt. Our boat-men ſleep on their benches by their oars, within a blanket provided for that purpoſe, our courier along with them. By way of kindneſs, a thick black woollen curtain has been put up for us, ſo faſtened over and about our wooden ceiling, that I thought juſt now we ſhould have been ſmothered with heat; the muſquitos, which are like gnats, begin to infeſt us. Good night, I hope theſe tormenting creatures will at length ſleep themſelves alſo.

May

May the 31ſt. I have paſſed but a bad night, through the ſtings of the muſquitos and my own timidity. Notwithſtanding my endeavours to ſecure my face from theſe tormentors by covering it all over, ſave as much of the end of my noſe as was neceſſary for breathing, yet theſe cunning animals diſcovered that vulnerable morſel, and bit me moſt barbarouſly; the reſt of my face eſcaped; but they have taken ample revenge of my hands and arms, which are in a miſerable condition with moſt violent itchings, and my ſkin is much inflamed: they never moleſted M——. Notwithſtanding their efforts I ſhould have ſlept on, had it not been that I was ſuddenly waked by the ſound of the oddeſt groans, accompanied with a kind of ſighing and ſtifled lamentations, as I apprehended. Though extremely afraid, I ventured to look through a crack in the curtain, when, to my great terror, I thought I ſaw a tall man hanging up, much embarraſſed in a quantity of clothes: I ſuppoſed the wailings I had heard to have proceeded from this perſon. I wakened M—— in a hurry, and told him my fears; he immediately got up and walked to the end of the boat with a piſtol in each hand, where this apparition ſhewed itſelf; but judge of my ſurpriſe, when it appeared that the groans and lamentations proceeded from the ropes by which we were towed; and the hanging man was nothing but a parcel of weeds which had collected

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and ſtuck about them. Drawing nearer to Venice when the ſun was riſen, we perceived the ſides of the canals to be prettily embelliſhed with ſmall pleaſure-houſes, gardens, and coffee-houſes: about eight o'clock the people of one of theſe latter ſtepping into our boat brought us coffee, upon which we breakfaſted, continuing our voyage at the ſame time.

Two o'clock. We are now within two miles of Venice; but the wind is riſen, and being rather againſt us, are obliged to take the aſſiſtance of another boat, come out to us for that purpoſe, being no longer towed by horſes. I think my letter would make an admirable ſupplement to the *Voiageur de St. Cloud tant par mere que par terre.* Venice has appeared before us for three miles paſt: but now, on our nearer approach, I believe the world cannot produce a more ſurpriſing, or more beautiful view; a city riſing out of the boſom of the waves, crowned with glittering ſpires. This ſea we are now upon is called the *Lagunes*, becauſe of its calm property, being in a manner like a lake of ſea-water; it is ſhallow, and not ſubject to agitation by ſtorms. Adieu for the preſent, having juſt gained the great canal of Venice.

Venice. We are lodged in a large palace, now converted into an *hotel* for ſtrangers; it is called the *Palazzo Contarini.* We have the ſame apartment our acquaintance lord L—— lately occupied; Venice.

pied; it is much too large, but there is not a ſmaller that is commodious; judge of the ſize, when our antichamber, or outer ſaloon, is an hundred and twenty feet long, and wide and lofty in proportion; our ſitting-room within is a cube of forty; our bedchamber and dreſſing-rooms exceedingly good and convenient; the ſaloon is ſtuccoed, but the reſt of the apartments richly furniſhed, and hung with crimſon damaſk. The ſaloon opens into a large balcony, from which is a beautiful view of the *Rialto* and the grand canal, to appearance about a quarter of a mile broad, bordered with ſeveral fine palaces and well built houſes; ſome of which are painted in freſco on the outſide. The canal is covered with gondolas, theſe though black have not ſo diſmal an effect as you would imagine. This hotel is kept by a Frenchman, who is married to a Venetian woman; they appear to be a good ſort of people, and I think very reaſonable in their demands: we are to give them twenty paols a day for our lodging, dinner, and ſupper, not including breakfaſt or wine. Our gondola is to coſt us eight paols *per* day. I ſhall ſend this letter directly to the poſt, as I am ſure you cannot be too ſoon informed of our having made a happy voyage. I am as ever, on land or on water, *&c.*

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LETTER LII.

Venice, June the 6th, 1771.

I Have juſt received three letters from you * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *; I thank you for the news, and I aſſure you the Engliſh papers, which are ſent here, have furniſhed us with a great deal of amuſement: theſe contain ſome extraordinary anecdotes reſpecting ſome well-known perſons, which I ſhall mention, as perhaps you may not yet have heard them. * * * * * * * * * * Although it is carnival almoſt the year round at Venice, it is not ſo juſt now, which I cannot in the leaſt regret; for though I think a maſqued ball a very elegant amuſement in France and Italy, yet to be obliged to go about every where in maſquerade, muſt be extremely diſagreeable, and ſubject to many inconveniences, which is the caſe here in carnival time.

The Engliſh envoy Sir J— W— is not here at preſent, nor the French either; the conſul of the latter nation, Monſieur le Blond de la Motte, ſupplies his place. Mr. Udney the Britiſh conſul is here, and his very genteel manners make him extremely agreeable to Engliſh travellers: he lives

well with the Venetians, has an admirable taſte in pictures, and poſſeſſes himſelf no inconſiderable collection. There is no conveyance in this town but by water; out of the door of your lodging, you ſtep into your gondola inſtead of your coach; the motion of them is extremely agreeable: two gondoliers manage it ſo dexterouſly, that they will whip round a ſharp corner of theſe watery ſtreets with more agility, than the beſt coachman in London can take a ſhort turn there. He that governs the helm, ſtands in the moſt graceful attitude imaginable. The firſt orders we gave to our gondoliers, were to conduct us to the *Place St. Mark*, which is the only ſpot one can call *terra firma* in this city. We were ſoon there, and found it anſwer all its deſcriptions. This is the centre of Venetian amuſement; here you ſee every body; hear all the news of the day, and every point diſcuſſed: here aſſemble ſenators, nobles, merchants, fine ladies, and the meaneſt of the people: Jews, Turks, puppets, Greeks, mountebanks, all ſorts of jugglers and ſights. Although ſuch a heterogeneous mixture of people throng this place during the day, and often paſs great part of the night here, yet there is no riot or diſturbance: the Venetians are ſo accuſtomed to ſee ſtrangers, as not to be the leaſt ſurpriſed at their being dreſſed in a faſhion different from themſelves; nor inclined to eſteem them objects of ridicule, on account of their not ſpeaking the Venetian language:

Place St. Mark.

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in ſhort, from the moment you enter the Place St. Mark, the advantage a free government has over a deſpotic is obvious in the eaſy and liberal manners of the people; the ſame air extends to their faces, and it is rare to meet any body at Venice with a dark ſuſpicious countenance. Here are arcades or *piazzas*, extremely convenient for ſhelter from the ſun, wind, or rain; under ſome of them are coffee-houſes and ſhops: in the former, the women enter as freely as the men, make their parties, are ſerved with all kinds of refreſhments, and converſe with as much eaſe as if they were in their own houſes. The two columns of granite, which terminate this Place St. Mark on the ſide of the ſea, were brought hither from Greece, and give the entrance a noble air.

The portico or piazza which is under the palace of St. Mark, is called the *Broglio*, and is deſtined to the noble Venetians, who repair to this walk in the morning to converſe at their eaſe about the buſineſs of the ſtate; the people and others are careful not to mix with them on theſe occaſions, nor even by walking too near the *Broglio* hazard the interrupting them. There is an univerſal politeneſs here in every rank; the people expect a civil deportment from their nobles towards them, and they return it with much reſpect and veneration; but ſhould *a noble* aſſume an inſolent arrogant manner towards his inferior, it would not be born with. I was at firſt ſurpriſed at the quick

The Broglio.

Manners of the people.

tranſition, from the frothy compliments which fall from the ſervile mouths of thoſe who champ the bit of a deſpotic government, and the ſtyle of compliment here; the higheſt expreſſion in this way at Venice being *Gentil Donna*, which ſignifies *honeſt woman*, or woman of honour, which I think has much the ſame ſenſe; and upon entering a ſhop, the tradeſman addreſſing me to know what I would have, called me *cara Ella:* when at Rome or Naples, ſuch a man would have ſtyled me *Eccellenza*, *Illuſtriſſima*. I own I feel myſelf infinitely more obliged to a Venetian, who ſtyles me and believes me to be a *gentil donna*, than to a ſlave laviſhing all the titles he can invent to flatter me. But to return to a deſcription of the *Place St. Mark*. The Ducal Church dedicated to St. Mark, is in the old abſurd Gothic ſtyle of architecture; before you enter, the four bronze horſes (antique) are worthy obſervation; they have been covered with plates of gold; are the ſuppoſed workmanſhip of the celebrated Lyſippus; are recorded to have ſtood over that of Auguſtus, and from thence to have been removed and placed over the triumphal arches of other Emperors, till at laſt Conſtantine had them conveyed with him to Conſtantinople, from whence they were taken by the Venetians in the year 1206, after the conqueſt of that capital.

Place St. Mark. Ducal Church.

Antique horſes.

The lion, the ſymbol of the ſaint, and the arms of the Republic is ſo much in repute here, that you

you find him multiplied, from his firſt appearance on the top of one of the Greek antique columns, to the extremity of the ſquare, wherever room could be found for him. The body is like a lion, but the head and face human, with a ſtern and forbidding countenance; ſo that it is become a common ſaying here, when ſpeaking of a very ugly perſon, *Bruta figura come il lione di San Marco.* The interiour of the church is highly ornamented with fine antique marble, moſaics, *&c.* brought from Greece. The decorations over the altar are of ſolid gold, ſculpted in *baſſo relievo*; the figures in ſort of ſhrines, enriched with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. Behind this altar is another where the *hoſtie* is kept; it is ſurrounded with beautiful pillars, four of which are of oriental alabaſter of an extraordinary beauty, and the two others of ſerpentine ſtone. The bronze door of the ſanctuary, is by *Sanſovino.* The ducal chapel is richly adorned with the moſt precious marbles. This church contains a *miraculous* picture of the Bleſſed Virgin, by St. Luke: which is eſteemed the moſt famous of the pictures done by that holy evangeliſt: they aſſured us, that the emperors of Conſtantinople carried it with them in all their military expeditions, verily believing it the work of that ſaint; and that it was in the year 1204, when the Venetians and French took Conſtantinople, that the Doge Henry Dandolo cauſed it to be tranſported to Venice.

The treaſury contains many articles of great value, but I do not believe equal to what it was eſtimated at in former days; there are a numerous collection of relics, which are in this age much fallen in their value. Amongſt the curioſities, they aſſert themſelves poſſeſſed of a manuſcript of the goſpel of St. Mark, written with his own hand: and amongſt the rich and precious articles here, are ſeveral candleſticks and vaſes of pure gold. Twelve rock rubies, which weigh ſeven ounces each; preſented by an Emperor to the Republic, in the year 1343. A very large pearl. A ſapphire, which weighs nine ounces. A diſh of an entire and perfect turquoiſe, ſix inches diameter; four rabbits are engraved upon it, and ſome Arabick characters: here are ſeveral other valuable and curious gems. In the pavement of the portico of St. Mark is a ſmall morſel of porphyry, frequently kiſſed by the people, who hold it in the higheſt veneration: on this piece of marble the Emperor Barbaroſſa proſtrated himſelf at the Pope's feet (Alexander the Third), in 1177, when his holineſs gave him abſolution. This ſtory is repreſented in the grand ſaloon of the Ducal Palace, where the Pope is ſeen treading on the neck of this Emperor; there is a tedious and fooliſh piece of hiſtory belonging to it, which I ſhall ſpare myſelf and you. The Ducal Palace, where the Doge lives, is a vaſt Gothic pile; one front in the *Place St. Mark*; another looks upon the land; the principal

Ducal Palace.

cipal door of entrance (for there are eight) is on the ſide of the ſquare, or Place St. Mark; by this you enter a large court, where are placed ſeveral antique ſtatues, the moſt remarkable, a *Cicero* and *Marcus Aurelius*. After having aſcended the ſtair-caſe, called that of the Giants, you come to a corridore, where are the famous mouths (*Denunzie Segrette*) for receiving letters relative to the ſtate. This corridore conducts to an anti-chamber, the cieling of which is painted by *Tintoretto*; the ſubject Juſtice preſenting a ſword to the *Doge Priuli*. Tintoretto.
On the walls are paintings in compartments, ſome by *Paolo Veroneſe*; the beſt are the following ſubjects, Our Saviour on the Mount of Olives, by P. Veroneſe. St. John the Evangeliſt, by *Franciſco Baſſano*; the Angel waking the Shepherds, alſo of Baſſano. In the Sala *delle quatre porte*, all the paintings are ſo much injured as to be ſcarcely worth noticing. In the room called *Anti Collegio*, the cieling is painted by *P. Veroneſe*, where is an allegorical repreſentation of Venice, *&c.* The Rape of Europa, one of the pictures which adorn this *ſala*, is eſteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of *Paolo*: this piece repreſents three different parts of the fable; the colouring is rich and glowing; the ſtuffs, of which the drapery is formed, of that peculiarity and beauty that *Paolo* is ſo remarkable for. The bull is of the fineſt and moſt noble ſpecies of that animal, his countenance expreſſes great tenderneſs; the moſt ſtriking beauty in Europa, Paolo Veroneſe. Franciſco Baſſano.

ropa, is her naked foot, which is of the moſt elegant ſhape and delicacy of fleſh. A picture by *Giacoppo Baſſano*, repreſenting a paſtoral ſcene; it is finely done. The *Real ſala del collegio* is adorned with paintings, ſome of which relate to the Venetian hiſtory, others are ſcripture ſubjects: but I will not attempt to enter into the detail of any pictures, but ſuch as appear to me peculiarly remarkable, either for their great merit, or ſingularity; as I think you have already been ſufficiently obeyed on the article of pictures from other places in Italy, and I fear tiring you with catalogues. All the apartments, which conſiſt of council chambers, courts of juſtice, *&c.* very large and convenient, are adorned with hiſtorical paintings, chiefly in freſco, by no means in good preſervation; they have been much ſpoiled by the clouds of powder that fly out of the lawyer's perukes when pleading, at which time they uſe a vaſt deal of action and agitation. However, they are curious, and worthy the examination of a traveller; as a knowledge of the moſt intereſting part of the Venetian ſtory may be more agreeably collected from them, than by reading the hiſtory of Venice. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the priſons in this palace; we have not ſeen them, but, by what I hear, I am convinced the writers of travels have made a true report of them, when they aſſert, that between the rafters, and immediately under the covering of the palace, is a hollow place ſufficiently large

Giacoppo Baſſano.

large to confine unhappy wretches, but too low to admit of their ſtanding upright; that their ſuffering muſt be dreadful, from the burning heat of the ſun, till death puts an end to their miſery; as the covering conſiſts chiefly of copper, and in ſome places of lead: and this diſmal ſentence had effect not long ſince, upon a young man of the *Mocenigo* family, who (I think) was charged with no other offence than that of an intended miſalliance; his family concurred in the infliction of this puniſhment. The place St. Mark is particularly agreeable to walk in by night; the lights in the coffee-houſes illuminating the piazza render it extremely cheerful: a concourſe of people reſorting here to breathe the cool evening air, is ſo conſiderable as to fill the whole ſquare. The little ſtreets leading from this *Place*, are well furniſhed with elegant ſhops, which make the moſt brilliant appearance, from the curious arrangement of their articles; and ſtrike me, as far exceeding the *coup-d'œil* of the *foire St. Germain* at Paris. The ſtreet of the ſilverſmiths makes a ſplendid ſhow, there being no other ſort of ſhops in it. That of the milliners and mercers is like a *parterre* of flowers, the goods, of the moſt glowing colours, being ingeniouſly mixed in ſuch a manner in the windows, as to produce a ſtriking effect. Other ſtreets conſiſt ſolely of poulterers, and ſome of green-grocers ſhops for all kinds of garden ſtuff: theſe laſt are dreſſed in ſuch a manner, as diſco-

vers a ſurpriſing taſte in the common people; a perfect neatneſs reigns throughout, and I obſerved that ideas drawn from architecture were the favourite fancies of the gardeners, who pile up cabbages, lettuces, *&c.* as columns, and form their capitals, friezes, *&c.* of turnips, carrots, and cellery; the flowers and herbs are linked together, and diſpoſed in feſtoons after the *antique.* The confectioners and paſtrycooks ſhops are alſo curiouſly contrived. I ſhould not trouble you with this detail, but that the appearances are ſo ſtrikingly odd and ſingular, that I thought it worth mentioning. The proviſions here are tolerable, but the Venetians are wretched cooks: they told me, that almoſt all the meat comes from Dalmatia; it is coarſe and lean; their poultry is good, as is the fiſh; the ſcuttle-fiſh diſguſts at firſt ſight, for when dreſſed it fills the diſh with a black juice like ink, but taſtes agreeably when you have conquered your prejudice to its colour. They have an odious cuſtom here, of uſing the blood of animals in their ſoups and ragouts; not liking the ſoup they ſerved up yeſterday, I deſired our hoſt to have it made better to-day; when it came upon the table I thought it of an odd colour, and the taſte was extremely diſagreeable; upon inquiry I was told, it was made after the Venetian manner, and particularly delicate and elegant, even *eccellentiſimo*, there being a greater quantity than ordinary of fowls and pigeons blood in it: gueſs if I had any

any further appetite for Venetian ſoup.—We do not propoſe making any long ſtay here. As ſoon as our curioſity is gratified we ſhall depart, but our day is not yet fixed. Adieu.

I am, as ever, yours, *&c.*

LETTER LII.

Venice, the 14th of July.

THE very day after I wrote laſt, I was attacked by an indiſpoſition, occaſioned by the water we drink having a brackiſh taſte, which I did not perceive for ſome time, having always mixed it with wine. The common Engliſh remedies had not the deſired effect. I believe I ſhould have been extremely ill (and would not hear of a Venetian phyſician), had not M—— mentioned my diſorder to Mr. U——, who was not at all ſurpriſed at it, the water of Venice having frequently a like effect upon ſtrangers: he adviſed my drinking a mineral water of *Nocera*; I took his preſcription, the firſt glaſs relieved me much, and half the bottle completed the cure. This water is extremely clear and light, and has no taſte. My indiſpoſition occaſioned me ſome diſappointments. I could not comply with the obliging invitations we received to two wedding balls

balls and ſuppers; one was the marriage of the Doge's ſon *Alviſe Mocenigo, e la nobil Donna Poliſſena Contarini*; the other was of *Aleſſandro Barziza, e Andriana Berlenda Berlendis:* though I could not partake of the amuſements in the evenings, I thought I might poſſibly venture to ſee the ceremony in the church; we were accordingly preſent at the firſt of theſe, that of *Mocenigo*. I was extremely well pleaſed that I had not permitted ſo fine a ſhow to eſcape me, though afflicted with a tormenting pain in my ſtomach the whole time. The proceſſion of the gondolas to the church was very fine; the gondoliers, dreſſed in gold and ſilver ſtuffs, made a moſt brilliant contraſt with the blackneſs of their boats. We got into the church before the bride and bridegroom with their *ſuite* arrived, where the pillars and walls were covered with crimſon damaſk, fringed with gold; the altar richly adorned with lace and flowers, and the ſteps up to it ſpread over with Perſian carpets; the whole church was illuminated with large wax tapers, though at noon-day.

As ſoon as the company were diſembarked from their gondolas, they formed themſelves into a regular proceſſion; the ladies walked two and two: they were all dreſſed in thin black ſilk gowns (excepting the bride), with large hoops; the gowns are ſtrait-bodied, with very long trains, like the *robes de cour* at Verſailles; their trains tucked up on one ſide of the hoop, with a prodi-

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gious large taſſel of diamonds. Their ſleeves were covered up to the ſhoulders with falls of the fineſt Bruſſels lace, a drawn tucker of the ſame round the boſom, adorned with rows of the fineſt pearl, each as large as a moderate gooſeberry, till the rows deſcended below the top of the ſtomacher; then two ropes of pearl, which came from the back of the neck, were caught up at the left ſide of the ſtomacher, and finiſhed in two fine taſſels. Their heads were dreſſed prodigiouſly high in a vaſt number of buckles, and two long drop curls on the neck. A great number of diamond pins and ſtrings of pearl adorned their heads, with large *ſultanes* or feathers on one ſide, and magnificent diamond ear-rings.

The bride was dreſſed in cloth of ſilver, made in the ſame faſhion, and decorated in the ſame manner with the other ladies; but her boſom was quite bare, and ſhe had a fine diamond necklace, and an enormous *bouquet* of natural flowers. Her hair was dreſſed as high as the others, with this difference, that it was in curls behind as well as before; and had three curls which fell down her back from her poll, the two ſide ones reaching half way down her back, and the middle curl not quite ſo far: theſe three curls had a ſingular appearance, but not near ſo good an effect as the heads of the other ladies, whoſe hair was plaited in large folds, and appeared much more graceful: her diamonds were very fine, and in great profuſion.

ſion. She is but ſeventeen years old; is of a comely ſort of beauty, and very full grown of her age. All the ladies that walked, about ſixty in number, were relations, or intimate friends to the young couple; many of them extremely handſome. The men appeared to me to be all alike; they were dreſſed in black gowns like lawyers, with immenſe periwigs. The bridegroom is a ſlender fair little man, ſeemed to be much charmed with his new wife; he very politely ſent us the *epithalamiums* and other poems made on the occaſion, elegantly covered and adorned with engravings. I was extremely ſorry at not being well enough to go to the ball and ſupper; however, I perſuaded M—— to comply with their very polite invitation: he danced Engliſh country-dances, but did not ſtay to ſupper: I was not well enough to go to the other wedding; but he went, and it paſſed much in the ſame manner with the firſt. Is it not ſingular, that the Doge's dignity ſhould forbid his being preſent at his own ſon's wedding? I have employed my mornings, ſince my recovery, in ſeeing a few of the moſt remarkable churches and palaces, which are here ſo numerous, that I thought it adviſeable to make a ſelection of thoſe moſt worthy of notice; ſo, during my confinement, I made out a liſt of ſuch as contained the beſt pictures, *&c.* To begin with the churches:

Church St. Zaccaria.

St. Zaccaria is a church belonging to a convent of noble ladies of the Benedictine order; it is fronted with

with marble. The beſt picture this church poſſeſſes is by P. Veroneſe; it repreſents the Virgin, the infant Jeſus, St. John, St. Joſeph, St. Catherine, St. Jerome, and St. Francis; St. John is upon a pedeſtal, and St. Francis is ſhewing him his *Stigmates:* the colouring is beautiful, the figures all expreſſive of the characters, the Virgin extremely handſome, and St. Catherine, whoſe profile only appears, is of a moſt amiable countenance; her hair is finely done, is braided with pearls, and in the picture Veroneſe had a good opportunity of diſplaying his powers of repreſenting rich and ornamental drapery. The grand altar is finely decorated with porphyry, and other precious marbles. P. Veroneſe.

St. Fantino is worth ſeeing for its fine ornaments in marble and opake gems; here are alſo two good pictures, by Palma. St. Fantino. Palma.

Scuolo di St. Fantino is the *confraternata* of St. Jerome. Theſe brethren viſit the condemned criminals, and exhort them to repentance, *&c.* in their dying moments. The church belonging to this convent is highly ornamented (but is not the ſame with that above-mentioned); the cieling is painted by Palma, and is amongſt his beſt performances; the ſubject an Aſſumption, with the Apoſtles and St. Jerome. Here are introduced the portraits of Tiziano and Vittorio (a ſtatuary), Palma, his wife, and ſeveral celebrated muſicians, friends of his. The whole hiſtory of St. Jerome is painted on the walls. Scuolo di St. Fantino. Palma.

St.

St. Lucca. St. Lucca; this church is ſituated in the centre of Venice; over the grand altar is a fine picture by P. Veroneſe; it repreſents St. Luke, who, having drawn the portrait of the Virgin, which is placed in the corner of the picture, is admiring it, leaning on his ox; behind him ſtands a prieſt: this is a very fine picture. Over another altar is a picture by Benefatto, a nephew of Veroneſe; the ſubject, a Laſt Supper: in this piece appears a man with a large beard, which is the portrait of Aretino, who lies buried under the pulpit.

P. Veroneſe.

Church St. Salvadoro. St. Salvadoro is famous for its architecture, from the deſigns of Julio Lombardi, and for two or three good paintings by Tiziano.

Church I Miracoli. *I Miracoli*, a church belonging to the female convent of Clariſts, is encruſted within and without with fine marbles, ſerpentine ſtone and porphyry. Over the organ are two ſtatues of children in marble; they are antique, of the laſt beauty, and attributed to Praxiteles, the celebrated Athenian ſculptor. Near the church is the houſe Tiziano lived in; he is eſteemed with juſtice the firſt painter of the Venetian ſchool: he drew the picture of Charles the Fifth three times, and was ſo highly favoured by this monarch, as to be created a *Count of the Palatinate:* this celebrated artiſt is interred in the church of I Frari (where are ſome good paintings of P. Veroneſe); he died of the plague in 1576, aged ninety-nine years.

Antique Statues.

P. Veroneſe.

Church St. Giorgio Maggiore. St. Giorgio Maggiore is a church belonging to the Benedictins; Palladio was its architect; the front

Architect Palladio.

front is entirely of marble: in my opinion, this is the fineſt church in Venice; I ſay in my opinion, as its architecture has been criticiſed by good judges. The refectory belonging to it contains the famous picture by P. Veroneſe, which repreſents the Marriage Supper at Cana in Galilee. I was not permitted by the monks to enter their refectory, *as no women are ſuffered to penetrate ſo far:* I therefore waited for M—— in the church; he made a note of it: he thinks it a very fine picture, and believes there are more portraits amongſt the perſonages, than the monks apprehend: amongſt the muſicians they point out thoſe of Tiziano, Tintoretto, and Baſſano; he thinks the colouring, ordonnance, grouping, *&c.* in Veroneſe's beſt manner. As a proof of the great difference between the prices now paid for pictures, and what they ſold for at the time this was done, it appears by an entry in the convent houſehold-book, which M—— ſaw, that P. Veroneſe was paid for this picture the ſum of twenty-two ſequins, ſix meaſures of wheat, and two veſſels of wine: I wonder how Sir J— R— would look, if he was offered for one of his beſt family pictures ten guineas, an hundred of cheeſe, and a hogſhead of ſtrong beer!—

P. Veroneſe.

I have but two more churches to mention. St. Sebaſtiano contains ſeveral pictures by Veroneſe; here is alſo his tomb. The ſanctuary is furniſhed with a very good picture of his, which repreſents

Church St. Sebaſtiano. Veroneſe.

St. Marco and St. Marcellino, who are deſcending the ſtaircaſe of the Prætor, ſuppoſed to have juſt quitted him after he had condemned them to die: their mother appears earneſt with them to renounce their faith, and ſave their lives; but St. Sebaſtian exhorts them to be ſteady in their reſolutions: it is a very intereſting picture, the colouring freſh, and in high conſervation. Here are a great collection of excellent paintings: the martyrdom of St. Sebaſtian, and ſeveral circumſtances of his life, with ſome ſcripture hiſtory, are all worthy the attention of the curious.

Church St. Maria Maggiore. Baſſano.

In the church of St. Maria Maggiore are ſome remarkable paintings. One by Baſſano is a moſt entertaining ſcene; the ſubject, Noah's ark; it is incredible what a number of ſtrange animals he has introduced, how highly he has finiſhed the plumage of an amazing variety of birds, and the accuracy with which he has drawn the various beaſts, *&c.* The Four Seaſons in the *naif* of this church are by the ſame painter, and well done. I ſhall now mention ſome of the palaces, for I think I have introduced you to as many churches as are neceſſary to give you an idea of the reſt, but be aſſured I have not named a fourth of the number this city contains. We had a great deſire to ſee the *Pallazzo Piſani*, on account of one famous picture by Veroneſe, repreſenting the family of Darius proſtrate before Alexander; but were much diſappointed at hearing it had been ſold:

Pallazzo Piſani.

this was the boaſt of the palace, the remainder I think but indifferent.

Pallazzo Barberigo. This palace contains ſeveral excellent paintings by Tiziano: amongſt the moſt remarkable are the following: a woman and a ſatyr; a Prometheus; Tobias and the Angel, a ſingular repreſentation; a Venus at her toilette, ſhe is extremely handſome, and appears to be a portrait; a Cupid brings her a crown, and another holds the mirror. Venus diſſuading Adonis from the chaſe. A Virgin and infant Jeſus, to whom the Magdalen preſents a box of perfumes; this is a very fine picture. A weeping Magdalen, full of the moſt pathetic expreſſion. The miracle of the five loaves, by Baſſano; a winter ſcene by the ſame maſter. Pallazzo Barberigo. Tiziano. Baſſano.

Pallazzo Graſſi contains a fine collection of pictures. Here is a Venus, by Tiziano; ſhe ſtrongly reſembles that at Florence, and is ſuppoſed to be the portrait of a miſtreſs of a duke of Ferara. A rape of Europa by Veroneſe, an admirable picture. Acteon and Diana by the ſame. A very ſingular picture; its ſubject the parable of the Beam and the Moat, *particulariſed* by Feti. Some portraits by Vandyke. The anointing our Saviour's feet at the table of the Phariſee, by Rubens. A Cupid by Guido. David bearing the head of Goliah. The Iſraelites rejoicing precede him, by Guercino. The triumph of Galathea by Schiavone; the women are elegantly caſt. Pallazzo Graſſi. Tiziano. Veroneſe. Feti. Vandyke. Rubens. Guido. Guercino. Schiavone.

The palaces at Venice are much in the ſame taſte; having ſeen one or two, you have in a manner ſeen all. The Venetians cover their walls with pictures, and never think their apartments properly furniſhed, until they have ſuch as ſhall fill all the ſpaces from top to bottom, ſo as completely to hide the hanging. This being their object, there are in all the collections many more bad pictures than good; and on entering a room, the number of paintings are ſuch, that it is not till after ſome recollection you can diſcriminate thoſe pictures that merit attention, from amongſt a chaos of glowing colours that ſurround them; and which are frequently ſo ill claſſed, that a picture which requires to be hung high, is perhaps the loweſt in the room, whilſt another that cannot be ſeen too cloſe, touches the cornice; this is occaſioned by their great object of covering the walls, never conſidering what light, *&c.* may ſuit their pictures.

The palaces in general are furniſhed with velvet and damaſk, fringed or laced with gold. The floors are of a compoſition which imitates various marbles, and has an excellent effect; but what I admire very much, and is univerſally found in all the houſes, as well as palaces, is the elegant manner in which they paint the doors, architraves, ſkirting boards, and all their wainſcotting: it is ſmooth as ivory, of very pale tints for the ground, and prettily ornamented with various devices, feſtoons,

feſtoons, fruits, *&c.* They alſo paint in freſco on the walls, with a great deal of facility and taſte, having an exceeding good idea of perſpective: this is to be met with in the pooreſt houſes, and where they do not go to the expence of painting the walls, their white-waſh is of an uncommon neatneſs; it is gloſſy, of a ſoft colour, and never comes off. I ſhall write again before we leave this city, and muſt break off now, the time being come for our engagements to two Caſſinos this evening. Adieu, *&c.*

P. S. I live almoſt the whole of the day, when at home, in the balcony, which is to me the moſt agreeable part of this great hotel, I ſhould ſay *Palazzo.* The people are ſo muſical here, that all day long the houſes ſend forth the moſt melodious ſounds, which die off charmingly along the water; till they again awake the ſtrings, and at the ſame time draw off my attention ſo much from what I am about, that I believe, were I to reſide here for any time, I ſhould do nothing but liſten to muſic the whole day.

LETTER LIII.

Venice, June the 17th, 1771.

TO-morrow we leave this city, and proceed on our route to Milan. I ſhall write from every place we ſtop at as uſual, and ſend my letter by the firſt opportunity, if any offers before we reach that city.

Caſſinos. The *Caſſinos* I mentioned to you in my laſt letter, are ſmall houſes of one or two rooms on a floor; neatly fitted up, but never fine: thoſe I ſaw were papered with India paper, and furniſhed with chintz. It is the faſhion here for every perſon of diſtinction to have one Caſſino at leaſt, and very frequently more: they have little pleaſure in inhabiting their palaces, which are really uncomfortable, and by the plans and dimenſions rendered extremely melancholy. A ſilent and ſolitary magnificence reigns throughout, interrupted only by the hoarſe waſhing of the ſea againſt the walls, which is not exhilarating to the ſpirits, you muſt confeſs. I ſuppoſe it was in ſearch of cheerfulneſs, recreation, and ſociety, that *Caſſinos* were originally reſorted to; the greater number of them are ſituated behind St. Mark's Place. Here ſmall *Cotteries* meet, play at cards, generally ſup together on ſome trifle they procure from

from the paſtrycooks-ſhops and coffee-houſes; and often paſs the night in converſation, muſic, or in walking about the *Place St. Mark*. I do not pretend to ſay theſe Caſſinos are not often made an ill uſe of:—all I can aſſert is, that in thoſe to which I was introduced, I neither ſaw nor heard any thing but what was extremely well bred and liberal; the ſmallneſs of the rooms, and the card-parties, prevent the formality of a circle. The ſociety was compoſed of people who ſeemed perfectly well acquainted with each other, and who ſhewed us the kindeſt attention as ſtrangers. To us indeed theſe *Caſſino* parties was not very amuſing, as we could not poſſibly find in them the pleaſures the Venetians ſeemed to do; we had much rather have been at an opera, or a play; but there is no theatre open at this ſeaſon of the year. The only amuſements at this time are theſe private parties, walking in *la Place St. Mark*, taking the air in our gondola amongſt the little iſlands near Venice, or walking in the *Giardini Giudecca*, as they are called, near Venice; which are extremely ill laid out, in dirty walks and vulgar arbours; the garden itſelf is divided into quarters, and contains little elſe than common kitchen garden ſtuff. Here the ſenators and people reſort; and are ſerved with refreſhments in the arbours: there is no diſtinction ſhewn to one more than another, by thoſe who attend upon the company, yet we never could learn that any accident happened from this

Giardini Giudecca.

Arſenal and Bucentaure.

mixture of people and ranks. M— has been to ſee the Arſenal and the *Bucentaure:* as to the firſt, he ſays, it agrees with the deſcription the writers of travels have given of it, but does not think it contains any thing that might compenſate to me for the trouble of viſiting it this hot weather. He thinks the *Bucentaure** the ugliеſt, moſt tawdry, worſt contrived veſſel he ever ſaw; loaded with ornaments and gilding, and totally void of grace.

Charitable Inſtitutions.

We have ſeen ſome of the Charitable Inſtitutions, or convents here; one is called *la Pieta*, it is an hoſpital for foundlings of the female ſex: all I ſhall ſay at preſent concerning this convent is, that I was in, and all over it, and that I ſaw nothing curious: that we were preſent in the church when there was ſome very good muſic, both vocal and inſtrumental, performed in a tribune, by the women of the convent: that the tribune having a lattice before it, we could not diſtinguiſh the performers; I therefore begged to be permitted to go into the tribune, that I might ſee as well as hear the concert: my requeſt was granted; but when I entered I was ſeized with ſo violent a fit of laughter, that I am ſurpriſed they had not driven me out again. You cannot wonder that my riſibility was excited, when, upon entering the tribune, my eyes were ſtruck with the ſight of a dozen or fourteen beldams ugly and old; one blowing a

* The ſtate veſſel in which the Doge performs the annual ceremony of marrying the Adriatic.

French

French horn, another ſweating at the baſs-viol, another playing firſt fiddle, and beating time with her foot in the greateſt rage; others performing on baſſoons, hautboys, and clarionets; theſe, with ſeveral young girls who formed the choir, and one who played upon the organ, compoſed the concert, a concert I never can forget; but after I had ſeen it, I could no longer bear to hear it, ſo much had the ſight of the performers diſguſted me. As to other anecdotes relating to this convent, I ſhall reſerve them for you when we meet.

Hoſpital I Mendicanti.

I Mendicanti is an hoſpital deſtined for the relief of indigent girls, and decayed old age. From what I have ſeen of theſe charitable inſtitutions, I think they admit of great improvements and better regulations.

Glaſs-houſes.

The Glaſs-houſes are for the moſt part built in the iſlands near the city. We went to ſee the beſt manufacture of this kind, but think it falls infinitely ſhort of our Engliſh fine cut glaſs. The only thing I ſaw that appeared ſingular or curious, was certain feſtoons of flowers intended to decorate luſtres, and large *bouquets* for *ſaints* in churches; the effect of theſe flowers when finiſhed is not very pretty, they have a fragile and tawdry appearance. It is an univerſal cuſtom at Venice, to dreſs up wooden figures, as large as life, of *madonnas* and ſaints, *&c.* and to clothe them in various modes; their faces and hands are painted, to imitate nature;

ture; but they have the appearance of gigantic dolls, and are quite ſufficient to make one ſtart when placed in a darkiſh corner. At the above-mentioned manufactory, they ſhewed us complete furniture for a room in the Grand Signior's ſeraglio, which had been beſpoke at Venice, and made exactly to the orders received from the Porte. The moſt remarkable article was the principal ſofa; it was not raiſed above four inches from the ground, the back and arms carved and gilt, its carving forming curves and ſcrolls, and the back riſing to the height of about eight feet. In the moulding were inſerted or inlaid, broad pieces of thick blue glaſs (not cut), and here and there ſmall oval and round looking-glaſſes, ſo placed as to reflect with variety every contiguous object. It was covered with fine Lyons gold ſilk, and was to have three or four matraſſes of the ſame. Though in deſcription this ſofa may not ſtrike you as pretty, yet the effect was really ſo and very odd; as the ſculpted wood, which formed and guided the plan of the whole, was elegantly executed, and deſigned in a good taſte. The reſt of the furniture conſiſted of very broad and low ſtools, the frames and feet of which were decorated with gilding and pieces of blue glaſs. There were luſtres and feſtoons of flowers, *&c.* to ornament the ſame room.

Manners. I think I have not yet mentioned the manners of the Venetians, at leaſt not entered into any detail

detail on that ſubject, nor will my time now allow me, were I much better qualified for the taſk than I really am. However, not wholly to diſappoint you, take this account of ſome of their women at leaſt, particularly the nobility. The cuſtom of *Cavalieri Serventi* prevails univerſally here: this uſage would appear in a proper light, and take off a great part of the odium thrown upon the Italians, if the Cavalieri Serventi were called huſbands; for the real huſband, or beloved friend, of a Venetian lady (often for life), is the *Ciciſbeo*. The huſband married in church is the choice of her friends, not by any means of the lady. It is from ſuch abſurd tyranny of the relations and friends of young girls, not ſuffering them to chuſe for themſelves, that this chuſing of Ciciſbeos, or Cavalieri Serventi, has taken its riſe, and will never be relinquiſhed in Italy, whilſt the ſame incongruous combinations ſubſiſt: this ſurely leſſens the criminality, at leaſt in ſome degree. The Venetian ladies have a gay manner of dreſſing their heads, which becomes them extremely when young, but appears very abſurd when age has furrowed over their fine ſkins, and brought them almoſt to the ground. I felt a ſhock at firſt ſight of a tottering old pair I ſaw enter a coffee-houſe the other evening; they were both ſhaking with the palſy, leant upon each other, and ſupported themſelves by a crutch-ſtick; they were bent almoſt double by the weight of years and infirmities,

mities, yet the lady's head was dreſſed with great care; a little roſe coloured hat, nicely trimmed with blond, was ſtuck juſt above her right ear, and over her left was a ſmall matt of artificial flowers; her few grey hairs behind were tied with ribbon, but ſo thinly ſcattered over her forehead, that large patches of her ſhrivelled ſkin appeared between the parting curls: the *Cavaliere* was not dreſſed in the ſame ſtyle, all his elegance conſiſted in an abundance of wig which flowed upon his ſhoulders. I inquired who this *venerable* couple were, and learnt, that the gentleman had been the faithful *Cavaliere* of the ſame lady above forty years; that they had regularly frequented the *Place St. Mark* and the coffee-houſes, and with the moſt ſteady conſtancy had loved each other, till age and diſeaſe were conducting them hand in hand together to the grave. However, a forty years conſtancy is far from *univerſal* at Venice; *coquettes* are to be found there, as well as elſewhere: I have ſeen ſome inſtances of coquetry at fourſcore; a *Donna Nobile*, whom a catarrh and Satan had bound, "lo, theſe eighteen years!" was ſuſtaining herſelf on the arm of a briſk Ciciſbeo about twenty-five, in the *Place St. Mark*; ſhe had often changed *Cavalieri*, as you may ſuppoſe. Several inſtances of the moſt fatal effects from jealouſy are to be found in the annals of modern Venetian gallantry; but ſuch anecdotes, with ſome of a leſs tragical kind, I ſhall communicate

nicate to you when we meet, as they would conſume too much time to narrate them with my pen. A new regulation in the coffee-houſes had juſt taken place before our arrival: the partitions, which formed a kind of cells in the interior of them, into which two or three people might retire and faſten the door, are now taken away, and the rooms quite open and public. At firſt the ſenate had determined to exclude the women entirely from entering the coffee-houſes, but they remonſtrated ſo violently and effectually againſt this meaſure, that they were allowed the liberty of appearing publickly, but abſolutely forbid to retire in private into any room, and the little rooms were without exception ordered to be thrown into the large ones. Another law has juſt been promulgated, which is, that if any *fille de joie* is found walking the ſtreets about the *Place St. Mark, &c.* for the firſt offence ſhe is to have her head completely ſhaved, and ſuffer impriſonment for a time ſpecified; and for the ſecond offence, her eye-brows are alſo to be ſhaved, ſhe is to be branded between the eyes, and baniſhed the Republic. The ſingularity of the ſituation of this town, I believe, will account for its tiring ſtrangers ſooner than moſt others; I fancy myſelf a priſoner, from being ſurrounded with water; at the ſame time nothing can be more convenient and eaſy than the gondolas. I ſhall quit Venice with leſs

regret,

regret, than I have hitherto done any other reſidence in Italy.

Adieu, you ſhall hear from me again as ſoon as poſſible. I am, as ever, *&c.*

P. S. I forgot to mention to you, that the celebrated Rialto does not anſwer the idea I had formed of it. The arch is indeed large, but wants a certain dignity that ſhould accompany architecture of a bold ſtyle; it does not ſtrike one with awe, there is no greatneſs in the appearance. The bridge has paltry ſhades built on each ſide of it; theſe are ſhops, and their merchandiſe is brilliant and coſtly, for they ſell nothing but pearls and gold ornaments.

LETTER LIV.

Padua, 19th of June.

WE arrived here laſt night, and find Padua an old, ſtraggling, ugly town, though founded by Antenor, and celebrated by claſſic authors; it is but twenty-five miles from Venice. We embarked at Venice in a boat called a *burchio*, in which is a pretty room glazed, painted, and extremely convenient. Four rowers conveyed us from Venice to the canal, formed by the *Brenta*, when two horſes towed us along. Before you gain the Brenta, your route is indicated by piquets fixed at certain diſtances in the water, that you may not loſe your way through the Lagune; and the firſt *terra firma* you come to is called Fuſina, five miles from Venice. From that city to Padua the views are delightful; for the firſt five miles, Venice alſo gives you a variety of appearances: the iſlands of the Lagunes are fertile, and under a plentiful cultivation. While we were towed along the Brenta, the banks preſented us, on each ſide, with gardens planted down to the water's edge, crowned with palaces and beautiful villas. One of the moſt elegant of the former is that of Foſcari; another that of Piſani, twenty miles from Venice,

Fuſina.

Palaces Foſcari and Piſani.

Venice, and five from Padua: the gardens belonging to this laſt are very large, and laid out in the taſte of thoſe of Marli near Paris. We paſſed by ſeveral villages after having entered the Brenta: the name of the firſt is *Mira*, in which are ſeveral good houſes: the next *Doglio*; the third *Stra*; the fourth *Noventa*, but two miles from Padua.

Fortifications. Lalande aſſerts the fortifications of this town to be in good repair; and ſays ſo much of them, that M—— had the curioſity to go round and viſit them; but found them all in ruins. *Lalande* moſt certainly never ſaw them, but took his account from ſome old deſcription of them, as all he ſays in regard to Padua, (the hiſtorical part excepted) is entirely falſe. I think, in a well governed ſtate, there ſhould be a ſevere puniſhment inflicted upon travellers, who do not make truth their guide: the leaſt inconvenience attendant on ſo baſe a conduct, is the giving a great deal of unneceſſary trouble and diſappointment to thoſe who credit their repreſentations. In the Cathedral church of this city is a Virgin, painted by the famous

Giotto. *Giotto*; *Petrarque* once poſſeſſed this picture, and bequeathed it to *Franceſco di Carrara.* The Sacriſty holds a collection of curious pictures; that of the Virgin and Infant, announced to be of

Tiziano. *Tiziano*, is fine; but as the Virgin is not in the ſame ſtyle with moſt of thoſe painted by that maſter, it has been conjectured *Pardenone* drew the Virgin, and Titian the Child. Here is an excellent

excellent portrait of *Petrarque*, placed amongſt the *other* canons of the cathedral. The library is worth ſeeing, as it contains ſome curious manuſcripts.

The Church of *St. Antonio* is an old Gothic building. Here are ſome *baſſo relievos* by *Donatello* in bronze, tolerably good. In one of the chapels is a decollation of St. John, by *Piazzetta*; this is a very fine picture, but the ſubject, with the circumſtances here depicted, is ſhocking to contemplate. A martyrdom of St. *Bartelemi*, by *Tiepoletto*. Alſo the martyrdom of St. *Agatha*; an executioner cutting off her breaſts by the ſame painter: horrible objects! Church St. Antonio. Donatello. Piazzetta. Tiepoletto.

St. *Antonio*'s chapel is much adorned with marble ſtatues, *baſſo relievos*, pillars, *&c.* In the interior are nine pieces of ſculpture in *baſſo relievo*, with figures nearly as large as life, repreſenting the moſt remarkable events of the ſaint's life; which, though but indifferently executed, afford amuſement from the oddity of the adventures they repreſent. In the firſt compartment appears St. Antonio, who is ſo deſirous of the glory of martyrdom, as to quit his canonical habits, to become a member of the pooreſt order of monks; this is by one *Minello di Bardi*. In the ſecond compartment appears the ſaint, who making the ſign of the croſs, ſaves the life of a woman that her huſband had *kindly* thrown out of a window. The third is by *Campagna*, and is one of the beſt. St. Minello di Bardi.

Antonio in this performs a very uſeful miracle, for he raiſes a young man at Liſbon from the dead, in order to clear his father from the unjuſt accuſation of having murdered him. Another extraordinary miracle of his, is the joining on to his leg the foot of a child, who had cut it off, as a puniſhment for having kicked his mother. The converſion of an heretic, appears alſo amongſt them; the heretic's name was *Alcardino*; he ſaid he ſhould be converted and become a diſciple of *St. Antonio*, if a drinking glaſs thrown out of the window ſhould receive no fracture, through the power or interpoſition of the ſaint. The experiment was made, and the glaſs, inſtead of breaking, broke the ſtone to pieces on which it fell; upon the *ſight* of this miracle, the heretic was (as you may ſuppoſe) immediately converted. About the middle of the chapel is a fine altar of granite, in which is encloſed the body of St. Antonio: this altar is richly decorated with columns of verd antique, bronze ſtatues of ſaints, ſome beautiful ſilver candleſticks of curious workmanſhip, and of great weight. One fine gold lamp and twenty-four of ſilver burn conſtantly in this chapel. The *Ex-votis* of gold and ſilver, cover the walls over. In the church are ſome monuments worthy obſervation; I noticed one in particular to the memory of *Helena Cornaro Piſcopia*, a noble Venetian lady, who was honoured at Padua with the degree of Doctor in Philoſophy for her great learning; I believe

believe it would not be eaſy at this day, to find a Venetian lady capable of anſwering for a doctor's degree.

The Church of St. *Giuſtina* deſerves notice; there are ſome good pictures in it, particularly one over the great altar, by P. Veroneſe, which has much merit, though conſiderably damaged by the damps. Several of the churches here are worth ſeeing, and ſome palaces. The hall of audience called *il Salone*, is one of the largeſt in all Italy; it is principally viſited upon this account.

Church St. Giuſtina.

P. Veroneſe.

Here you ſee ſeveral remarkable Monuments, two of them are to the memory of two as virtuous ladies as ancient Rome ever boaſted of; one *La Marcheſa Lucrezia Dondi Orologia*, wife of *Pio Enea, marcheſe de gli Obizzi*, who died in defence of her honour: the other, *Bianca de Roſs*, who was ſacrificed upon the tomb of her huſband, rather than ſubmit to the tyrant *Ezzelino*. The ſtories of theſe ladies would take up more time than I can now command; beſides, they are too ſhocking for relation. Adieu, for the preſent.

Famous Monuments.

Verona, the 20th of June, 1771.

(In continuation.) Laſt night we reached Vicenza, which is about eighteen miles from Padua, and paſſed this morning in viewing the famous amphitheatre, *&c.* From Vicenza to

Verona is thirty-two miles; the road very tolerable, and the country well planted with mulberries and vines.

The face of the country is covered with water meadows, in which rice is generally cultivated. Nothing looks prettier than theſe meadows when the ſun ſhines on them; the trenches for the water are cut in ſtraight lines, and I do not know any thing ſo like a field of rice, as a fine pale green ſilk ſtriped with ſilver.

Vicenza. *Vicenza* makes a ſingular appearance; as at firſt ſight it preſents you with nothing but commencements of noble palaces, which have been left unfiniſhed. Theſe edifices (by Palladio), if completed, would have made this a beautiful city: two rivers run through the town, over which are three bridges, one of them, by Palladio, is of beautiful proportions; it has but one arch, and on the parapet walls a baluſtrade of marble; the whole is ſimple, and in a noble ſtyle.

Bridge Palladio.

Theatre Olympico. Palladio has alſo built *il teatro olympico*, 'tis his *chef-d'œuvre* taken from the plans of the antique theatres; its form a demi-oval divided the long way; no boxes, but ſteps ſerve as ſeats for the ſpectators. There is but one ſcene, and that is fixed at the extremity of the ſtage, being a view of ſeven ſtreets which ſeem to terminate there: theſe ſtreets are decorated with temples and other public edifices, all in wood and immoveable; they leſſen in real perſpective; I could walk through ſome of

of them, but the furtheſt grew too narrow to admit my paſſing. *The Proſcenium* repreſents a triumphal arch, dedicated to Hercules; this theatre is eſteemed one of the moſt perfect morſels of modern architecture the world can boaſt of.

In the *Piazza d'Iſola* is a beautiful front of a palace by *Palladio*. He was an acceſſary to the ruin of many of the great families at *Vicenza*, by drawing them into a taſte for architecture. It is aſſerted here, that it was done from a motive of revenge, for their having impriſoned his ſon, who was an extravagant ſpendthriſt, during the father's abſence from *Vicenza*, who on his return gave them plans and falſe eſtimates, to induce them to begin upon what he knew they never could finiſh.

Here are ſome churches worth ſeeing: that of *la Santa Corona* contains a fine picture, by *P. Veroneſe*, of the Adoration of the Magi. The country about *Vicenza* is rather pleaſing. A flat field, ſurrounded with a ditch, and planted with trees, is the place frequented by the inhabitants as a public walk. You enter by a triumphal arch erected by Palladio; it is of fine proportions, very much and very deſervedly admired. Church la Santa Corona.

There are ſome elegant gardens and caſinos in the neighbourhood of this city, but we had not time to viſit them. Your accommodation in the inns, proviſions, beds, *&c.* are better through the Venetian ſtates than in moſt others of Italy. The Verona.

river *Adigio* paſſes through this city, over which are three bridges: one in particular is remarkably fine; it is called *il Ponte di Caſtello Vecchio.*

Ponte di Caſtello Vecchio.

The *Arena*, or antique amphitheatre, is the firſt object of curioſity at Verona; it is ſuperb, and built in the ſame taſte with the *Coliſeo* at Rome: the ſhape is oval. There are forty-five rows of gradins (ſteps) carried all round, formed of fine blocks of marble about a foot and an half high each, and above two feet broad. Twenty-two thouſand perſons may be ſeated here at their eaſe, allowing one foot and an half for each perſon. This amphitheatre is quite perfect, and has been lately as well as frequently repaired with the greateſt care, at the expence of the inhabitants. They frequently give public *ſpectacles* in it, ſuch as horſe-races, combats of wild beaſts, *&c.* It is ſuppoſed to have been built in the reign of the emperor Trajan. Near the amphitheatre in the *Piazza Bra* is a muſeum, or collection of rarities and antiques, ſome very curious inſcriptions, ſtatues, *&c.* but we had time only to take a very curſory view of them. In this building is a kind of public room for converſation and cards, where the people of faſhion of the town meet every evening. There is ſcarcely a ſmall town in Italy that has not ſomething of this kind. It is a much more ſociable plan than the receiving their acquaintance in their own houſes, which occaſions much trouble and ſome expence. I ſhould think,

that

that were this practiſed in ſome of the country towns in England, under proper regulations, it might be productive of more ſociety and rational amuſement, than the continual dining about with country neighbours, and the teaſing importunity of viſitors, not always in themſelves agreeable. The theatre is ſpacious, and very convenient; it is almoſt circular, has five rows of boxes one over the other; each range conſiſts of twenty-ſeven in number. To my great regret, there is no opera here at preſent; but they aſſure us that the muſic is excellent in the month of November, when they have as fine ſingers as any in Europe. They boaſt much of a *Cantatrice* of the name of *Aguiari*, commonly called the *Baſtardina* of Ferrara, whoſe voice, they ſay, is of a wonderful compaſs and flexibility. Mentioning this ſinger reminds me, that when at the *Pieta* at Venice, they told us the famous Gabrieli was educated there, and a long ſtory of the manner in which ſhe contrived to eſcape from thence. I think I have mentioned this ſinger to you before, whoſe muſical talents and capricious temper have given trouble to every body ſhe has had to do with.

Theatre.

Here are ſome veſtiges of antique arches and gate-ways, but none very fine. Moſt of the houſes and other buildings in this city are marble. Several churches contain pictures and ſculpture not unworthy the traveller's notice: but we had not time this morning to viſit them, and the other ob-

jects already mentioned, at our eaſe. We have employed the evening in viewing ſome cabinets of natural hiſtory. Amongſt many rare and curious articles of the foſſile kind, the petrified fiſh are the moſt ſurpriſing. I have packed up ſome to travel with us, as M—— thinks they are a good addition to the little collection I have ſent to England.

Petrified fiſh.

Theſe petrified fiſh are found at about eighteen miles diſtance from Verona, in the mountain *Bolea*, where are certain ſtones in layers, of a duſky, greyiſh, and browniſh hue; of about an inch thick in general, not rough, but of a ſuperficies as ſmooth as a ſlate; they ſeparate in ſlivers when taken from the quarry, by the application of the chiſſel; if that part is hit right which contains the print of the fiſh, the head, bones, fins, tail, *&c.* are all ſo extremely well preſerved, that it is eaſy to diſtinguiſh the ſpecies. They alſo find the impreſſions of leaves, plants, *&c.* but never any kind of petrified ſhell, or ſhell-fiſh.

Though we have ſeen but little of the Veroneſe, yet are we inclined to think them ingenious, and more knowing in phyſicks, and the ſpeculative branches of ſcience, than the Italians in general.

To-morrow morning we mean to continue our route with as much expedition as poſſible towards Milan, from whence you ſhall hear from us on our arrival. I am, as ever, *&c.*

P. S. Though the poſt does not go from hence to-night, they aſſure me my letter will be equally ſafe with them.

LET-

LETTER LV.

Milan, the 23d of June.

OUR arrival here laſt night, was through a violent ſtorm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with guſts of wind and rain. We are well lodged at the beſt inn; the ſign the Woman of Samaria, which I mention on account of its ſingularity. The night before laſt we ſlept at *Breſcia*. From Verona to Milan is about one hundred and four miles, through a very rich ſoil and fertile country, cloſely cultivated with vines, mulberry-trees, and corn, *&c.*; its face is flat; at length the horizon is bounded by mountains, covered with ſnow: this ſort of proſpect continued to Bergamo. We had diſagreeable rivers to paſs, which are ſubject, it ſeems, in winter, to overflow their banks, and make the road extremely troubleſome, if not dangerous. Some good pictures are to be ſeen at Breſcia, as well in the churches as in private collections; but we did not make any delay in this town, arriving in the evening, and leaving it the next morning. The weather was ſo extremely hot and ſtormy, that there was no poſſibility of going to ſee any thing, unleſs we had determined to ſtay here a day or two, which did not appear to us to be worth while. This town is remarkable in hiſtory, and mentioned as Breſcia.

the ſcene of many extraordinary events, both in ancient and modern times. I ſhould have been glad to have ſeen the houſe the *Chevalier Bayard* occupied, when *Gaſton de Foix* took the town. I dare ſay you recal the circumſtances of this remarkable event, as mentioned in the reign of Lewis the Twelfth by the French hiſtorians.

Bergamo. Bergamo is the native country of Harlequin: here that abſurd character originated, and although we did but change horſes at that town, we had an opportunity of diſcerning the characteriſtics of the Italian Harlequin. The poſt-maſter, the poſtilions, *&c.* have a ſpecies of humorous repartee, an arch manner of being alert, and an agility which participates both of miſchief and folly in all their actions: they are quite different looking people from any other Italians we have yet ſeen. The road from Bergamo hither lies through the rich and delightful plains of Lombardy. For about twelve miles before we reached Milan. Milan, it was perfectly good; and the meadows, encloſed with hedge-rows, and watered by trenches calculated for that purpoſe, preſent the richeſt paſturage that can be ſeen. This city ſeems very large and conſiderable; we are already provided with Milaneſe ſervants, a coach, *&c.* The prices are, for a very handſome town-carriage, *fifteen pauls* per day, the *laquais de louage*, *four pauls* a day each; our own dinner, *ten pauls* a piece; ſupper, the ſame; *four pauls* for the valet de chambre;

bre; *ten pauls* more our bed-chamber; and no charge for our dining-room. We are admirably well ſerved, fed, and lodged. The trout of the Barromean lake are as large as the largeſt Engliſh ſalmon, and much better than any fiſh I ever taſted. The turkeys and all their fowl of every kind, being fed upon rice and milk, are not only the fatteſt, but I believe the beſt in the world. All other ſorts of proviſions, as well as game, in the greateſt plenty and perfection. I ſhall write once more from hence; we ſhall not ſtay longer here than to ſee this city, *&c.* and then direct our courſe to Turin. Adieu, *&c.*

LETTER LVI.

Milan, June the 28th.

WE ſet out on our journey to-morrow, and might reach Turin the ſame night, though it is ninety miles from hence, did we not prefer travelling in the cool of the day, and lying by during the heat; ſo we muſt ſleep one night on the road. Milan, in my opinion, though very large and conſiderable, is not beautiful: ſome of the environs are pretty, and very convenient for taking the air in coaches. The Duke of Modena reſides here (he is Vice-governor of the Milaneſe), with the princeſs his grand-daughter. Count Fermian

Fermian repreſents her Imperial Majeſty, he ſhares the government with the Duke: Count Fermian's very amiable character is ſo well known, that it is needleſs for me to repeat thoſe praiſes which natives and foreigners ſo liberally beſtow upon him; we wiſhed to have ſeen ſo remarkable a man, but at this time he is abſent from Milan, we are told at Vienna.

Determining to make no acquaintance here, but to remain as little known as poſſible, we have ſunk all our letters of recommendation; foreſeeing that, inſtead of paſſing a few days at Milan, we might be induced, by the civilities of thoſe to whom our letters are addreſſed, to a reſidence of at leaſt a month or ſix weeks, which would have deſtroyed our preſent plan of operations, and fruſtrated our intention of returning to you within the time propoſed. The *Milaneſe* character is univerſally that of hoſpitality and kindneſs to ſtrangers, and with our letters of recommendation, no doubt we ſhould have found as much difficulty in leaving Milan, as in quitting Bologna. By this prudent meaſure we have ſeen all that is curious in this city, and ſhall depart to-morrow without regret. Should you be deſirous of a deſcription of the Duke, I will give it you another time, *if poſſible*; for to do him juſtice, I think he "*beggars all deſcription*;" aſk me not in what ſenſe.—His granddaughter has an amiable character; ſhe is to be married immediately to a brother of the Emperor.

I ſhall

I ſhall now mention what we have ſeen: *Il Duomo*, the Cathedral Church, is ſituated in the center of the city: it is the moſt conſiderable edifice at Milan, and eſteemed by many, the fineſt church in Italy after St. Peter's at Rome. The columns that adorn and ſupport it are ſuperb; particularly four pillars under the dome or cupola, which are each about twenty-eight feet in circumference: it is profuſely decorated with marbles, ſtatues, ornaments, *&c.* ſo that one fine thing hides another: whoever loves an extenſive view, may find one that will content him from the top of the dome. The famous Chapel of St. Charles *Barromeo* is under part of the church; his body is entire, and lies in a cryſtal caſe, finely dreſſed in rich pontifical habits; his face is quite perfect, excepting juſt the tip of the noſe, but his ſkin is of the colour and conſiſtency of parchment; it has a ſhining appearance, like a burn or a ſcald newly healed; he has ſilk gloves on: his portrait is preſerved in a little chapel juſt by; it is done in embroidery by the famous Peregina, and exhibits a ſtrong likeneſs to what he is at preſent. He cauſed his catacomb (which is very near his chapel) to be dug out before his death, where his body had remained an hundred and eighty-ſeven yeats, at the time of its removal into this cryſtal caſe. The octagonal panes of rock cryſtal, of which the caſe is formed, are each ten inches long and eight broad; they are ſet in ſilver gilt: his croſier, which

Church II Duomo.

which lies by him, is richly ornamented with diamonds. The walls of this chapel are lined with ſilver pannels, wrought in *baſſo relievo*; whoſe ſubjects are, the birth, life, and death of this Saint: this chapel is always illuminated, and is a rich treaſure in itſelf. In the church, over the grand altar, is placed *il ſacro chiodo* (the ſacred nail), a relic for which the Milaneſe have a great veneration, encloſed in cryſtal, and ſurrounded with a gilt glory: it is what Conſtantine uſed for a bit for his horſe, when he went to battle: Theodoſius preſented it to this church, and 'tis carried in proceſſion every third of May. The ſculpture, in marble and in wood, of the choir, is highly finiſhed, and demands an accurate obſervation. The famous ſtatue of St. Bartholomew is finely done, but there is ſomething ſo ſhocking in the contemplation of a man flayed alive, that I could not look at it long; on the pedeſtal is this inſcription,

Non me Praxiteles, ſed Marcus finxit Agrati.

The treaſury contains a great number of articles in gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones, to a large amount. Next to this church the Ambroſian Library is highly eſteemed here, which by no means anſwered the deſcriptions I had read of it, either in reſpect to the number of books, or the collection of paintings, ſculpture, medals, *&c.* that it is ſaid to contain. This library is really appro-

Ambroſian Library.

priated

priated to the uſe of the Public *gratis*, being open every day, and a great many people frequent it, and read commodiouſly whatever books they think fit; their time is not limited, nor is there any kind of reſtraint put upon them. The *Gabinetto*, or Muſeum, belongs to the library; this collection was made by one Manfredo Settala, a *Milanois*, remarkable for his learning and application to the ſtudy of natural hiſtory, antiquities, *&c.* One of the moſt curious articles, in this collection, is a lump, or ball of cryſtal; in the centre of which you plainly diſtinguiſh a drop of clear water. Amongſt the pictures the following are the moſt remarkable; a Virgin, by Carraccio. A portrait of a doctor, by Corregio. A Madonna, by Rubens, encircled in a garland of flowers. The *Cartone* of the School of Athens, of the ſame ſize with the picture in the Vatican, by Raffaello. A Virgin, a Dutcheſs of Milan, a Doctor and a Phyſician who graſps a dagger, by Leonardo da Vinci. A beautiful Peter Nef, repreſenting the cathedral at Anvers. The four elements, a miniature, in oils, by J. Brughel. This Flemiſh painter has diſcovered ſome little degree of fancy in the repreſentations of the elements: the figures are ſo diminutive, that they cannot be clearly diſtinguiſhed without a microſcope. There are many other of his performances to be ſeen here; in general, his temptations of St. Antonio are the beſt and moſt humorous of his paintings. They ſhew

Muſeum.

Pictures.

Carraccio.

Corregio.

Raffaello.

Leonardo da Vinci.

Peter Nef.

J Brughel.

in

in this cabinet certain manuſcripts of Leonardo da Vinci, on which they ſet an immenſe value, conſiſting chiefly of notes and figures, and here and there a very rough ſketch indeed; however, it appears by a buſto of one Galeas Arconati, a citizen of Milan, placed in this muſeum as a reward for his generous conduct, that James the Sixth of Scotland offered three thouſand piſtoles for one of theſe volumes; but this citizen, whoſe property they were at that time, preferred the giving them to the Ambroſian Library, to the piſtoles the King had proffered him. While we were examining the contents of the muſeum, the *Ciceroni* who ſhews them beckoned to us to follow him, and conducted me to a caſe, in which was placed a ſkeleton; he bid me (with the utmoſt gravity) conſider it attentively. I did ſo, and then aſked him what there was extraordinary or remarkable in that ſkeleton? He replied, that it was the ſkeleton of the greateſt beauty Milan had ever produced. By this lady's will, her heirs were enjoined to have her body diſſected, fixed in a caſe, and placed in the Ambroſian Library, that every one of her ſex, who ſhould come to ſee that collection, ſhould be ſhewn her ſkeleton; and be informed at the ſame time, that that ſkeleton once poſſeſſed ſuch charms as made all the artiſts of Milan pronounce her perfect in every perſonal beauty; that ſhe was eſteemed and beloved by all who knew her, prizing her ſuperior talents, uncommon

common underſtanding, and wit, for which ſhe was as remarkable as for her beauty.—After a long harangue in words to this purpoſe, he at length informed me, that I muſt come at laſt to ſuch a ſtate. Whether he thought I ſhould have wept at ſuch an *extraordinary* piece of information, or what he expected, I know not, but I made him no other anſwer than burſting into a laugh, and aſking him, whether he took me for a *ſtolta* (a fool), he ſeemed greatly ſurpriſed and diſappointed, and I ſuppoſe thought me a very wicked wretch, quite hardened in hereſy.

The church of San Vittore is a very elegant edifice, highly decorated with gilding and other ornaments. Here is a picture of the bleſſed *Bernardo Tolomeo*, by Battoni of Rome; the ſubject is the above *bleſſed Bernardo* aſſiſting people who are dying of the plague. This is the beſt painting the church contains. *Le Grazie*, the church of the Dominicans: this church was founded by *Luigi Sforce*, Duke of Milan; Beatrice his wife is interred here: the beautiful proportions of the cupola are much admired. Here is a picture by Tiziano, that the Milaneſe eſteem one of his very beſt paintings; the ſubject is, Chriſt crowned with thorns. In one of the chapels is a St. Paul, by Godenzio Ferrari da Novara: this is a good picture, and the firſt I ever ſaw by this maſter, to the beſt of my remembrance. In the refectory of this convent, is the moſt famous of all the pictures

Church San Vittore.

Battoni.

Church le Grazie.

Tiziano.

Godenzio Ferrari da Novara.

Leonardo da Vinci.

done by Leonardo da Vinci; it repreſents the Laſt Supper, and is painted in freſco on the wall; it is a very large piece, occupying the whole end of the refectory. On the table, at one end, Leonardo has repreſented a diſh of fried trout, of the famous lake near Milan; at the other end, a paſchal lamb *larded:* the diſh placed before our Saviour is empty; before each diſciple ſtands a goblet of wine, and the table is garniſhed with rolls of bread and apples. The figure intended to repreſent our Saviour, is pretty well done, particularly the face, which expreſſes the utmoſt benevolence, clemency, and grace. You readily remark, that the painter has given ſix fingers to St. John: the diſciples are poorly done, excepting Judas, which Leonardo exerted his utmoſt abilities to finiſh. This picture, upon the whole, is finely coloured, although much ſpoiled; the perſpective is good; there is much vigour in the deſign, and a very fine air in all the heads: it is in a great ſtyle and manner, without being much ſtudied, or highly finiſhed. I ſhall give you a curious anecdote concerning this picture: Some time paſt, the ſuperior of theſe holy brethren was ſo ſtrikingly like the Judas, both in perſon and mind, that every one perceiving the reſemblance, the monk, in a fit of vexation, ordered it to be whitewaſhed all over: thus it remained forgot and loſt to the world for ſeveral years; till an Engliſh traveller, who had read of ſuch a painting, by diligently examining the wall, diſcovered

diſcovered its concealment; the monks had its white ſkin taken off, by which operation the picture was injured in ſeveral places. In the freſco paintings of the life of St. Dominique, purgatory is repreſented at the bottom of a well, and the Virgin is employed in drawing up ſouls by means of her chaplet, in the ſame manner as a bucket is drawn up by a rope.

Unfortunately for me, who am ſo fond of muſic, there is no opera here at this ſeaſon; the *commedia* is the only theatrical amuſement.

The Theatre is a very large building, conſiſting of five ranges of boxes, thirty-five in each range: its plan is almoſt ſquare. The boxes are large enough to receive and return viſits, to play at cards, and to ſup in, which cuſtom is practiſed here as much as at Genoa. As to *la Commedia*, I could not enter much into the humour of it, never having read, or ſeen it before; but it ſeemed to me to be a kind of ſatirical piece, ſomewhat in the ſtile of the French comedy of *le Bourgeois Gentilhomme:* what diverted me almoſt as much as it did the Milaneſe, was the part of Harlequin in the farce; his blunders, action, attitudes, were worthy a true ſon of *Bergamo*. When he ſerves his maſter at ſupper, he is ordered to make the ſallad, and to obſerve particularly to put ſalt enough, and then to ſtir it well about. To obey the firſt order, he brings a meaſure of ſalt, as much as a large diſh can hold, and flings it all in; then having

ing forgot the oil, fetches a great lamp, ſuppoſed to be burning in the hall, empties it entirely of the fœtid train-oil, and upon deep reflection puts the cotton wick in alſo; he then brings a veſſel, *not* intended for vinegar, and ſlops in the contents; he laſtly produces the ſtable dung-fork, and with it ſtirs the ſallad till he is almoſt extenuated. His maſter, at length loſing all patience, frightens poor Harlequin out of his wits, who implores pardon on his knees for his giddineſs and want of thought. The maſter takes him again into favour, on promiſe of amendment, and orders him to cut him a ſlice of *pane con molto delicatezza:* here Harlequin errs again; he goes out to fetch a knife, but meeting with a marble ſaw in his way, thinks that may do the buſineſs much more effectually; he brings it with difficulty, and commences ſawing the loaf. I really am aſhamed at taking up your leiſure with ſuch a nonſenſical narration, but the truth is, the foibles here alluded to, are not much exaggerated; and as I have ſeen ſome Italian ſervants of the tribe of Harlequin, I was more diverted than I ſhould have otherwiſe been.

The weather is ſo extremely uncertain, that I am afraid to venture to the Barromean iſlands: the palaces, or pleaſure-houſes, which were once ſo delightful, they tell us, are in a moſt ruinous condition, and not worth ſeeing; M—— would fain go, but I have diſſuaded him from it. As there has been an holy day ſince we have been here,

here, we had the pleaſure of ſeeing how extremely opulent the citizens and their families appear, even down to the loweſt mechanic; though I cannot ſay I liked to ſee blackſmiths and ſhoemakers with gold and ſilver ſtuffs in waiſtcoats, long ſwords, and embroidered knots; taylors in brocade, and fine laced ruffles, *&c.* This is carrying opulence into luxury; at the ſame time, waving theſe ridiculous exceſſes, I was rejoiced to ſee every body appear rich, and happy. The women are in general very handſome. The nobleſſe and great ladies dreſs in a more noble ſtyle than at Paris, and have a very genteel air and manner; their clothes are of the richeſt materials, and better made than any I have yet ſeen in Italy.

Adieu for the preſent; it is now late, and I muſt be up early to-morrow.

LETTER LVII.

Turin, June the 30th.

WE reached this, our firſt acquaintance of the Italian towns, yeſterday. Having lain at Novara, a very indifferent inn, where we had no reſt from the vulgar and brutal noiſes made by the poſtilions and helpers, *&c.* who, playing and quarrelling at cards all night long, ſo frighted me, that I expected to hear in the morning they had aſſaſſinated each other, but happily no miſchievous conſequence enſued. Our journey here was made very diſagreeable by the frequent croſſing of rivers; ſome by means of a raft, others we were obliged to ford. The current of the *Teſſin* in particular was ſo ſtrong, that we had like to have met with an ugly accident; it was as much as could be done to avoid being carried forcibly down the river. We alſo croſſed the *Doro*, whoſe ſands are mixed with grains of pure and fine gold. The road was not very ſafe neither, as there was a banditti who lay concealed in a foreſt not far removed. Armed peaſants were ordered by the magiſtrates to patrol, four or five in a company, in their turns, between one village and another, in order to aſſiſt travellers, in caſe of neceſſity; and as the road lies through both the

king of Sardinia's territories and the Milaneſe, it is a convenient circumſtance that theſe villains ſometimes avail themſelves of, to eſcape into the one or the other ſtate, when they ply on the borders of both.

We ſhall leave this city as ſoon as we have ſeen our acquaintance, then proceed to Lyons, and after a few days ſtay there, preſs on to the ſouth. Our intention is, that this excurſion ſhall not take up more time than three weeks, being anxious to ſee thoſe monuments of Roman magnificence, which ſtill remain at Niſmes, Orange, Arles, *&c.* of which you ſhall have a full and true account.

When in France, which we ſhall be in a few days, you muſt fancy us very near you. We, it is true, ſhall be in the ſouth, and you in the north; but you know, in this inſtance, that north and ſouth are not very far aſunder. I can give you one circumſtance wnich will afford you pleaſure, that we are aſſured the roads through the Savoy have been ſo well mended, previous to the young princeſs's journey to *the Comte de Provence*, that travelling over them is no longer inconvenient or dangerous. We like this town as much as before we had ſeen all the others in Italy: I ſhall go again to viſit the King's Palace, from an aſſurance of finding it as much to my taſte as formerly.

The weather is delightfully fine, and the environs in high beauty. His Majeſty has not ne-

glected his works at the Valentin in our abſence, there is a great deal of earth moved and much done; it may probably be completed before winter. We are lodged at an hotel called *les Armes d'Angleterre*; the apartments are good, and we are well ſerved. As we propoſe reſting here but a few days, we thought it more convenient to lodge in an hotel, than to have the trouble of a houſe and houſekeeping. Adieu, *&c.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

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